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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXXIII

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER, 1912

No. 2

ENDOWMENT EFFORT



THE effort for completing the \$400,000 fund for Westminster and thus raising her productive endowment beyond the half million line goes steadily forward. The First Synod of the West at its recent meeting in Butler took the following important action:

"We recommend that it is the sense of this Synod that the immediate completion of the Endowment Fund of \$400,000 is a matter of present and pressing importance and is hereby made the chief synodical enterprise for the coming months.

"That the pastors and sessions of this Synod are hereby directed to open the way in their congregations for the full presentation of this synodical enterprise.

"That the plan of the Board of setting apart the period from October 15th to October 30th as a time for simultaneous effort in the interest of the Endowment Fund is approved, and that the pastors be requested to

make use of October 13th and 20th, to give information to their congregations regarding the needs of the college and the supreme importance of completing this fund, and that Wednesday evening, October 16th, be observed as a season of special prayer in behalf of this cause.

"That the following constitute a committee of this Synod to co-operate with the college management and a similar committee from the Synod of Pittsburg, in the interest of the canvass for endowment, and that this committee have oversight and give direction in the canvass for endowment in the bounds of the First Synod of the West: J. A. Duff, D. D., D. F. McGill, D. D., John McNaugher, D. D., W. I. Wishart, D. D., the Rev. G. O. Miller, the Rev. S. C. Gamble and the Rev. R. B. Miller."

A strong committee from the First Synod of the West is thus in the field to supplement the efforts of the Administration in raising the fund.

It is probable that the Synod of Pittsburg at its meeting October 21st-23d will take similar action and probably designate November 15th and 30th for Synodical action.

The sum total raised at present is \$301,709. The Board and Administration have thus reached third base in their financial run and with a few "sacrifice hits" can steal home.

It is a gratifying feature of progress that the Synod of New York has expressed its readiness to share in the control of the college, and the charter changes are likely to be made affecting this widening of Westminster's constituency. With the three Synods united in her control Westminster will have as her constituency more than 80,937 United Presbyterian members. This is a sufficient constituency for college support. Such a church membership represents about 15,000 families. With one student from every 30 families Westminster's attendance would be 500. A unique feature in a recent college advertisement is "The New Westminster Catechism" for the three Eastern Synods. The questions and answers were as follows:

Q. 1. Is Westminster a worthy force in the Kingdom effort of our denomination?

A. History so declares. Her graduates number 1654; 1050 men, 604 women. More than 500 graduates have entered the gospel ministry, while more than 50 have become Foreign missionaries. At least one-third

of the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church are Westminster Alumni.

Q. 2. What are the alluring features that call for the immediate action of the Church in endowment effort?

A. The alluring features are a most prosperous present condition of college life and the present physical and financial basis for growth.

Q. 3. What are the alluring features of college life?

A. The alluring features of college life are a strong Faculty, a broad curriculum, and a student body unsurpassed in enthusiasm, loyalty and moral worth.

Q. 4. What are the alluring features as to property and finance?

A. The alluring features as to property and finance embrace both equipment and endowment. In buildings, equipment, furniture and land the college possessions have a value of at least \$316,500. Her present productive endowment is \$125,270. The total investment of the Church is thus \$441,770.

Q. 5. What will secure an additional \$100,000 in subscriptions, thus completing the \$400,000 fund and saving Westminster to the work of the Church?

A. The small offerings of the many who can give but little, and the large offerings of the few who can give much.

Q. 6. In what consists the greatest peril of Westminster's endowment effort?

A. The greatest peril of Westminster's endowment effort consists in the diffidence of the many who feel that their small offerings are hardly worth the making, and in the thoughtlessness of the few who fail to recognize their large responsibility for the work

Q. 7. How may this danger to the success of the endowment effort be removed?

A. The danger will pass when the members of the Church recognize the college as a Kingdom agency and remember that Jesus Christ still sits "over against the treasury," and beholds the gifts of men and measures each by the love to Himself that prompts it.

Q. 8. What are the benefits that will either accompany or flow from a prompt and hearty effort of the Church for college success?

A. These are the support of a worthy Faculty in a worthy way, the maintenance and increase of efficiency in furnishing trained workers for the Church and an intelligent Christian citizenship for the State, and the perseverance therein unto the end.

Q. 9. How can all this be brought to pass between October 15th and October 31st?

A. By the earnest, prompt response of those who know their duty and do it, and who are TOO BIG and EARNEST to need or wait for the special call of a solicitor or committee.




The Evolution of the Literary Society ❁ ❁

❁ ❁ A Solution of the Present Problem.

By ELBERT H. MOSES, PH. B.

THE COUNTRY LITERARY SOCIETY.

 ONE of the good old-fashioned useful organizations which has been handed down by our pioneer fathers is the literary Society. From the bleak hills of Connecticut to the lone prairies of Minnesota, these organizations could be found in the early days in almost every log school house of the scattered population. The Society was organized for the purpose of social fellowship and for added enlightenment, through the discussion of the important topics of the day. Here the women brought their knitting, and renewed their friendships, while the men spun their yarns and in their serious moments conversed on subjects vital to the communities' interests.

Sociability and enlightenment were the chief features of the primitive Literary Society. Thus the little log school house served its purpose well in affording a meeting place for the people of a community to mingle in a friendly and literary way. But time has wrought many changes in our country, socially and educationally. The little log school house is no more and has been supplanted in many dis-

tricts by the Central High School. The population has changed from two-thirds rural to two-thirds city; and the daily, yea the thrice daily newspaper is not uncommon today even in a rural population. Naturally the Country Literary Society which was once so popular and helpful, under new conditions is no longer necessary.

THE COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY

As the population increased, colleges were founded for the purpose of offering a liberal education. With the advent of these higher institutions of learning, in conjunction with their life, came the same desire for an organization where fellowship and good will would have free flow and also afford a suitable place to expend a surplus of oratorical energy.

These organizations at once proved to be both popular and efficient. It was in the halls of these societies that many of our most prominent men received their first encouragement and training which became so effective in the later political life of the nation. It was the society at Yale that furnished the early development for Wendell Phillips, which counted for

so much in his agitation against slavery. To the Literary Society at "old" Dartmouth is due most of the credit for polishing that awkward country lad, Daniel Webster, and making him into the "first rate" orator that he was. And it was the Literary Society in the little college of Illinois which awakened the slumbering talents of William Jennings Bryan. So name after name of our illustrious men might be mentioned whose early training dates back to the college forum. But as in the case of the country literary, the passing years have brought their changes to this society. The halls that were once crowded with anxious students eager for the proffered place upon the program, now find but a few apathetic spectators. Why this change of sentiment? Has the Literary Society served its day and is no longer necessary? Let us see!

Less than twenty-five years ago little or no training of any value was offered in Public Speaking, in the college curriculum, either as an elective or a part of the prescribed course of study. Public speaking was always considered necessary and its importance was emphasized by the faculties and presidents of the colleges, but the student was left to find himself in the work of the Literary Society, and the work was not thought to be of such value as to warrant an extra expenditure for professional coaching. But in the evolution of education it

came into its own and took its place along with other practical electives and required courses in the college curriculum.

Now with the growth of the Department of Public Speaking, and with added interest in outside things pertaining to college life, such as baseball, basketball, football, tennis and other recreative sports and with the increasing multitude of social duties, naturally that student organization which occupied the largest number of hours per week of the student's time, must suffer first, from attendance and preparation. That organization, in most institutions, was the Literary Society.

THE WESTMINSTER LITERARY SOCIETY

To say that the Literary Society is an excellent training school for those who expect to do more or less Public Speaking after leaving college, is an assertion that needs no proof—it has already been demonstrated. But to say that every student who enters college must affiliate himself with a Literary Society and continue the work for four years in the face of the crowded conditions of the present college life, and also when it is possible to duplicate the work in a department especially set aside for this work, and even receive credit for the same would be a rule difficult in many cases to enforce, and to comply with it, many would find it almost impossible.

To relieve a situation of this kind I

would suggest that, inasmuch as Public Speaking in Westminster is not offered in the Sub-Freshman and Freshman years, and, as the great bulk of the work is possible only with the Juniors and Seniors, and furthermore, since outside college duties increase in proportion to the number of years that one is in college, that Society work be compulsory only with the Sub-Freshmen, Freshmen and Sophomores. That the Junior and Senior work of this character become optional, and that these two classes be granted the privilege of forming independent societies, separate from the others, and conducted along literary lines according to their special desire and needs.

Such a change would indeed be a blessing to the "willing workers." It would afford an opportunity for the new students who are anxious and willing to work, to do so in harmony and peace, and remove the older students, who under the present system are willing to allow the new students to do all the work. It would give every student the privilege of four years of Literary Society work, or, if he did not see fit to enroll in the optional two year Independent Society, he would have at least taken the two-year required work, if he entered as a Freshman, and also the required work in Public Speaking in the Sophomore

year, which should be equivalent to the remaining two years of work in the Society.

My reasons for separating the upper and lower classes would be to allow the upper classmen to form societies of a different character. If ten or more desired a Debating Club, those who were interested in that line of work could get together and formulate such an organization. Should a group of students desire to study Shakespeare, theirs would be the privilege to organize. If there were enough interested in Science, an organization for its study would be possible under the new system.

Such changes that I offer are in perfect harmony with the evolution of our college curriculum. The Literary Society is placed on the elective basis in the junior and senior years, putting in the hands of the different members of these classes the power to choose the line of literary work in which he desires to specialize upon the completion of his first two years.

I do not offer this solution of the present literary situation as a "cure all," neither do I claim that it cannot be improved upon; but I do feel that it would relieve somewhat the present congested condition of our college life and afford ample opportunity for all to develop their oratorical powers.

STONEWALL JACKSON.



I'll make 'em thorry. Just you thee if I don't. Making fun of me!"

Stonewall Jackson, the picture of righteous wrath, kicked at the gate post again, hard, so that the stubby toe of his little sandal, striking a picket viciously, sent it flying backward across the flower-bordered path. He viewed the havoc he had wrought moodily, and then—

"Why Tony, son, what is the matter?"

In spite of himself the small boy's air of outraged dignity unbent a little. Somehow you just couldn't help being a little nice to your own mother. It wasn't really her fault anyhow. It was all because she had Artistic Temperament. He knew, for he had heard her friends say so, many times.

Artistic Temperament! How he hated the very sound of the words! For were not they the cause of the long golden curls—*long, golden curls*—which still, at the very grown-up age of six, fell to his sturdy little shoulders, surrounding his face with a Raphael-like halo that obscured utterly the firm set of the square little chin and the determined light in the big blue eyes?

Nor was there any such thing as overcoming Artistic Temperament. Many a night in his baby days he had

secretly prayed long and devoutly for red hair and freckles; later, he had employed all the enchanting power of his adorable lisp to the end of having the hated curls cut off—all to no avail. Mother would listen good-naturedly, would seem almost convinced, and then—in would step Artistic Temperament and end the discussion with, "But Tony dear, it would break Mother's heart. They are just *too* beautiful."

So you see it wasn't really mother's fault after all, and Tony's air of outraged dignity unbent a little as they stood there together by the gate, for you just couldn't help being a little bit nice to your own mother.

But he could not tell her what the trouble was—how on this, his first day at school, Budd Porter and the crowd had shouted in derision when he appeared, and had called him "Thtonewall" and "Curly locks" in a tone that made his little fists clench even now as he thought of it. No, he could not tell mother. She would want to stroke his curls and sing "The Frog That Did A-Wooing Go." Artistic Temperament would not even let her realize that her son had grown up.

So Tony ate his lunch in moody silence, hating curls, Artistic Temperament, and, most of all, Budd Porter

and his crowd, and went back to school with his face set stern, and a determined light in his big blue eyes.

It was late that evening when he returned, so late that father and mother were at dinner. He slipped in quietly, but mother heard, and called a little anxiously.

Artistic Temperament received indeed a death blow when Tony appeared that night in the dining room door. The spotless suit was rumpled and torn, the long golden curls were grimy with dust, one great blue eye was suspiciously blackened, but the firm little chin was set hard, and upon the determined little face was a look of victory triumphant.

Father put down the carving fork and stared curiously at his small son. Now father was a very busy man, who lacked Artistic Temperament utterly,

but he was possessed of a marvelous amount of plain common sense.

"What have you been doing, son?" he asked, but his tone was kindly, even suspiciously humorous.

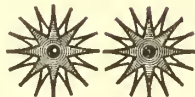
"They called me Curly Lockth and Thtonewall," said Tony.

Father stared hard again, then, although his face was serious, he held out a welcoming hand to his son. To his wife he turned with a look of quizzical humor.


"Helen, the boy is grown up. We'll have those curls off tomorrow."

A clatter of noisy boots was heard on the porch, and another small figure with *two* blackened eyes and the shadow of the crowd behind him, appeared in the doorway. His bearing was strangely meek and deferential.

"We're goin' to play cross tag tomorrow at recess," he said, "and we all want you to play, Thone—Tony."



SUMMER CONFERENCE OF 1912.

 SUMMER conferences, they say, are the most exciting experiences an undergraduate can undergo. During the last of June, four of us Westminster girls betook ourselves to one of these, which was held at Eagles Mere, high up in the Allegheny Mountains.

Picture if you will girls laden with heavy suit cases, umbrellas, traveling bags, raincoats, etc., hurrying along at a fearful pace to make train connections. The part of our journey which was most pleasing to all was the climb up the mountains. The ascent from Sonestown was so steep that at times we wondered how they ever made the curves. In a short distance of nine miles it required nearly two hours of time. The moon came up from behind the ridge and as it shone through the tall pines we began to realize that the next ten days were to be very enjoyable ones.

The registering process at such a place reminded us all of college. There were just four hundred and twenty of us, from seventy-four different colleges and seven different states. Then from all these various schools we found just twenty-eight different denominations represented. Yet we were all of one heart and mind and in a

surprisingly short time became acquainted.

In Mission and Bible Study classes we spent our mornings; ending with talks by Dr. Ross, a Scotchman of considerable note. Our afternoons were spent in study and recreation. Rowing, canoeing, swimming, "stunt day," long mountain walks, baseball games, with agreeable companions, made our pleasure hours pass all too quickly.

The evenings were always welcome, as it was then that we heard such speakers as Dr. Robert E. Speer, Dr. Tompkins or Miss Conde. A chorus composed of the Conference girls sang every evening, and sometimes we had special music.

The time passed all too quickly and before we could realize that we were there it was time to come home. It is the hope of all girls who have attended a summer conference, that by the next conference all the girls can go. The acquaintances which you make here are always happy ones, and the friendships are lasting.

They say that the Y. M. C. A. Conference is equally as interesting, and it is a pity that we could not have sent a delegation there.

THE HOLCAD.

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The Holcad will be mailed to all subscribers until order is received for its
discontinuance and subscription is paid in full to date of discontinuance.

SOMEONE remarked to us recently that we ought to be glad that we were the editors of the HOLCAD at this particular time; meaning, we infer, that at this crisis in Westminster's life we had an opportunity of wielding an important influence. We fully agree with the remarks. We are glad that an opportunity for influence has come at such a time; but will it be our fault if we fail in exerting this influence? If the HOLCAD is to have any important bearing on the securing of the endowment fund, and in the success of Westminster's future, it must be given a more important place in the lives of the students and alumni. We

are trying our best to bring about this desired end, but without your co-operation we shall fail. Westminster must and will succeed, and so will her monthly. The question is only one of time. Why not NOW?

♦ ♦ ♦

THE principal objection which the alumnus would probably find with Prof. Moses' plan of society reorganization would be that it would do away with Adelpic and Philo. Society spirit and rivalry would be killed and the literary society would be reduced to the level of the classroom. This is all true enough when one judges from the societies of the past when the

main question was "to which society do you belong?" and when the chief event of the year was the inter-society contest. But when one considers that for the past two or three years there has been no inter-society contest, that the societies have become more or less of a laughing stock, and that society spirit is almost dead, he would be almost ready to say that it would be better if the societies ceased to exist and allowed the glorious record of old Adelphic and Philo to stand unabashed by the later flagging interest. We agree with Prof. Moses that there ought to be thorough reorganization in some way.

♦ ♦ ♦

WE have long been in favor of a debating club. Debating has taken a very important place in college circles. It is the all-around training for a public speaker. He who can debate with ease can speak well in almost any situation.

Had there been such a club here the number of those out for the intercollegiate debate last year would not have been so small and the speeches would have been more nearly up to intercollegiate standard. The spirit in the societies, since it does not require a good debate in order that one may receive credit for his performance, does not do much to help put up the standard of the preliminary debates.

♦ ♦ ♦

HAVING been presented with a silver cup for a debating contest between

the Sophomore and Freshman classes, it is a shame that we have never succeeded in holding the contest. Twice the Freshmen have challenged the Sophomores and twice their challenge has been accepted. But for some reason or other there has never been any debate. If the two above-mentioned classes will not put the matter through it is the duty of the upper classmen to see that the contest is held.

♦ ♦ ♦

IT SEEMS unfortunate that some of the upper classmen should have tried to turn the Y. M. C. A. stag feed on Furnace Hill into a hazing bee. We invited the new students to Furnace Hill to a stag social and supper; and to resort to the name of the Y. M. C. A. to get your victims into the woods showed too much of a yellow streak.

♦ ♦ ♦

WE ARE very much pleased that we have received several communications in the alumni department from different graduates. It is the most encouraging sign that we have had for ages. If you only knew how it delighted us to get a communication or a contribution without having to go after it several times, you wouldn't be so indifferent.

♦ ♦ ♦

FAIR PLAY.

—

During the past two weeks the Business Manager has been renewing advertising contracts.

One complaint he meets among old

advertisers is this: "Your people don't patronize your advertisers."

When the Business Manager gets this question successfully negatived the men come back with: "Well, why don't your people make themselves known; we cannot know that our advertising is doing any good unless they tell us who they are." And that is true. If our subscribers would make themselves known when buying out of town, and see that advertisers get the treatment to which they are entitled, the way of the Business Manager would be made vastly more pleasant and he would have no trouble in getting funds to keep the paper up to the highest possible standard. Your editor cannot make a good paper without funds; we cannot have funds without advertisements—unless a few

of those who "borrow" their HOLCAD now (and then ten chances to one, kick about it) send in their subscriptions; and we certainly do not deserve business unless we play fair and return the compliment. We have more advertisers than ever before. The business manager has not secured these without effort, and hard work in some instances. The advertisers are without exception reliable. It's worth your while to patronize them. They are taking your business manager at his word and are aiding your paper. Are we going to play fair, or have they been making donations? Has the business manager been representing you, or has he simply "worked" these advertisers? Play fair!



WITH WESTMINSTER ALUMNI

So far as we can ascertain, the following is a record of the class of 1912: Emmett Alter is teaching in the mission school in Stanton, Ky. David Ashton and Katherine Guy are in McKeesport High; Martha Barr in Prospect High; Lester Conway in Hickory High; Amy Kerr in MacDonald public schools; Wm. McNaugher in Braddock High; Wm. Mansell in Sharon High; Martha Payne in the Frenchburgh, Ky., Mission; Plauda Schenck in New Kensington public schools; Clara Williams in the Greenfield schools; Scott Woods in East Palestine High; Edgar Clark, Edward Daum, Raymon Kistler, and James Russell in the Allegheny Theological Seminary; Mabel King, A. M. Milligan, and J. K. Stewart are taking post-graduate work in Westminster; Mary Donthett is teaching in the Westminster Music department; Margaret Kerr, Harvey Matthews, Florence Clements and Marie Snodgrass are at home; Floy Tracy in Detroit High; and Steele Stewart in Altona, Ill., High.

'08. Mr. James Clark Bell and Miss Margie Cochran were married at the bride's home in Greenville, Pa., at six o'clock, Thursday evening, Sept. 19, 1912. The company included about thirty-five guests, chiefly belonging to the two families represented. Dr. R. G. Ferguson and Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Campbell were present from New Wilmington. Rev. Mr. McCreery, the pastor of the U. P. Church of Greenville, performed the ceremony. The young couple will reside in Greensburg, where Mr. Bell will practice law.

'09. On the same day Mr. John C. Hein-

rich was married to Miss Jessie Kneff of Akron, O. They were both present at the New Wilmington missionary conference. Mr. Heinrich will attend Allegheny Seminary this year.

'05. Rev. W. P. McCormick, pastor in Bellaire, O., was married in August to Miss McKelvey, daughter of Rev. T. C. McKelvey of Freeport, Pa.

'03. Miss Loretta Mitchell, missionary in Egypt, was married to Mr. Frank Hoyman, also of the Egyptian Mission, Aug. 15, 1912. They will reside in Assiut.

'07. Mr. J. Williard Acheson was ordained as a foreign missionary in the College chapel August 20, by Mercer Presbytery. Rev. J. D. Barr preached the sermon, Dr. R. G. Ferguson presided, and Dr. J. O. Campbell addressed the candidate. Since he and his wife (née Alice Phillips) were both Westminster graduates, it was very fitting that this ceremony should be performed at their Alma Mater. Having received the Jamison scholarship from Allegheny Seminary, Rev. Acheson is spending this year in this country in additional study at Hartford, Conn., Seminary, where there are special advantages for the study of the Moslem problem.

'88. We were very much saddened when we learned of the death of Mrs. Anna Wallace Cummings, wife of Dr. T. F. Cummings, which occurred Friday, August 9. She had been a long sufferer, but her death came as a shock. Her life meant much to her friends, especially to the college girls,

to whom at various times, she sent messages of love and trust.

'84. Dr. T. F. Cummings sailed for Germany on Sept. 17. After remaining there for two weeks, during which time he is studying the language methods of the Germans, he expects to cross overland to Korea, where he will assist in the establishing of a school for the teaching of new missionaries. Later he will go to China for the same purpose. We have received the following interesting communication from him:

"Why I go to the Orient."

I. Because the language study methods of the Far East are impractical, unnatural, unscientific, and ineffective.

II. Tho the missionaries realize these faults, yet they are unable to correct them.

III. The Phonetic Inductive method, as developed and applied in India, is so manifestly the solution of their difficulties, that to permit it to go unheralded would be disloyalty to the best interests of the Kingdom.

IV. "The man who has the vision is the one who must lift up his voice." Consequently, having seen the need of the new missionary and the possibility of relieving him, I go to his aid.

OUTGOING MISSIONARIES.

- '09. Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Clements.
- '07. Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Acheson.
- '05. Rev. W. D. Mercer.
- '03. Dr. Bessie I. Shannon.
- '09. Miss Mabel Dickey.

'68. During the summer the Alumni Editor of the Holcad received a very interesting letter and booklet from Dr. W. F. Waugh, professor of Therapeutics in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. He has made some valuable discoveries concerning atropine as an hemostatic. We were glad to hear of the splendid work which he is doing and are proud to own him as a son of Westminster.

'11. We were very glad to have Mr. A. C. Williamson with us for a few days at the opening of school this year. He was the guest of the Hillside girls one evening. A short address of welcome was given by Gertrude Newlin, and the old hand bell which he used for so many years was presented to him by the head-waiter, Olive Love. He has entered Princeton with two of his 1911 classmates, Ray Shear and Robert Russell, Jr.

RECENT ALUMNI VISITORS.

- '12. Edgar Clark, Allegheny, Pa.
- '04. Dr. Audley Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.
- '12. Earl McLain, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
- Ex-'13. W. B. Jamison, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- '01. Rev. I. F. Leeper, New Castle, Pa.
- '00. Mrs. I. F. Leeper, New Castle, Pa.
- '11. Arthur Porter, Johnstown, Pa.
- '12. Harvey Matthews, Canonsburg, Pa.
- Ex-'13. Norman Allen, New Wilmington, Pa.
- '79. Rev. J. S. Garvin, Calcutta, Ohio.
- '11. Robert M. Russell, Princeton, N. J.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

Janet McCalmont (while girls are discussing Biology instruments): "I'm going to have Helen Foote's case."

From one of the Freshman girls: All I know about tennis is love.

Jane R.: I'm thinking of taking brass.
Margaret M.: Oh, you would be good at that.

K. Stewart (pensively): Oh, I wish Dummy were here.

F. Milligan: Have there been many attacks of homesickness over at the Hall?
Grace M.: Yes, there have been some terrible cases.

Prof. Smith: Now, would I see that tree as it really is?

Mr. Bell: No, it would take a cultured man for that.

Prof. Mills (on Biology trip): If you would only take a walk like this every day, you would live for a hundred years.

"Tub": Then I guess I won't do it, for I don't want to live in this sinful and sorrowful world any longer than I have to.

Prof. M.: This is the best world you'll ever see, Mr. Fulton.

Marie Stewart: I think that all people by the name of Stewart have terrible cases.

K. Stewart: Why, Frances, you'll have to learn to serve the dishes soon, for you never can tell how soon you'll have to do it when you come to a co-ed school.

F. Mehl: Oh, no danger of that. I made a certain promise before I left home.

Prof. Mills in Biol.: The gypsy moth was brought from England by a man who lived in Mass. and is now spread all over the country.

Bob C.: Say, Gert, lend me your sweater. It's awfully cold.

Gert. N.: I'll lend you part of it.

Prof. Mills (to Freshman girl in Biol.): Do you have a case.

Fresh.: No.

Prof. M.: Well! I can get you one.

Prof.: What are the four seasons?

* Fresh.: Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard.

C. Ewing: In Freshman Bible today, Dr. Ferguson placed the boys and girls facing each other, and girls, it was fierce—there was no place to put your eyes.

If the girls wanted to have an entertainment, would Mary Reed?

If Frank Andrews wanted a book, would Mary Beth Se-bring it to him?

Which do you prefer, "Charlotts" Orr (or) Mary Kincaid?

X. Y. (at chorus): I wonder why the girls are so late.

Y. X.: Oh, they're having a Riley (riley) supper.

Dr. R. (in Christian Evid): If the universe was the water in the sea, Miss Nevin, what would we be?

L. N.: The fish in the sea.

Prof.: What is the masculine of Laundry?

Fresh.: Chinaman.

Shorty S. (at Crescent banquet): Well, it's half past ten and we have to be at the Hillside by eleven. We'd better leave right away.

"NICHT FUR NICHTS."

C. R.: No, I can not advise you as to

what club you should join. In fact, a girl is not supposed to belong to any club. That matter which you hear discussed as to the club allegiance of the girls is only a myth and a phantasy.

P. Q.: Indeed, I do feel sorry for you in your troubles. It certainly comes hard on you, that he plays football, and is away every Saturday. It would be well either to make different arrangements for that night, or else accustom yourself to doing without him for one night in the week.

R. L.: Yes, it is considered quite the proper thing to speak of how popular you are at home. Tell all the girls about it, for they are all extremely interested.

M. C.: No, I can not advise you as to what is the best method of securing a "case." Only make yourself as agreeable and pleasant as possible to the desirable youth.

LOCAL NEWS AND NOTES.

College opened on scheduled time, Wednesday, the 18th, 3:30 p. m., with an unusually promising attendance. The faces of new students were especially numerous. After regular exercises, the members of the faculty, old and new, were introduced to the student body.

The Freshman class numbers 72.

The Y. M. C. A. held its initial meeting in Philo hall, Tuesday evening, Sept. 24th.

The attendance was the largest for some years. The subject was, "Why should I become a member of the college Y. M. C. A.?" Mr. Cummings was leader.

The Y. M. C. A. Cabinet met on the opening day of school to elect a man to fill the place of Mr. Kistler, who had resigned. In his place Mr. Turnbull was elected president, and to take Mr. Turnbull's place as vice president, Mr. Cummings was elected.

The annual Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception for the new students, otherwise known as the "Who is Who," was held Friday night, September 20. It was a striking success, although some of the old students seemed to feel that they were in wrong, on account of the sea of new faces which greeted them. All went merrily along, however, and soon the strange faces became familiar and that feeling of strangeness had vanished. The evening's merriment was closed by an elaborate feed, and last, but not least, the starting of new cases on their first long journey by way of New Castle street.

The Y. M. C. A. gave a corn roast at "The Beeches," on McKinley Heights, Tuesday, October 1. It was a great success and was attended by all. Songs and yells took in a large part of the time, after which roasting ears, cider and sandwiches demanded undivided attention.

The Volunteer Band is very strong this year. Their first meeting, which was held Sabbath night, Sept. 22, was well attended. A liberal invitation was given to all new students to attend the meeting, and if so inclined to join its ranks and thus help along the cause of Christ.

The Crescent Club held a party at Hotel McCreary, Saturday, Oct. 5. Prof. and Mrs. Smith acted as chaperons, and it is reported that they were kept busy taking care of the 52 young people present. Mrs. Smith made a speech on Woman's Suffrage, while Mr. Smith gave a talk on chaperoning. The usual games were enjoyed, after which a dainty luncheon was served. Star gazing from the new rustic bridge on New Castle street, also formed part of the program.

The Van Club held a porch party at the

Hillside, Saturday, September 21. Although it was their first "doings," it was well attended. A pleasant social evening was enjoyed, after which refreshments were served.

"Riley Day," Thursday, October 10, was celebrated at Westminster by appropriate chapel exercises on that morning. Professor Moses, of the department of public speaking, gave a short sketch of James Whitcomb Riley's life and recited several pieces, among which was his well known poem, "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Corn is in the Shock." Mr. J. K. Stewart, who is taking post-graduate work in the department of Dramatic Expression, gave an interpretation of, "Thoughts for a Discouraged Farmer." Miss Bryant gave one of Riley's literary productions, "The After Whiles."

Philo society held its initial meeting Monday night, September 30. Mr. J. R. Turnbull was installed president.

Adelphic society held its first meeting Monday evening, September 23. Mr. Zischkau was elected president.

On Monday night, September 23, the Chrestomath society held its opening meeting. The new girls were the guests of the evening and a large number were present.

On Monday night, September 30, the Leagorean society entertained the new girls. A large attendance was reported.

The college orchestra has already held several practices and is again ready for business. We would not miss the music which it furnishes at our various functions for a great deal. Mr. Kurtz has charge of it again.

The Y. P. C. U. of the Second church held a social Friday evening, October 12, in the Sabbath school room of the church. Notwithstanding the scarcity of youths the games furnished a great deal of fun and excitement. Miss Marie Snodgrass sang a solo, accompanied by Miss Mary Shaffer and Robert Cummings, violin obligato. Then excellent refreshments were served.

The results of the class elections are as follows:

Senior Class. R. W. Cummings, president; Gertrude Newlin, vice president; Lois Nevin, secretary; R. J. Mitchell, treasurer.

Junior Class. R. Christie, president; Ruth Houston, vice president; Dorcas Schoeller, secretary; A. Coulter, treasurer.

Sophomore Class. D. H. McQuiston, president; Janet McCalmont, secretary; Charles Vick, treasurer.

Freshman Class. D. Schnable, president; Mary Beth Sebring, vice president; Marion Kitch, secretary; W. Lindsay, treasurer.

HILLSIDE NEWS.

All the old girls have been very glad to welcome all the new friends of our Hillside life. It has been a great pleasure to us to enroll them all in the list of our friendships. We cannot but hope that they will find the year spent here one of pleasure and contentment, as well as one of usefulness.

Among the new faces waiting to welcome the returning girls was that of Miss Mabel Boak, the new Dean of Women. She has already entered upon her duties faithfully, even changing her office to the front part of the building, where she can better focus her ever watchful eye on the surrounding regions. But seriously, Miss

Boak has shown herself to be in hearty sympathy with the girls and their interests, so that we know we shall have a most happy and prosperous year under her regime.

On Thursday, the nineteenth of September, the Y. W. C. A. gave their annual reception in honor of the new girls and lady members of the faculty. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent getting acquainted with everybody and hearing all the news of the summer vacation. Late in the afternoon the guests were served with punch and wafers. After this social time we all felt as if we knew each other, so now the new girls are supposed to feel just as much at home here as the "old" ones.

At the beginning of the year, Miss Boak introduced for our consideration the manner in which we wished to be governed this year. She proposed three methods—the honor or monitor system, which was used last year; the student government, which has proved successful in many schools, or the "police" method, in which she would have complete charge. However, at Miss Boak's urgent recommendation, we voted to try student government for eight weeks, and Helen Martin was appointed chairman pro tem. A committee, composed of Helen Martin, Gertrude Newlin, Lois Nevin, Kathryn Barr, Helen Foote, Nora Kerr, Marion Kitch and Katherine Stewart, drew up a constitution which was read and approved by all the girls. Under this constitution, three officers are necessary—a president, and vice president from the Senior class, and a secretary-treasurer from the Junior class. Besides these officers, another Junior, one each from the Sophomore, Freshman and Sub-Freshman classes, will form a student

government committee, which will have charge of all matters pertaining to the discipline of the society. In addition to this committee a proctor has been elected in each corridor, whose duty it is to keep order. It is understood that each girl is to belong to this society, but any girl not wishing to do so has a perfect right to put herself exclusively in the hands of the dean. It is the anticipation of every one that under this system good order will reign throughout the Hillside domain. The officers elected for this year are Lois Nevin, president; Helen Martin, vice president; Helen Foote, secretary-treasurer. These with the following, form the student government committee: Marie Stewart, Mary Jamieson and Tamar McMurray.

On Thursday evening, October tenth, the first birthday dinner was held in the Hillside. This was in honor of the girls whose birthday occurred in September and October, as well as that of Riley. The birthday table was tastefully decorated with autumn foliage and dishes of rosy apples. An excellent dinner was served and the "birthday" girls were especially honored by being presented with a large birthday cake. It is not our privilege to tell with how many candles this cake was graced, but it certainly looked beautiful to those for whom it was intended. Miss Lois Nevin presided as toast mistress, Miss Gertrude Newlin giving a toast to Prof. and Mrs. Freeman, special guests of the evening, and Prof. Freeman responding. Miss Sarah Cunningham sang beautifully that well known song of Riley's, "Ah, Little Girl, Don't You Cry."

PUBLIC SPEAKING NOTES.

Among the artists who will appear in the monologs and recitals will be Adrien New-

ens, on the Lyceum course, one of the leading readers of America, and Paul M. Pearson, the originator of the Lecture Recital, who so delighted the Westminster students last year. Dr. Pearson's date will be Friday evening, November 15. Mr. Newens will appear in March. Other artists will be announced later.

Dean Moses filled six weeks of Chautauqua work for the Pennsylvania Chautauqua Association during the summer. He acted in the capacity of platform manager and conducted the educational hour at two o'clock daily. Mr. Moses has sold his entire time for the coming summer to this association.

The enrollment of special and regular students in the College of Public Speaking is the largest in the history of the school. The student is realizing more and more the value of special training in public speech.

We are glad to welcome back for advanced work, Mr. James K. Stewart of the class of '12. Mr. Stewart will assist the Dean in the Department of Dramatic Art.

"Stewart and Kistler," was the name given to the combination of last year's graduates that gave a number of entertainments during the summer. This hustling combination already has booked considerable time for this fall and winter.

The opening recital by the College of Oratory was given in the college chapel, September 19. The auditorium was packed by a very appreciative audience. The work of Miss Marjorie A. Bryant, the new assistant in the department, commands special attention. Her performance was of such a high order that it commanded the absolute attention of the audience. The recital certainly shows that the College of Oratory

is second to none, and bids fair for the students who make use of the opportunities which it lays before them. The program was as follows:

The Day DreamLord Tennyson
Love Among the Ruins..Robert Browning
The End of the Task.....Bruno Lessing
Marjorie A. Bryant

The MansionHenry van Dyke
Part I—Drawing room of the Brown Stone Mansion.

Part II—Dining room of the Brown Stone Mansion.

Part III—Library of the Brown Stone Mansion.

Elbert R. Moses

The class in Dramatic Expression has taken up the study of "Othello." This is one of Shakespeare's strongest tragedies, as well as one of the most difficult to act. So far the class work has consisted of reading alone.

Department of Music

The work of this department has opened up in a fine way. While a variety of circumstances has prevented the return of several of the old students, a goodly number of new students have enrolled and are taking hold of the work in a way that bodes well for the year's success. The new teachers are giving most excellent satisfaction and the indications are that this will be one of the best years in the history of the department.

The opening recital by the faculty of the Department of Music was given on the evening of September 18. Mr. Duckwitz and Mr. Royce of the piano department, made their initial appearance before a Westminster audience and delighted every one with their playing. The school is to be congratulated on the acquisition of these two men to its faculty. Mr. Edward Hearn, '07, teacher for four years in this department, assisted in the evening's program as accompanist for Mr. Kurtz, violinist. The singing of Mr. Campbell and Miss Gareissen and the playing of Miss Douthett speak for themselves. The following program was given:

Etude in D flat major.....Franz Liszt
En CourantBenjamin Godard
Sonata Op. 13Eduard Grieg
JuneMrs. H. H. A. Beach
O, Come with me in the summer night..
.....Frank Van der Stucken
Will o' the Wisp.....Gilbert Spross
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, B minor...
.....Ludwig Beethoven
Where'er you walk (Semele)
.....George Frederic Handel
MadrigalVictor Harris
Little Bit of a Fellow.Franz C. Bornschein
Love, I have won you.....Landon Ronald
Three Dances.....Edward German
Prelude in C sharp minor.....
.....Sergei Rachmaninoff
Magic Fire Scene.....Wagner-Brassin
Abschied der Vogel.....Eugen Hildach

On Saturday evening, September 28, the students of the college and the citizens of the town had the opportunity of hearing a concert a little out of the ordinary for this place. The band from the Youngstown Military Band School, Mr. Adolph Walter, conductor, gave a concert in the college chapel before a small, but appreciative audi-

ence. Mr. Walter has been engaged by Director Campbell to teach wood-wind instruments in the college as the demand may arise. It is planned to organize a band in this locality and all the young men of the college and town interested in wood-wind and brass instruments should take advantage of the opportunity afforded.

Some changes and additions have been made in the courses of study this year. One of the most important of these is the inaugurating of the Public School Music Course under the supervision of Miss Gareissen. Miss Gareissen is eminently qualified for the work, her preparation for teaching having included a special course in this particular line. The course is a practical one and without doubt will prove to be quite popular.

Work in harmony and composition has been begun under the direction of Mr. Royce, the new Dean of the department. Mr. Royce comes to us highly recommended as a teacher of theory and composition.

Mr. Edward French Hearn, who has been spending a few weeks in New Wilmington, left for New York on Tuesday, October 1, to take up his work as accompanist for the Croxton Quartette.

Miss Nona Yantis, teacher for a number of years in the piano department, has been given leave of absence for the year and is taking a much needed rest at her home in Athens, Texas. Her absence is noted

with regret by all her students and all join in wishing for her a good year's rest.

Mr. John Manson, student in the Voice Department, has been elected teacher of music in the public schools of the town. Mr. Manson takes the place of Mr. Marshall Jackson, who filled the position so acceptably during the past year.

Miss Mabel King, who received her certificate in the Teachers' Course last June, has returned for an additional year's study.

The Choral Club has begun work on Haydn's "Creation." Considerable interest is being shown in this class and the prospects are that the enrollment will exceed that of any previous year.

The Artists' Course of the 1912-1913 season promises to be one of unusual strength. The course includes such players and singers as Mme. Cornelia Rider-Posart, pianist; Charlotte Lund, soprano; Emanuel Wad, pianist; Arthur Philips, baritone; John Barnes Wells, tenor; Florence Hinkle, soprano, and Elsie Baker, contralto. The work of Miss Lund and Mr. Wad is known to the New Wilmington public and all who had the pleasure of hearing them on former occasions will be gratified to know of their re-appearance here this season. The other artists are all of well-established reputation and their coming to New Wilmington will be a veritable treat to all music lovers in the vicinity.



Athletic Department

By WILLIAM MOORE



FOOTBALL.

THE Westminster team opened the season on September 28, by defeating the Thiel College team 32 to 0. Our own men had practiced scarcely a week and engaged in but three scrimmages prior to the game, yet their playing was worthy of a better drilled squad.

Thiel played a gritty game, but their general work was greatly inferior to that of the home team. After a delay of an hour and a half, caused by a temporary paralysis of the Sharpsville railroad, the Thiel men appeared on the field at 4 p. m.

During the first quarter the Greenville boys put up a strong defense, holding the home team to one touchdown. The last three quarters of the game, however, were uninteresting to watch, since in this period it was merely a question of how many points Captain Vincent's men could pile up. Several of the second team men went in during the second half.

We have witnessed a number of Westminster's opening contests, but have never before seen such a complete wallop of the opposing team on the first day. No player especially distinguished himself, but the team play was excellent. The lineup was as follows:

Left end, Manson, Miller, L. Turnbull; left tackle, Tallant, I. Wilson; left guard, Wilson; center, McQuiston; right guard, Phythyon, C. McQuiston, Johnston; right tackle, Vincent (captain); right end, J.

Turnbull; quarterback, Buckley, K. Igo; left half, Canon, Milligan; right half, Blair, Kirkbride; fullback, McLaughry.

PITT 13, WESTMINSTER 3.

On October 5th the team journeyed down to the Smoky City and gave Pitt a great scare. At several stages of the game our men completely outclassed Joe Thompsons' seasoned veterans, while there was never a minute when our boys were not fighting consistently and gamely. One Westminster supporter remarked after the game: "I was proud of Westminster all the way through. They played like veterans and have in them the promise of a great team."

The Pittsburgh Dispatch gave the following account of the game:

"Plucky Westminster held the University of Pittsburgh eleven to a 13 to 3 score in Forbes Field. The contest was characterized by many penalizations, inflicted upon both teams, and much fumbling, and featured by game stands by the light visitors, a field goal by Buckley of the Westminster team, fine execution of the forward pass by Wagner of the Pitt team, and a couple of nice runs by Dillon of the local aggregation.

"Pitt had to work hard to come through with the narrow margin victory, for Westminster presented a strong front and fought valiantly all the way. In the third period the visitors outplayed Thompson's machine and in the other portions of the game there was little in favor of the Gold and Blue kickers, who were seldom able to

gain consistently when within striking distance of goal.

"The Westminster team is entitled to unstinted praise for the fine stand made against a heavier and more experienced team. The visitors were game to the core and played out their string to the very end. McLaughry, Vincent and Buckley were the brightest stars, they being in the thick of every scrimmage.

Play started with Reese kicking to Buckley. Blair gained seven yards for the visitors, but on the next play fumbled and Reese secured the ball for Pitt. The locals made but a short advance in three tries at the line, and then Reese kicked to Buckley, who was dropped by Wagner. For rough work, W. B. Smith of Pitt was removed from the game and the locals were penalized half the distance to goal. On the next play a Westminster man was detected holding and the visitors were set back 15 yards. McElroy fumbled a punt and Westminster got the ball. A field goal was attempted by Buckley from the 20-yard line, but the ball went wide.

"Pitt put the ball in play and then after failing to gain in line plunges McElroy tossed a forward pass to Wagner, who electrified the spectators by tearing off a beautiful 40-yard run. Shoff hit the line for eight yards and Reese made it first down. Wagner caught another pass for a gain and Reese plowed through center for seven yards. Westminster took the ball on downs but lost it a minute later, and a forward pass from McElroy to Wagner enabled the latter to negotiate the first touchdown.

"There was no scoring in the second quarter and numerous penalties were inflicted upon both teams. Once Pitt was put back because an official detected Joe Thompson coaching from the side lines. A fine run of 40 yards by Shoff featured the period, and just before time was called

Dillon dashed around the end to Westminster's one-yard line. Before the teams lined up again the whistle blew.

"In the third quarter the advantage was with Westminster, who showed a strong defense, and after getting to Pitt's 23-yard line Buckley dropped a field goal.

"The last period resulted in Westminster making a stubborn defense, Pitt finally getting a touchdown on Wagner's clever catch on Ward's pass over the line. Kernohan made a poor punt out and Pitt had no chance to get the goal. Lineup:

Westminster--3	Pitt--13
J. Turnbull.....L. E.....	Wagner
Vincent.....L. T.....	J. Blair
TallantL. G.....	Leahy
McQuiston	C.....Hockensmith
Wilson.....R. G.....	W. B. Smith
Cleland.....R. T.....	Hoag
Miller.....R. E.....	Blumenthal
Buckley.....Q. B.....	McElroy
Canon, Milligan...L. H.....	Shoff
Blair, Kirkbride...R. H.....	Dillon
McLaughry.....F. B.....	Reese

Touchdowns—Wagner 2. Goal from touchdown—Corboy. Goal from field—Buckley. Time of periods—10 minutes each. Officials—Merriman, Geneva, referee; McFarland, W. & J., umpire; Cosgrove, Cornell, head linesman.

MASS MEETINGS.

The mass meetings which have been held this year have exceeded in enthusiasm any that have been witnessed in Westminster for five or six years. The one on September 27th for the Thiel game started the ball rolling and it has been gathering fire and speed ever since. The one on October 4th for the Pitt game and that on the 5th down at the station showed exactly where the "Old Westminster spirit" is. The 10th witnessed the best yet, and we know that we can beat even that. Just wait until November 22d.

THE CANE RUSH.

The Seniors and Juniors decreed that this year the underclassmen should not engage in the historic flag rush of past years, but that they should have a cane rush. A constitution was drawn up by an august body of Seniors and Juniors, which governed the battle. These regulations were too numerous to state fully, but to an unbiased observer of the fray this is what happened on Monday, September 30, at 3:30 p. m., at the athletic field:

King Veazey, Sophomore, and Canon, Freshman, stood up side by side in the middle of the field, looking sheepish but friendly, holding between them a greased cane. A motley assortment of Freshmen lined up about 15 yards away, on one side, while the Sophs were in another line opposite to them and an equal distance from the cane. At a pistol shot from Referee Parrish the warriors all rushed for the cane, their aim being to get their hands on the precious stick, for the class having the most hands on the cane at the end of ten minutes would be declared the winner. A terrible fight ensued. Freshmen and Sophomores wet the earth with blood. At the end of five minutes it was clear that the Freshies would win by mere force of numbers.

But complete victory was impossible until the mighty Veazey be dragged away from that coveted shalaylay. Six men, the flower of the opposing army, now wrenched King away and victory was assured. A few faint and feeble efforts, which resembled the scattered cracklings of a dying fire, now occupied the last two minutes.

At the pistol shot which announced the finish, President Schnable rallied the Freshman forces, and rent the blue dome

of heaven with shouts of victory. The Sophomores slunk home defeated, but nevertheless inwardly satisfied that they were vastly superior intellectually to the motley horde of Goths and Vandals who had made them masticate molecular mud. Before the mind of the fickle observer flashed the words: "The king is dead; long live the king."

GRIDIRON GRAINS.

Martin, a former Muskingum player, has donned the togs for Westminster in the past few days.

Ex-Captain Bill Mansell, '12, made a visit to his alma mater recently, and spoke highly of the squad.

The cane rush furnished some excellent scrimmage practice for the underclassmen.

The tackling dummy has been in daily use this fall. A heavily padded machine for practice in line bucking has lately been installed.

The student body were present at the station on the morning of October 5 to give the team a hearty send-off to Pittsburgh.

Thus far no member of the squad has received any injury serious enough to keep him out of the game. We have been fortunate, for last year Mansell had his ankle broken in the first game.

The playing of the team has been especially marked by harmony. The team is a unit for Westminster, and every man is on his job.

EXCHANGE ETCHINGS.

It is the policy of this paper through its exchanges to come into closer connection with other schools; to cull from their papers items of interest to our own students and alumni; to criticise and commend; and we now take this opportunity of expressing the desire that our paper be criticised in order that our faults may be remedied.

It is well, if the Freshman be up and doing; but it would be better if he and all others knew for just exactly what purpose they are thus expending energy. Do undergraduates become "heelers" or competitors to keep from being idle or to experience the fierce inordinate delight of winning something from somebody?

The desire for personal glory has swept many a man off his feet, into the unworthy sea of hypocrisy. A writer in the *Courant* has expressed it well, "Much of our activity is so hypocritical that one could smile, were it not a serious matter."

—"Yale News."

William Phillips, secretary of the U. S. embassy at London, who has obtained a year's leave of absence, will return to his home in Boston to become secretary of the Harvard Corporation.—Ex.

The secretary of the Yale College class of 1906 has compiled statistics which show the gradual increase in graduates' wage earning capacities. The college men start low, but advance more rapidly than average non-college men.

The average incomes for each of the first five years after graduation for three classes are given in the table below, the compilations having been made from reports from

184 graduates in class of 1906, from 188 graduates in the 1906 class of Sheffield Scientific School and from 155 graduates of class of 1901 Princeton:

	1906	1906 S. Princeton	1901
First	\$ 740.14	\$ 683.85	\$ 706.44
Second	968.80	898.39	902.39
Third	1,286.91	1,257.24	1,198.94
Fourth	1,522.98	1,686.14	1,651.15
Fifth	1,885.31	2,040.04	2,039.42

HOW TO RECITE.

Always look the professor in the eye; if you don't he will probably look you in the eye.

Begin deliberately and confidently, even if you know only ten words. Many a good man pulls up just on the ragged edge of failure, and modestly takes the laurel due him.

It is considered very strong to look over the class once or twice without reciting.

Some adopt the military position in the class room, with hands at the sides, little fingers at seams of trousers, etc. This is all right if practicable.

A smile properly placed has been known to figure up just about A, or as some grade 94. This depends somewhat on the individual back of the smile.—Ex.

Every year at the opening of college, the disease diagnosed as "hazing" seems to break out among the lower classmen. It was put under the student ban last year but it appeared the past week as usual. In view of this fact, we are forced to believe that something must be substituted for the custom in order to remedy the evil. We do not believe in hazing as generally con-

ducted. Because a man is green, that should not qualify him for the honor. If hazing is justifiable it should be applied where the treatment will do the most good; who is and who is not worthy of the experience remains an open question. It seems impossible to abolish the custom under the present regime. To do away with an evil, we must produce something better in its place. What shall it be?

—Monmouth Oracle.

“Campus Policeman ‘Jim’ Donnelly wishes to call the ‘boys’ attention to the rule prohibiting tradespeople, old clothes men, etc., from the Campus. He urges that all students co-operate with the authorities in strictly enforcing these regulations. He also reminds all students to keep their room doors locked when they are out.”

The above clipping was taken from the paper of one of our large colleges. At Westminster we cannot boast of such a quantity of students, but our moral qual-

ity can bring forth a better statement than the one above.

—
To the Editor of THE YALE DAILY NEWS:

In the three preceding issues of THE NEWS there have appeared communications voicing the sentiment of the undergraduate body toward cheering at the preliminary games. When a man enters Yale he is told to get the Yale Spirit, and yet he goes out to the Football games and hears only occasional hand-clapping and stamping of feet. Don't let us be beaten out by smaller colleges along the cheering line, but let's get out at every game and have some good old Yale Songs and cheers.

SHEFF, SENIOR.

We take the privilege of reprinting the above letter to call the attention of our own students and alumni bodies to the fact that the “Old Westminster Spirit” must be shown to the new students. We do not have to be rebuked for losing our enthusiasm for our school.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXXIII

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 3

THE GREAT CRISIS.

D ECEMBER will be the month of great crisis for Westminster College. Everything in her future depends upon what shall be done during the closing days of this year. The offer of \$200,000 for her endowment conditioned on \$200,000 more being raised will expire December 31st, 1912, at midnight unless the full sum of \$400,000 is subscribed. All other subscriptions will likewise expire under the statute of limitation and the college be left, not only with inadequate endowment, but with her Maintenance fund forever swept away. Can such a thing happen? Perish the thought!

Everything points to a happy completion of the \$400,000 fund and the raising of Westminster's endowment to something beyond the half million point. A very few people have yet taken part in the endowment effort, yet these 602 people have subscribed a grand total of \$308,136, while \$26,878 has been paid in by people who say "there is no such word as fail."

There are evidences also that the church at large is awakening to a sense of her financial responsibility for the institution. All colleges of note have reached the point of success through gifts and legacies and oftentimes the strongest effort of men for the kingdom has been made through the nature of their legacies. Within a comparatively short period legacies of \$10,000, \$5,000, \$4,000, \$2,000, \$1,000, \$500, have been left to the college. As success broadens others will realize that they can live on in Christian work and live strongly by investing a portion of their substance in an institution which so largely trains men and women for Christian work.

This is a time inviting the enthusiasm and effort of every friend of education. There are 80,937 communicants in the three supporting Synods of Westminster—the First Synod of the West, the Synod of Pittsburg, and the Synod of New York. Of these at least 40,000 may be children, youths and non-pro-

ducers. Thirty thousand more may forget or fail to appreciate the importance of Christian education. Surely from the remaining 10,937 there should be SCORES, HUNDREDS, and THOUSANDS, who will respond with LARGE, MEDIUM, and SMALL subscriptions until the full \$400,000 is subscribed.

It is impossible to overestimate what will be the results of the prompt, generous action on the part of Westminster's friends. Success always brings enlarging success. Westminster in her trials and struggles has paralleled the history of many institutions that are now large and prosperous. Let it be hoped that the day of Westminster's trials and straightened circumstances are at an end.

The Christmastide is near and it would be a gracious thing for the Church to furnish herself and her Lord a Christmas present of a reasonably endowed college at this season. Prompt action will permit this to be done in time for Christmas joy to be felt in the whole Church. The rule should be, let every friend of Christian education put Westminster College first on the list for Christmas remembrances and send to the President by earliest mail a check not less in amount than the value of the best Christmas present given to any earthly friend. Here is a chance for real Christmas joy. One of the sayings of Jesus that passed into Proverbs was, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Those who join in the effort to save Westminster can have the double joy of both *giving* and *receiving*, for they not only give for college success, but receive in return an endowed College as their own institution. Let students, alumni and all friends of Christian education put Westminster upon the preferred list of Christian beneficiaries.



A FOOTBALL RETROSPECT

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following article, written by a member of the team who played in all games except the last one, gives an excellent account of the season from a player's standpoint. The author, from a becoming sense of modesty, has omitted all reference to his own part in these games. The reader knows what "Bones" meant to the team, however, and what a serious handicap his absence was in the final game at Grove City.]



We opened the season on September 28 with a victory over Thiel College. The game was not very exciting, for it was only a question of how many points the team could pile up. In this game we got a line on the new men and those showing up especially well were Milligan, Buckley, C. McQuiston, McLaughry, Canon, Blair and Kirkbride.

On the next Saturday, with a squad of eighteen players, we went to Pittsburg, where we tackled the strong Pitt team. This game was exciting all the way through, for at different stages we rushed Pitt completely off her feet and had it not been for two very lucky (no exaggeration when we say lucky) forward passes executed by McElroy and Wagner, there would have been a different tale to tell. It was in the third quarter when we had the ball on Pitt's 23-yard line that the educated toe of Buckley booted a nice

field goal. The one bright star of the game was McLaughry, who loomed up strong on both offence and defence.

The following Saturday, October 12, found us in Morgantown, whither we had traveled the day before. At about eleven o'clock that day we were apprised of the fact that on account of some eligibility rule, that had become dusty on account of age, we could not play one of our back field men. We were forced to play the game with the strongest man in our offence holding one end of the line. But during most of the game we held the husky mountaineers—neither side having much advantage, but in the third period the home team was able to score a touchdown by means of a succession of line bucks and end runs. This score, in addition to the one point made in kicking goal, was all the scoring done, but it was sufficient for the Morgantown aggregation.

And then came the Bethany game. Most of you readers saw that game, so it would be superfluous to say much about it. But for those of you who did not see it, suffice it to say that it was another case of two evenly matched teams where one shows itself the superior of the other by pulling off a fake play—resulting in a touchdown. In this instance it was a de-

played fake line buck which terminated in an end run. They did not kick goal. In the last quarter Buckley made a touchdown after a long end run, but the officials would not allow it—claiming that one of the Westminster players held an opponent. Score 6-0.

On October 26 we left New Wilmington via the Sharpsville at 8:30 A. M., New Castle via the trolley at 10 A. M.; Youngstown, via the Erie, at 12 M.; Garrettsville via a couple of old hacks and worn-out horses at 12:45 P. M., and arrived at Hiram at 2:05. Altogether an enjoyable ride and conducive (?) to lots of "pep."

Well, the result of this trip was that Hiram proved itself the better executor of the forward pass, the better team in running interference and all-around team play, and won the game, which was played in a corn field. Score 13-0.

Some of the memories of this trip will stay with us, as how we enjoyed (?) the train De Luxe from New Wilmington to Hiram, how one of the Hiram fellows wasn't acquainted with the gymnasium and didn't know Hiram's colors because he "had only been here five weeks," how you can heal sores on horses by painting them (the sores) with purple ointment, which "Dad" aptly described as $K Mn O_4$, and many other such recollections.

The next game, on Tuesday, No-

vember 5, was played at Sharon against Waynesburg. We won. Very little opposition was received from them, and we experienced little difficulty in breaking their plays, except in the third quarter, when they turned loose a dazzling collection of forward passes. But they could not gain consistently and when the game was over the score read 36-0 in our favor.

All Sharon turned out to see their favorites play — McLaughry, Canon and Buckley—and they were not disappointed for the trio put up a brilliant game, as did also Blair and Turnbull.

And then on the following Saturday we played in Pittsburg again—against Carnegie Tech. It was another good illustration of educating the toe, for Buckley won the game by kicking a field goal from the twenty-yard line. The teams were about evenly matched, with a little more weight probably on our side, and a little more speed and lots of confidence in Tech's favor. The two teams fought back and forth, up and down the field, with neither side able to score until in the fourth quarter, with but three minutes to play, Buckley dropped over his winning field goal. Final score 3-0.

That evening the two teams were the guests of the Nixon Theater management at the play "The Little Millionaire." Eight boxes on the first floor were reserved, and the courtesy

of the theater management was enjoyed to the limit.

The next two games seem to be nightmares, one with Allegheny at Meadville and the other with Grove City.

The trip to Meadville was very pleasant (?). We waited an hour at the Junction for the train, an hour at Mercer for the Bessemer, and arrived at Meadville at 2 P. M., with the game scheduled at 3 o'clock. We had to hunt a lunch counter, eat and dress before that time. The first few minutes we ran Allegheny off her feet—she couldn't stop our onslaught, but when we got to her 25-yard line and she blocked and recovered the ball on an attempted field goal, the tide turned, and after that nobody seems to know what happened, but the game ended with the score 44-0 in Allegheny's favor. Again we enjoyed the pleasant (?) ride home from West Middlesex in the wee sma' hours.

And then the final game with Grove

City—for which we had prepared with the aid of Heinrichs and Park. The Grove City team brushed the dust and cleaned the rust off an old play that was squeaky with age and by its use made two touchdowns. These two touchdowns, in addition to two others made by all-around good work and fine interference, enabled the Grove City team to win the first half and also the game with a score of 28-0. The red and white were unable even to think of scoring during the second half, as they were busy trying to break up our spurt and forward passes.

While we did not win the majority of games, yet it must be said that every player played the best he knew how and never once did he quit or lie down.

All the players showed an excellent spirit of co-operation and loyalty, in practice and in the games, throughout the season; every man did his best, and all stood united for their Alma Mater.



THE LETTER--FORGOTTEN.



JOHN ORMSBY was the sole occupant of his magnificently furnished office. The final instructions had been given to his assistant whose monotonous dictation, in an adjoining office gave proof of his faithfulness to his chief. The stenographer's chair was empty because it was her afternoon off. The roll cover of the big oak desk was closed for the day, and its owner sat drumming it while he whistled an air from the latest opera.

Utterly unconscious of the ceaseless din of the street increased by the intermittent roar of the elevated, the head of the Ormsby Realty Co. was lost in happy meditation. He was thinking of her—thinking of his wife. It was just two years ago today that he had brought Helen Ashley to his own home. Those two years had been happy indeed. Dame Fortune had bestowed on him her rarest gift—happiness. Not one cloud had appeared on the horizon to mar the joy of that home.

This afternoon he was to be home earlier than usual that they might motor out to Hammond to spend the evening with Mrs. Ormsby's mother. Just as the massive

mission clock drawled out its four lazy calls, Ormsby roused himself from his happy retrospection. It was but fifteen minutes till Helen would be waiting for him at the gate. He must not keep her waiting or there might be an explanation demanded; and Ormsby laughed at his girlish wife. But no sooner had he started for his coat and hat, when the door was suddenly opened and in walked his wife. He was not surprised, however, as she often stopped when in town shopping. But just as he was about to speak, something in the expression on her face made him change his term of endearment to one of surprise and chagrin. "What is it, Helen?" She did not deign to notice him. Her eyes usually dancing were dark and luminous. Drawing herself to her full height as if she would overwhelm him with a look, she thrust her dainty hand toward him and asked in a voice so full of anger that he scarcely recognized it, "John Ormsby, will you please explain this?" One look was enough. In an instant it flashed through his mind that this was the letter he had received a few months after they were married, written

by Jane Eggleston, a former ardent admirer. Because she had moved to California just after he met Helen and as they were married three months later, Jane was unaware of his being a married man at the time she had written.

But how had Helen gotten the letter? He remembered about reading it and thinking no more about it. Ah, now he knew. This morning he had worn a coat that he hadn't used for almost a year and a half. Just before leaving home he had pulled out of his coat pocket some papers, among them this letter, and tossed them on the table for his wife to put into the waste-basket. While throwing them in she must have noticed the feminine hand-writing and was curious, as all women are, to know its contents. But why hadn't she looked at the date? That would have explained everything. She must have been blinded by what she read not to think of that. While these thoughts flashed through his mind she was watching him closely.

"Well, I am waiting for an explanation," came in low, burning words from her. Ormsby was surprised, bewildered, dazed. The sight of his wife, generally so gentle and affectionate, in such an overwhelming rage, deprived him

of the power of speech. And then, so confident was he of himself and of her, he smiled. But it was a costly smile indeed. She had misinterpreted it.

"If you can't explain, I will." Flinging the envelope from her she read: "'My dearest Jack.' Appropriate beginning, don't you think?" she hissed.

"'Your little sweetheart, Jane.' Nice ending. John Ormsby, I'm through with you. You're a brute." With that she wheeled, heedless of his broken entreaties, slammed the door in his face and was gone.

And so they parted.

When John Ormsby walked into his home that night, he was bent and broken. As he climbed wearily up the broad staircase, his step, usually firm and quick, was heavy and slow. If only he had torn that letter up, he thought.

Going directly to her room he found it in disorder. Chairs disarranged, drawers open, papers and letters strewn over the floor, were signs of her haste. The room, which he had held so dear because it was hers, was bare and vacant. It seemed in some way, however, to be in harmony with his heart; perhaps because both were empty.

The days, weeks and months that followed were dreary and monotonous. Life had little interest for

Ormsby. He cared not whether he made any money now. For little good it could do him. And yet it seemed as if every investment brought increasing returns. And yet, in spite of his lack of interest in his work, his increasing business forced him to give more time to it. This served as a tonic. Gradually all his time and energy were spent in building up his business. His active brain, for a time stagnant through grief, turned wholly to work. This proved to be his salvation.

Work as hard as he would Ormsby could not forget. He was plainly in need of a change. His friends, seeing his haggard, lonely face, always bent over his desk, suggested various things to separate him from his business. It was all in vain. Finally one of his club-mates succeeded in persuading him to go to a play. It was hard to go without her and—different. In time, however, he became a frequent visitor. For it was there he could relax his over-worked brain and forget his sorrow.

Almost four years had passed since that fatal day. Again John Ormsby was alone in his big office, and again, after his day's work, he was thinking of her. There was a knock at the door and Billy Bates,

his chum at Michigan, rushed in.

"I say, Jack, old boy, I've got two boxes for the Grand tonight."

"Why, I had planned to see the 'Mileposts.' Anything special at the Grand?"

"'What Every Woman Knows','" returned Billy.

After considerable persuasion Ormsby consented to accompany this old chum.

Now it so happened that Bates had been at the Grand the evening before and what was his great surprise to see Mrs. Ormsby taking a leading part. He was determined that they should see each other. He had hit upon this plan. So far he had been successful.

While turning a sharp corner on the way to the play, Ormsby's limousine struck another machine head on. His chauffeur, a young fellow in whom Ormsby was much interested because he had known his father, was badly shaken up. And Ormsby refused to leave him until he was taken back home and examined. Meanwhile Bates had called a taxi.

"Say, Billy, pay the man for his time and let him go. It's too late now to see that play. We'll go tomorrow night."

"Jack, old man, I'm due at 'The Maples' tomorrow night. Let's go even if it is only for the last act.

Besides, we have the boxes. Here's your overcoat, Jack." Billy was determined.

"Well, Billy, I'll go to please you. It must be a girl," and he began pulling on his gloves.

"It is. And she's a—" Billy never finished it.

And so they had come.

The curtain had gone up for the last act. Ormsby let his eyes move slowly from the left of the stage towards the center, his critical mind taking in every detail. When his eyes had moved toward the center they stopped. Bates saw him jump as if he were struck. With the vessels on his forehead bulging as if they would burst, with his clenched teeth, he hissed in his chum's ear: "Why did you bring me here?" Fortunately for Bates he didn't wait for a reply but turned to look at his wife again.

The movement of the box curtain had attracted Mrs. Ormsby's attention, and she had covertly watched them coming in. With one quick glance she noted the changes in her husband. He was an old man now. And with a woman's quick intuition, she knew that he still loved her. At the sight of her husband, so old-like and lonely, the old love that had so suddenly been turned to hate,

came back. Though life on the stage had been attractive, she had gradually grown to dislike it. It had become monotonous and wearisome.

And perhaps—it was the first time she had ever thought of it that way—this Jane Eggeson did not know he was married. Perhaps she had been too hasty and hadn't given John a chance to explain. What if she were wrong? Would he forgive her? Thinking these thoughts it was only by the power of a forceful will that she was able to give her lines at all, much less to act them.

The agony was almost over. She was leaving the stage. Just as she went behind the scenes, she glanced back over her shoulder. Two eyes met hers with a question. With an appealing gesture she drew her hand to her heart and disappeared. This was more than Ormsby could stand. With a low cry he leaped over the footlights, rushed across the stage and caught her just as she staggered into her dressing room.

When Mrs. Ormsby regained consciousness, two great brown eyes were searching hers questioningly. Could he forgive her? Had she been wrong? Courage came at last. Timidly looking up, she whispered:

"John, can you forgive me?"

The answer was smothered in a kiss.

The letter had been forgotten.

J. K. S., '12.

THE HOLCAD.

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Only one month left. It seems hardly credible that we are within thirty days of January 1st, 1913, and that only \$303,000 of the endowment has been raised. There must be something wrong somewhere. The success of Allegheny Seminary and of the greater part of the United Presbyterian church in this section depends upon the success of Westminster College. The church must not fail to realize this. She must not think that her young men and women come here merely for an ordinary education such as any non-religious school might give them. She must realize that

if she would keep up her influence she must train her youth in her faith; she must prepare them for her work; and she must keep them where they will get this training. If she would only realize that many of her most influential men, ministers as well as laymen, have received their education in Westminster, that a large percent of her missionaries have come from here; that more than half of the young men of last year's graduating class are preparing for active church work; and that now she has more volunteers than the rest of the colleges of Western Pennsylvania put

together, there would be no anxiety about the raising of the money.

The church is facing a supreme opportunity. The chance of a century has presented itself. An endowment of \$400,000 is more than three-fourths completed. If the most of it were yet to be raised the shame would not be great. But now it would be a disgrace if, after being so near a realization of our hopes the United Presbyterian church of Western Pennsylvania should turn this chance down for the sake of but \$97,000. Consider what that \$97,000 would mean; it would mean an endowment of \$400,000. With such a basis in addition to our present equipment we could compete with any college in this section. Students who are going to other institutions would come here because of greater opportunities. The church could thus extend an influence over a larger group of men and women, bringing them directly into contact with her work and taking them away from the irreligious atmosphere of state schools. This would react on her. It would increase her working force. Her work needs many men and women and it needs them now. We, students of Westminster College, can not understand why the church does not lay hold of the oppor-

tunity instead of crippling herself by letting Westminster get "snowed under."

♦ ♦ ♦

The church will not be the only sufferer if the endowment is not raised. The alumni of the institution may find themselves handicapped. If the college declines as decline it must without an adequate endowment, your diploma will be worthless, you will be ashamed to name the college from which you have been graduated. We, students of Westminster College, fail to understand why the alumni of our college as a whole take so little interest in us.

♦ ♦ ♦

Furthermore, fellow students, will it make no difference to us to have our college die instead of advancing? Seniors! when you are looking for a job and present your diploma—"Oh, yes! that college that closed shop last year!" Underclassmen all! does it affect you not even to the extent of a little display of interest? A month is impossibly short. "Let us then be up and doing," for January 1st may bring the "night when no man can work."

♦ ♦ ♦

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we note that the Glee Club has been successfully started again.

Nothing is better advertisement for a college than a first class glee club. With the talent on hand and with the director meeting the club three times a week it should not take long to prepare an excellent repertoire for concert work. Every one who has ability should endeavor to try for a place in the club and it should be as much an honor to win a place there as in an athletic team.

♦ ♦ ♦

The football season is over at last. We are glad that it is. With the endowment hanging fire, and the ill-luck of our players, we have all been in a sort of a suspense. Now we can turn our attention entirely to THE IMPORTANT THING, THE ENDOWMENT, and work with all our might to raise the \$400,000.

♦ ♦ ♦

We cannot dismiss the past season with but a short reference to the above.

To most of us the season seems to have been a failure. Judging from the percentages of scores it doubtless has been. But is winning the only advantage in playing football? It is too bad that the savage, almost insane desire to win prevails to such an extent. Too often other considerations are neglected and we will "forget anybody and praise anything," to win. But

we are proud to say that is not the case with us. "Victory is sweet" no doubt, as much to us as to anyone else, but the spirit of our student body, to tolerate no dirty work or illegitimate means for victory, is far better. Whatever may be said about the team, we are proud of it because it is "clean."

♦ ♦ ♦

As far as defeat by Grove City and Allegheny goes, let us give them all the consolation they can get. Let us "think upon the days of old," Westminster 46, Grove City 0; Westminster 76, Allegheny 0. To say nothing of innumerable other credits. It is easy for Grove City and Allegheny to count their victories; they are so few and far between.

♦ ♦ ♦

The new athletic regulations are an improvement. It has been too easy to win the W. As far as they make it more difficult to get the college letter we are in sympathy with them. But there is one regulation that seems hardly fair. Under ordinary conditions a man who deserves to win his W will get into the Grove City game. But suppose a man who would otherwise play in the Grove City game and win his W has been injured and kept out; surely it is but fair that the college present him with its token of his ability and work.

WITH WESTMINSTER ALUMNI

Dr. William N. Ferguson, Jr., was married Oct. 19th, 1912, to Miss Mary Emma Powell of Philadelphia, his own city. He spent two years in Westminster College, 1904-1905, was classified as a Sophomore of the class of 1907, when he left. He afterward graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and is now practicing in his native city.

Rev. David R. Goodwillie, aged 85, pastor emeritus of Westminster Presbyterian church, of Port Huron, Mich., died Oct. 27, 1912. He was, at one time, Professor of Natural Science in Westminster college.

'79 Rev. Dr. W. M. Hayes, a professor in the Union Theological Seminary in Shantung, China, along with other returned missionaries of China, has been giving a series of lectures in the Presbyterian churches of Pittsburg. It is the aim of this party to raise the greater portion of \$750,000 necessary for the maintenance of their work in China, and to arouse the church to send one hundred more workers into the field.

'05 Rev. D. Chalmers Fulton has accepted a call to the Highland church, New Castle, Pa., and has begun work there.

'95 Rev. Jno. Heslip of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Tabernacle U. P. church, Youngstown, O., and has taken up work in that place. It will be remembered that Rev. Heslip

preached the sermon to the Christian Associations last Commencement week.

'99 Rev. W. H. McPeak of Sharon, was elected as a member of the Board of Westminster college, to succeed Rev. L. K. Peacock, former pastor of that congregation.

'07 Miss Sara McCoy was a guest of Mrs. R. M. Russell on Nov. 20.

'09 Mr. John Heinrich of the Junior class in Allegheny Seminary has charge of the physical culture in the Seminary. The gymnasium has been repainted and refitted, which makes the work much more pleasant this year.

'08 On October 22, 1912, Miss Anna Barackman of Khartum North, Egyptian Sudan, Africa, was married to Mr. C. B. Guthrie. They will be at home after January first at Doleib Hill, Sobat River, Egyptian Sudan, Africa.

'09 Messrs. John Heinrich and Andrew Park spent the third week in November with the football team, giving it encouragement for the last and hardest game of the season.

'86 Dr. Ross T. Campbell, President of Cooper college, Sterling, Kansas, spent a few days this month with his father in New Wilmington.

'94 "The Survey" for June, 1912, contains an article by Alexander M. Wilson on "Field Work in Sociology." It

is a rollicking, vivid, enthusiastic forecast of a vacation in the woods and mountains. As you read it, you can almost feel the breeze fanning your cheek and breathe the exhilaratory air in a mountain climb.

"The Survey" has a picture of "Mac" in summer attire, and those who know him and his football record, can fancy him as jumping through the enemy for a touch-down. Underneath the picture the editor writes: "'Up the Gulf' back of Mt. Washington, a ladder scales a cliff, which goes by the name of 'Wilson's Reach.' When the trail was blazed, the author was the only man long enough to scale it."

'00 From the Presbyterian Banner, we notice that one of our Westminster sons has received a position of high honor. Rev. William E. Brooks of Allentown, Pa., was appointed Vice-Moderator of

the Synod which met in Butler, Pa., the last week of October.

On the morning of October 29, Col. R. E. Yantis, father of Miss Nona Yantis of the Music Department, fell through an elevator shaft in the Landon Hotel, San Antonio, Texas. He was seriously injured in the fall, which, if not fatal, may cripple him for life.

'10 The following appreciation comes to us from Nathaniel Love, who is teaching in Connecticut: "As my work progresses, and I try to help unravel the little tangled ideas in the children's minds, I look back to dear old Westminster, and bless her for the course in Oratory which she permitted me to take. I want to say that as far as school work is concerned, I know of nothing that has enabled me to understand what I read and to impart it to others, more than the course in Oratory taken under Miss Randall."

LOVE he went a weary way,
 O'er the world to roam,
 Love, he came to spend life's day
 And hearts were not at home.
 On the threshold of the night
 Laid his head to dream of light.
 Hearts they went a weary way
 Cot and palace—dome;
 We with Love would spend life's day,
 But Love was not at home.
 'Neath dim wings of cheerless night,
 Hearts were lost to Love and Light.

G—O—S—S—I—P.

VERNA A.—One of Kate Douglass Wiggin's stories, "Mother Carey's Chickens," has its setting in this little town.

Prof. Mills.—All of you ought to take a course in pencil sharpening. There isn't one of you has a decent point on his pencil except Mr. Cannon.

Buckley (holding up Cannon's pencil)—Is this all right, Professor?

Prof. Mills.—No, that is just as bad as all the rest of them.

Dorcas S. (in exam)—The difference between connate and delayed instinct is this: When you love a man the first time you see him it is connate instinct; when you see him the second time and love him more it is delayed instinct.

Jean L.—O, Simmy, did you make this good cake?

Simmy—No, but I may have to learn how some day.

Gert (choosing sides at social)—Fred Milligan! He's my first choice.

Prof. Barr (in Greek Class)—Miss Ligo, I should advise you to start out with the "men," but of course you don't have to.

Grace M. (trying to make H. Jamison laugh when playing "Poor Pussy")—O, dear, I'll have to give him up, he's hopeless.

Prof. Gildersleeve—These Tech fellows were all peppery, full of ginger.

M. Brown (when girls are discussing ambitions)—Girls, my highest ambition is to get married.

Gert—Well, kids, I've given my heart to Bill, but dear knows where he keeps it.

Marie S.—O girls, what do you know? The lecture's going to be down at the First Church—just think of the grand walk.

Helen F. (at time of Y. W. conference)—Nora, are you and Hubbard going together to the meeting before the concert?

Nora K.—I should say not; one sitting is enough.

Helen T.—Do you know at Allegheny they are allowed to go strolling every afternoon? Wouldn't it be grand to go there?

Marie S. (when train whistled to take boys to Tech game)—O there goes the team, and my heart goes with it.

Tamar McM. (seeing man focusing field glasses on them)—O, look at that man, he has his "Fogels" on us.

Charlotte Ewing and Katherine Stewart request that no more personals be published in the Holcad concerning them.

Dr. Campbell—Do you know, I think the time's coming when these old lawyers can't skin a man alive after he's dead.

THE HOLCAD

H. Jamison—Well, if a wedding march is all you can play, Bob, I might as well get up and practice that.

Prof. Mills—I prefer something much more human for a pet than a cat or a dog.

Jap (in library)—Do you have to study, Marie?

Marie S.—Certainly not.

Margaret C. (calling extempore speakers in society)—Kate Douglas Wiggin! Verna Allison!

Mae Hintz—I know love is a troublesome thing sometimes.

Prof. M.—Mr. Baird, who was the god that always accompanied Venus?

B.—I don't know.

Prof. M.—Mr. Simpson, who was it?

S.—Cupid.

Prof. M.—Mr. Baird, I would have thought you would have known that better than Simpson.

Prof. Royce (at glee club practice)—Let us begin with "silent prayers."

Prof. M.—Varius was a very excellent writer, unfortunately we have none of his works.

Simmy—Glad of it.

Schnable—Professor, don't you think the girl mentioned here was rather young?

Prof. Moses—Well—no—

Schnable—Oh, I don't mean too young.

"Tub"—Are you going to Sharon to see the Waynesburg game, Pete?

"Pete"—Sure, I'm going to Sharon.

Miss Bryant (calling roll in Gym.)—"Nora Stewart."

Clara B. (at dinner)—Oh, girls, do you remember that night Beaney sat on Miss Boak's right hand?

Jane R.—Who is that love-sick looking picture over there? (Rushes over to look at it) Why, it's me.

H. T.—Elizabeth, what street do you live on?

Elizabeth—Why, I live on Charles' street.

Charlotte—Just look at all those leaves; lots of fellows would be glad to have them to bed their ponies with through the winter.

W. I. G.—A stirring event happened at the club this morning.

Freshie—What was that?

W. I. G.—Making apple butter.

Nora (reading in Public Speaking class, just as Hubbard enters)—I can't forget—just at this point another form appears—

Mary Beth (discussing silver spoon)—I don't go out enough to be up on "spoons."

Lois N.—I have always imagined I would like to play full back in foot-ball.

Helen F.—O, I would rather play short-stop.

Prof. Mills—You may describe, Mr. Mitchell—

Bob M.—What was the question?

Prof. Mills—Oh, you are trying to hide, are you? Well, if I wanted to hide, I'd get something better to hide behind than a woman.

Helen Duff—Oh, we've lost love.

Helen Duff (Sunday dinner after Grove City game): If I just had some chocolate "dope" and some cake with this ice cream, I'd be as happy as I was last night.

Tamar McM (in Lab): Oh, I wish I could see someone who had his jaw cut off.

The yellow dusk winds round the city wall;

The crows are drawn to nest

Silently down the west

They hasten home and from the branches call.

A woman sits and weaves with fingers deft

Her story of the flower-lit stream,

Threading the jasper gauze in dream,

Till like faint smoke it dies; and she, bereft,

Recalls the parting words that died

Under the casement some far eventide,

And stays the disappointed loom

While from the lonely little room

Into the lonely night she peers,

And, like the rain, unheeded fall her tears.

—*From the Chinese of Li Po—A. D., 702-762*

Local Mention

THE Western Pennsylvania Student Volunteer Union met at Westminster, Friday to Sabbath, Nov. 1-3. Forty-seven delegates from eleven colleges, seminaries and normal schools were present. The purpose of the Conference was to deepen the spiritual life of the colleges, especially along missionary lines; and to bring the call to the Foreign Mission Field before those present.

The conference was opened Friday evening at 8:00 o'clock with an appropriate address of welcome by Pres. R. M. Russell, D. D. Mr. J. Lovell Murray, mission study secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, made the address of the evening. Mr. Murray made a very effective comparison of the social conditions resulting from Christianity, with the conditions resulting from other religions. After this opening session, Mrs. Russell entertained the delegates and the Westminster Christian Association Cabinets, and Student Volunteers at a most pleasant informal gathering at the Hillside.

Miss Lucy W. Robinson, of the S. V. M., led college chapel service Saturday morning. After chapel Dr. Russell gave a forceful address on "The Coming of the Kingdom." Mrs. Alice E. McClure followed with a talk on the degraded conditions prevailing under false religions in India. Mrs. McClure gave also an impressive account of the wonderful growth and power of the native Christian Church, which has sprung up in the midst of that darkness.

For the remainder of the morning and in the afternoon session Mr. Murray led

the Conference in the discussion of college mission study, missionary meetings, literature and giving. The general policy adopted was "Know, Pray, Pay, Go."

Saturday evening Miss Robinson opened the session with a short talk on Japan. She gave a vivid picture of the industrial and social conditions there, showing that they had become as complex as in this country. In the main address of the evening Dr. Charles R. Watson, with his usual impressive way, reviewed the unoccupied fields of the world. He gave three reasons why these fields should be reached at once: to roll away the reproach of their neglect from the Church of Christ; to ward off the peril of their neglect from the fields already occupied; to carry out the plan of Christ who has been waiting now twenty centuries. At 8:30 the visiting delegates enjoyed the concert given by Charlotte Lund, at which they were the guests of the College of Music and the Westminster Christian Associations.

The session at 9:30 Sabbath morning was led by Mr. Murray. Mrs. McClure spoke briefly on "Obedience in Relation to the Choice of a Life Work." Miss Robinson explained the meaning of the Volunteer Declaration Card, and Mr. Murray gave some reasons for an early decision on a life work. The delegates then attended church services in the town. Mr. Murray preached at the First U. P. Church and Dr. Watson at the Second.

At 2:30 P. M. a short business session was held. Geneva College was decided upon as the next meeting place of the

Conference. A resolution was adopted thanking Dr. and Mrs. Russell, the faculty and students of the College, and the people of New Wilmington for their kind entertainment of the delegates and their hearty co-operation, to which a large part of the success of the Conference was due.

At 3:00 P. M. an open session of the Conference was held in the chapel. First the policies for missionary activity adopted by the different college delegations were read, giving an encouraging outlook for this year. The leaders of the Conference conducted a question-box discussing many subjects of interest to prospective missionaries. At the close of the session several Volunteers spoke briefly and straight to the point on "Why I Volunteered." This was one of the most helpful sessions of the Conference.

At 7:30 P. M. the closing meeting was held in the chapel. The College choir furnished special music which was much appreciated. Mr. Murray in a few words conveyed to those present the resolution of thanks adopted in the afternoon. Dr. Watson gave the closing address, gathering up all the impressions of the Conference. He brought each one face to face with his own responsibility for a part in the Evangelization of the World. A short after-meeting was held for prayer. Taking into account the advanced policies adopted by the delegations, and the deep personal interest manifested by the delegates, the leaders of the Conference felt that the purpose of the gathering had been accomplished to a large extent.

On Saturday evening, October 19th, the Van Club held their annual "Pig

Roast," in the field adjoining the Stewart House. The clear, crisp autumn night was ideal for the event. A huge bonfire was built in an open place, around which the guests sat in primitive manner upon logs and slabs. Ample portions of a juicy porker were distributed with pickles, sandwiches, cider, and other necessary accompaniments. The feast over, thirty jolly couples gathered around the fire in a circle and played games.

Among the out of town guests were Miss Mabel McFadden, Ex. '14; Professors Alfred Wright, '11; David Ashton, '12, and William McNaugher, '12. Professor Shaffer chaperoned the party.

The Sophomore Class has accepted the challenge of the Freshmen to the annual interclass debate. The debate is to be held some time before Xmas, but full arrangements have not been made yet. The date is expected to be set soon.

Philo Society held a joint meeting with Cresto, Monday evening, Oct. 14th. No extensive program was prepared, as usual, but all participated in an informal social evening. Mr. William Moore gave several readings from James Whitcomb Riley. Miss Jane Russell recited a piece from Kipling, and Miss Ruth Houston gave a piano solo. Refreshments were served.

The Adelpic and Leagorian Literary societies held their first joint meeting of the year on Oct. 21st. No regular program was arranged for. Miss Gertrude Newlin sang a solo and Miss Heinz gave a piano solo. A rather novel feature of the evening's entertainment was the dividing up of the company into five groups, each of which performed a

"stunt" for the amusement of the others. A luncheon was served, after which the party broke up and started on its way to the Hillside via New Castle Street.

The German and French societies were re-organized for the school year on Nov. 13th. The officers of the German society are as follows: President, Gertrude Newlin; Vice President, Lois Nevin; Secretary, Helen Foote; Treasurer, William Cleland. The following officers were elected for the French society: President, Andrew Coulter; Vice President, Ethel Young; Secretary, Jane Russell, and Treasurer, Jasper Turnbull. These societies hold meetings every other Tuesday night. They are under the direction of Miss Kiekhoeffer, professor of modern languages. The object of these societies is to promote a speaking knowledge of these languages.

The Westminster Lecture Course was opened on Friday night, Oct. 18th, by Strickland W. Gillilan, who gave his lecture entitled "A Sample Case of Humor." Mr. Gillilan is not only a magazine, newspaper and platform humorist, but he is a poet and philosopher. His productions have appeared in many of the leading publications of the land. The lecture was well attended considering the inclemency of the weather.

The second number of the course was given on Monday night, Nov. 4th, by Dr. John Merritte Driver. The subject of Mr. Driver's lecture was, "America Facing the Far East." The lecture was much appreciated by a large audience. It was an up-to-date lecture and dealt somewhat with the present situation in the Near East.

The next number of the Lecture

Course will be given on December 16th, by Hon. E. W. Hoch.

The orchestra has again started practicing. Prof. Kurtz comes up once a week and gives it instruction. The personnel is as follows: Miss Mary Shaffer, Pianist; R. W. Cummings, O. C. Zischkau, first violins; Messrs. Simpson, Mercer, Wilson, second violins; Mr. Manson, bass viol; Mr. Coulter, flutist; Messrs. Stewart and Williams, clarinetists; Mr. Edmundson, trombone; and Mr. Miller, drums. The orchestra feels the loss of Mr. Ashe at the cornet. No one has been found for his place as yet. Mr. Coulter has taken the place occupied last year by Mr. Cummings as general manager. Mr. Simpson has been appointed librarian. The orchestra expects to give a concert Wednesday evening, December 18th.

Hillside Notes

The annual Hallowe'en party given by the Faculty was held at the Hillside on the thirty-first. Great ingenuity was shown in the selection of costumes, so that considerable merriment was caused in the guessing of the faces behind the masks. After every one had done his best to determine the real nature of the ghosts, colonial maidens, gypsies, clowns, and *what not*, the company adjourned to the dining room where they were served with ice cream cones, doughnuts, apples, and coffee. Every one claimed to have passed a very enjoyable evening.

A luncheon was served in the reading room at the Hillside, October the thirty-first, in honor of Miss Richardson, the

Y. W. secretary. The Y. W. cabinet were the honor guests, and a most delicious luncheon was served.

A great many girls from the nearby colleges were guests of the Hillside during the Y. W. conference. We were very glad to make them welcome and hear of their customs and trade our stories with theirs.

Great excitement reigned in the Hillside, Saturday evening after the Tech game. When the girls first heard the news they could hardly contain themselves for joy. Later in the evening the boys built a big bonfire and did honor to the occasion by having war dances and songs about it. Coach Gildersleeve, "Jap" Turnbull, Jack Manson, and Gert Newlin all expressed their feelings concerning the result of the game.

Saturday evening, November the sixteenth, Mrs. Russell held a spelling bee for the girls, in the parlor. A merry time was spent and the honors were awarded to Marion Kitch as the best speller. Chocolate bars, grapes, and apples were served the girls, after which Sarah Cunningham and Mabel King sang.

Recent guests at the Hillside were: Miss Grace Richardson, Miss Lucy Robinson, Miss Mabel McFadden, Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Marie Hintz.

Tuesday, November 19th was Donald Russell's birthday, and in his honor a special dinner was served. Donald entertained some of his friends at a special table and everyone enjoyed himself immensely. Birthday cakes with nine candles were given to each table, and much merriment was caused by blowing out the candles. So

much time was taken up with eating and festivity that the usual Y. W. C. A. meeting had to be dispensed with.

On the twenty-second of November Mrs. Russell entertained the members of the football team at a special dinner in the reading room of the Hillside. The boys were all served with such things as it was expedient they should eat on the eve of such an eventful day as the last of the football season.

The luncheon on Thanksgiving Day was set apart as the time to celebrate the birthdays which occurred in November. The girls all enjoyed being together, and especially the birthday cake

Thanksgiving evening was a very "festive occasion" at the Hillside. Members of the Varsity team, Prof. and Mrs. Gildersleeve, Prof. and Mrs. Smith, Rev. and Mrs. Miller, and Rev. Whitenach of Sharon as special guests of Dr. and Mrs. Russell. Dinner was served at 6:30, when the turkey and all its "accompaniments" were served. Dr. Russell acted as toastmaster and the following toasts were responded to: "Football from the Side Lines," William Moore; "Football from the Student's Point of View," "Dad" Milligan; "The Value of Defeat," Prof. McAnlis; "The Joys and Sorrows of a Football Captain," Captain Vincent; "Anything Under Heaven," Prof. Smith; "How the Girls Help Football," "Jap" Turnbull; "With all their Faults we love them still," Lois Nevin. Much merriment was present throughout the whole dinner, and the singing of the college songs added zest to the occasion. After dinner the college orchestra held forth in the parlor. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

WESTMINSTER GLEE CLUB.

The Westminster College Glee Club is now a reality, and is getting down to serious business. The following officers were elected at a meeting held on Nov. 6th: Sec'y-Treas., John R. Manson; 2nd Ass't Mgr., Daniel McQuiston; 1st Ass't Mgr., Andrew S. Coulter; Manager, Raymond W. Kirkbride.

Rehearsals are being held three times a week under the direction of Mr. Edward Royce, of the Music Department. Mr. Royce has spent considerable time in preparing work for the club, and will soon have a complete program arranged.

There are about thirty candidates out for positions in the club, and from these probably about twenty will be used in concert work on the road. It is the idea of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Royce to develop the same friendly competition for positions in the glee club as obtains in the athletic teams.

The first concert will be given in New Wilmington some time after the holidays. Numerous out-of-town concerts will then be given until the Easter vacation. During that vacation it is the aim to make as long a trip as possible. Probably three local concerts will be given during the year.

The club will be patterned somewhat after the Oberlin College Glee Club, which is one of the best organizations in the country. There is material in school for a glee club that will rank with the best of them, and Westminster's Music Department can be trusted to develop this material to a high standard.

The glee club is one of the most prominent features existing in the larger

schools. Sometimes as many as thirty or forty candidates take the elimination trials for only three or four vacancies. Trips are arranged on a grand scale for both the Christmas and Easter vacations. Last year the Yale organization took forty men on a trip to Jacksonville, Fla. The Oberlin club was in Denver, Colo., while the Michigan Glee Club took an 18-day trip to the Pacific Coast. It goes without saying that the members of these clubs not only have some hilarious fun on their trips, but are greatly profited as well by the travels.

The advertising a college gets from a trip like this is remarkable. It is well recognized that the most popular form of music everywhere today is male quartet or male chorus. This makes it comparatively easy to get out large crowds for a college glee club, and the audience will remember the college life and spirit exhibited at a concert of this kind where they would forget a hundred advertisements of the college. College songs will "get to" high school students quicker than anything else, and nothing a college can do will make such a valuable impression.

Our glee club is as ambitious as the next one, both for the college and for the travel. It is the purpose to take a big trip during the Easter vacation. Next year the trip can be enlarged, and year by year a reputation built up that will mean much for Westminster. The glee club can and should be one of the biggest features of the college, and it is the aim of the managers to make it so.

The club deserves the hearty support of the college, both students and faculty. With such support it should develop into

a fine organization, capable of performing before any audience with credit to the college. Anyone may try for a position in the club, and it is hoped as many as possible will respond.

Definite plans for the club will be announced later.

Manager.

Public Speaking

The monthly recital by the pupils of the College of Public Speaking, was given in Adelphic Hall, Nov. 6. The following pupils took part: Miss Carrie Wilson, Miss Ewing, Miss McLennan, Mr. Robert Cummings, and Mr. J. L. Stewart.

Arrangements are being made for the debates between Westminster, Grove City, and West Virginia Wesleyan. The debates will be held next spring and in all probability the Grove City contest will be held here.

Prof. Moses gave a reading of "Keeping Up with Lizzie," at Mt. Nebo Wednesday evening. He has several other dates booked for the winter, his services being much in demand as a popular entertainer.

Prof. Elbert R. Moses, dean of the College of Public Speaking, has been elected to the position of professor of elocution at the Allegheny Theological Seminary, succeeding Rev. Dr. Charles Wishart in that chair. Prof. Moses, however, will not sever his connection with Westminster, but will go to Pittsburg one day each week to attend to his duties at the seminary.

The selection of Prof. Moses comes as quite an honor to him as well as to the college, his name having been chosen from a list of seven or eight eminent elocutionists considered for the place.



Department of Music

THE second recital of the Department of Music was given on Saturday evening, November second, by Charlotte Lund, prima donna soprano, assisted by Miss Douthett. This was Miss Lund's third appearance in New Wilmington, and she was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience, many of whom had heard her in former recitals. As before, Miss Lund delighted everyone with her singing. A special feature of the evening was the excellent work of Miss Douthett at the piano. The following was the program:

J'ai pleure en reve.....George Hue
 Physche.....Emile Paladilhe
 C'est L'Extase.....Claude Debussy
 Toujours a toi.....Peter Tschaikowsky
 Lilacs.....Sergei Rachmaninoff
 A Dissonance.....Alexander Barodine
 A Legend.....Peter Tschaikowsky
 Hopak.....Modest Moussorgsky
 Four Songs (In Memoriam).....

.....Jules Massenet
 Pensee d'Autumne

Ah! si les fleurs axaient des yeux

Elegie

Les Larmes (Werther)

Ah! Love, but a day

.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

My Laddie....William Armour Thayer
 Now sleeps the Crimson Petal....

.....Roger Quilter

The Reason.....Landon Ronald

One fine day (*Madame Butterfly*)..

.....Giacomo Puccini

Miss Charlotte Lund, accompanied by Miss Mary Douthett, gave a recital in Youngstown on November 4th, and at Sharon on November 5th.

Miss Jessie B. Mitchell of East Meredith, New York, has been enrolled as a student in the Music Department.

At the chapel service Sabbath night, November 3rd, a quartet, composed of Miss Cunningham, Miss King, Mr. Manson, and Mr. Campbell, sang, "O Come Every One That Thirsteth," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." An octette, composed of the Misses Cunningham, Gar-eissen, King, and Newlin, and the Messrs. Campbell, Cummings, L. Stewart, and J. K. Stewart, also rendered "For He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee," from the "Elijah." The Chorus sang F. Flaxington Darker's "Rejoice in the Lord."





Athletic Department

By WILLIAM MOORE



WEST VIRGINIA 7, WESTMINSTER 0.

ON Saturday, October 12th, the Westminster football team met defeat at the hands of their ancient rivals, West Virginia, by a score of 7-0. West Virginia refused to play the game unless McLaughry, one of our strongest players, be barred from the game. Handicapped by McLaughry's absence and the changes in the lineup thus made necessary, our men were unable to defeat the Mountaineers.

The first half of the game witnessed some snappy football on the part of Westminster, and our men were confident of victory. Three times the ball was on West Virginia's one-yard line, yet there was no score. In the second half West Virginia came back strong and outplayed Westminster. In the last part of the third quarter our line was crossed and goal was kicked.

West Virginia's unsportsmanlike conduct in barring McLaughry may lead to a severance of our athletic connections with that institution.

The following is the lineup of the game:

Westminster 0.

W. V. U. 7.

Turnbull.....	L. E.....	Harrison
Vincent.....	L. T.....	Richardson
Wilson.....	L. G.....	Boyles
McQuiston	C.....	Davis
Tallant.....	R. G.....	Musgrave
Cleland.....	R. T.....	Robinson
Milligan.....	R. E.....	Carden
Buckley.....	Q. B.....	Race
Canon.....	L. H.....	Steorts
Blair.....	R. H.....	Martin
Thomas.....	F. B.....	Bachman

Referee, Page of Ohio Wesleyan; umpire, Johns of Otterbein; linesman, Dr. Cook of W. V. U. Time, 10 minute periods. Touchdown, Wilkerson.

THE BETHANY GAME.

In a poorly played game of football Westminster lost to Bethany on the 19th of October by a score of 6 0. Although the game was played on the local field with an enthusiastic crowd of rooters on the sidelines, our men failed to play spirited or consistent football. At several times they missed splendid chances to score through slow playing.

During the first half the ball see-sawed up and down the field, with no aggressive playing on either side. In the third quarter Bethany pushed the ball over for a touchdown but failed to kick goal. In the last quarter Westminster woke up and played good football, but it was too late. Buckley pulled off a beautiful 30-yard run for a touchdown, but the ball was ordered back on a charge of holding. The game ended with Westminster on the verge of scoring a touchdown. Lineup:

Bethany 6.

Westminster 0.

Cope.....	R. E.....	Milligan
Webster.....	R. T.....	Cleland
Wells.....	C.....	McQuiston
Rodgers.....	L. G.....	Tallant
Harmon.....	L. T.....	Vincent
Horne.....	L. E.....	L. Turnbull
Shuttleworth.....	Q. B.....	Buckley
Blanning.....	R. H.....	Blair

Shropshire.....L. H.....Kirkbride
 Smith.....F. B.....McLaughry
 Officials—Referee, Page of Ohio Wesleyan; umpire, Flad of Youngstown.
 Touchdown—Shuttleworth. Time—12½ and 10 minute periods.

WESTMINSTER LOSES TO HIRAM

On October 26th Hiram, always a strong team against Westminster, beat our men 13-0. In the second half Westminster played good football but was unable to score. Old style football predominated throughout the game, forward passes proving unsatisfactory. Lineup:

Hiram—13	Westminster—0
Lehman,L. E.....Cleland	
Ward.....L. T.....Tallant	
Reed.....L. G.....Vincent	
Blair.....C.....C. McQuiston	
Coombs.....R. G.....McQuiston	
E. Cook.....R. T.....Wilson	
Carroll.....R. E.....Milligan	
Braund.....Q.....Buckley	
Foltz.....L. H.....Martin	
L. Cook.....R. H.....Blair	
Hum.....F. B.....McLaughry	

WESTMINSTER 36, WAYNESBURG 0.

Before a good sized crowd of football enthusiasts, Westminster smothered Waynesburg at the Buhl Field, Sharon, on Election Day. From beginning to end the game was one long holiday for our men, the orange and black men being powerless to stop us.

Sharon citizens ardently upheld Westminster, cheering especially for their fellow townsmen, Buckley, McLaughry and Canon. These men all distinguished themselves, especially Canon, who ran 80 yards for a touchdown.

A special train on the Sharpsville enabled a number of rooters to accompany

the team and to witness the victory. The lineup:

Westminster 36.	Waynesburg 0.
Canon.....L. E.....F. Spinning	
Tormay.....L. T.....Barley	
Vincent.....L. G.....Hartley	
McQuiston.....C.....Weaver	
Wilson.....R. G.....V. Blair	
Tallant.....R. T.....Clovis	
Cleland.....R. E.....Smith	
Buckley.....Q. B.....Piper	
Martin.....L. H.....R. Spinning	
Blair-Milligan.....R. H.....McCullough	
Turnbull.....F. B.....Montgomery	

Touchdowns—Blair, Buckley, Canon 2, Cleland. Field goal—Buckley. Goals from touchdown—Buckley 3. Referee, Paige of Ohio Wesleyan; umpire, Flad of Lafayette; timer, Campbell of Westminster.

WESTMINSTER DEFEATS CARNEGIE TECH.

In a splendidly played and exciting game of football Westminster defeated the Skibolads, 3-0, on the Schenley gridiron, November ninth. Snappy football weather put the men on their mettle, and it was anybody's game till the last quarter. In this period, with the ball on Westminster's 18-yard line, Cleland leaped into the air and pulled down the ball. With the pigskin under his arm he made a great run of 60 yards, finally being tripped after his jersey had been torn from his back. Two plays put the ball on Tech's 15-yard line, then Buckley dropped back and booted the ball over the bar for a field goal.

The Gazette Times said in part concerning the game: "For three periods Carnegie Tech played Westminster to a standstill, but in the final quarter, through a sudden turn in luck, the visitors succeeded in annexing a field goal, which decided one of the most grueling contests ever seen on the



Schenley gridiron. The game put up by Tech was the best of the season.

"McLaughry, who starred at fullback for Westminster in their game against Pitt, was on the line and was used at times to carry the ball. Captain Vincent played a strong game on the line, and his punting generally went for long distances. Buckley at quarter ran his team in exceptional style, using good judgment."

The game was replete with brilliant plays, old style football being little used. Carnegie Tech displayed a fine interference on end runs, but their forward passes do not deserve mention Westminster's line held like a stone wall, and attempts to make large gains through it were futile.

Exceptional interest attached to this game for the reason that Dr. Marks, coach of the Plaid team, for three years starred for Westminster at halfback, and held the position of captain during the season of 1906. Another factor of interest was that we were indirectly able to compare ourselves with Grove City, they having played a 0-0 game with Tech. Lineup:

Westminster 3	Tech 0.
Canon.....L. E.....	Patterson
Tormay.....L. T.....	Crawford
Vincent.....L. G.....	Clair
McQuiston.....C.....	Engstrom
Tallant.....R. G.....	McCaughy
McLaughry.....R. T.....	Welch
Cleland.....R. E.....	Paterson
Buckley.....Q. B.....	Stonerod
Martin.....L. H.....	Park
Blair.....R. H.....	Ache
Turnbull.....F. B.....	Metheny

Field goal—Buckley. Referee, Young of Michigan. Umpire, Colter of Brown. Head linesman, Hewitt of State.

THE ALLEGHENY GAME (?) (!)

In a football tragedy at Meadville on Saturday, November 16, Allegheny evened

up in a measure for many past defeats at the hands of Westminster, by inflicting our warriors with a defeat of 44-0. They scored more than half as many points as did our team on that historic day when we smothered them 76-0. But there is no doubt that the Meadville boys had caught their breath again on this day. On a sloppy field, after a long journey and a hasty restaurant lunch, our boys lacked ginger. We deplore the defeat, we refuse to discuss the gruesome details of the slaughter. We can only utter the words of the melody, "Winning or losing we're always true, cheering forever for the White and Blue."

Lineup:

Allegheny—44	Westminster—0
Thomas.....L. E.....	Cannon
C. Dotterer.....L. T.....	Tormay
Hall.....L. G.....	Vincent
Gilbert.....C.....	D. McQuiston
Baker.....R. G.....	Wilson
J. Pierson.....R. T.....	Tallant
Hugate.....R. E.....	Cleland
Ricker.....Q. B.....	Buckley
Campman.....L. H.....	Martin
Arnold.....R. H.....	Blair
W. Dotterer.....F. B.....	McLaughry

THE GAME AT GROVE CITY.

Westminster, fighting gamely to the last toot of the whistle, met defeat at the hands of Grove City on November 23d. Only three times in eleven years has the Crimson team been able to win from the Blue. Westminster supporters are proud of their team. proud of their school, proud that they have sportsmanship enough to take an occasional defeat without a whimper. We deplore the fact that even in the hour of victory our ancient rivals must still corrupt our college yell, and consign us to the sulphurous pit. We rejoice in sportsmanship enough to wish them a better fate, even in the hour of our defeat.

The day was ideal for football, with neither sun nor chilly wind to mar the effect of a gray sky and moderate temperature. Westminster rooters to the estimated number of 300 lined the lower side of the field, Grove City having reserved the upper side of the park, a natural grandstand, for its several hundred supporters.

From the first kick-off it was apparent to any unbiased observer of the battle that Grove City's machine like play, cultivated for many weeks on that very field, in preparation for this struggle, would ultimately win. Westminster, with her star tackle, Cleland, out of the game; with Milligan, a sturdy back field man, unable to play, with Captain Vincent 20 pounds under weight from lagrippe, was unable to stop the rushes of the Crimson players. During the first half Grove City scored four touchdowns. Achers kicked four successive goals, making the total score 28 0.

In the second half Westminster came back strong and prevented Grove City from scoring, although they failed to come dangerously near their opponents' goal line "Jap" Turnbull, playing his last game for Westminster, called forth repeated cheers from the side lines for his brilliant work.

When the final whistle sounded, a keenly disappointed but ever loyal crowd of blue and white supporters followed their team from the field. The only time Westminster came near scoring was when Buckley booted the ball past the posts for a near field goal, yet to the end we doubted if we could lose to our oft-defeated rivals. In all justice to the Grove City team, it must be admitted that they played splendid football. It would have taken a truly exceptional team to have broken up their interference and effective formations. Defeat was our portion on this day, and the bitter cup was bravely drained.

The lineup:

Grove City 28.	Westminster 0.
Acher.....	L. E.....Canon
Morrow.....	L. T.....Tormay
Weil.....	L. G.....Vincent
McCord.....	C.....McQuiston
Grossman.....	R. G.....Tallant
Gaut.....	R. T.....McLaughry
Hazelwood.....	R. E...Manson-Turnb'l
Kiskaddon.....	Q. B....Miller-Buckley
Green.....	L. H.....Martin
S. Veach.....	R. H.....Blair
V. Veach.....	F. B.....J. Turnbull

SIDELINES.

Keep that lump from rising in your throat! It is only the third defeat in eleven years by the Crimson team.

Remember Tech! We put Andrew Carnegie and his team out of the running, at any rate.

Dame Fortune scowled on the 23d, but "there's a good time coming."

Those who saw "Bones" Cleland tearing off 60 yards in his number seventeens have a mighty pleasant experience to look back upon.

Ira Wilson and his lively bunch of scrubs had the pleasure of walloping the Crafton High School team on the local field on November 16th. Score? Oh, around fifty somewhere.

Our team is variously referred to by the newspapers as "The Presbyterians," "The Team from over the Hills," "The Philistines" and "The Psalmists." Grove City is responsible for three of these fond titles. It is surprising that they have not called us "Natives of Sodom and Gomorrah!"

The management of the Carnegie Tech team very courteously had a box reserved

for our men at the Nixon Theater on Saturday night following the game.

James Logan appeared at practice a few afternoons this season, just often enough to meet his annual accident—a broken nose.

Now that the season is over, do not forget a single one of the men who did their best for the team, whether the player be a regular, a sub, or a second team man. Any man who donned his suit every day, rain or shine, and went to practice, deserves a place in the esteem of the student body.

Captain Vincent and "Tus" McLaughry were both unfortunate in receiving broken noses. Neither of these men counted that a sufficient excuse for dropping out of a game however.

Dad Milligan, who began football this year as a post-graduate course, won the admiration of all by his strong and spirited playing. We regret that he was not able to enter the Grove City game.

"Tommy" Thomas, whose knee was badly injured in the West Virginia game, was forced to give up football for the rest of the season. This is a little of the team's hard luck. "Tommy" is not to be forgotten.

If Dan McQuiston has missed a moment of any game all season, the writer is not aware of the fact. "Mac" is a rock of Gibraltar at the pivotal position.

Now let's give nine long "Raahs" for the team!

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STATEMENT.

of the ownership and management of The Holcad, published monthly at New Wilmington Lawrence County, Pa., required by Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

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W. LAWRENCE FIFE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1912.

[Seal]

W. R. THOMPSON, Notary Public.

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXXIII

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DECEMBER, 1912

No. 4

THE ENDOWMENT

DECEMBER 31st. witnessed a splendid whirlwind rush to complete the \$400,000. In the morning everything seemed hopeful and pointed to a brilliant finish. But as midnight drew near, it became evident that it would be impossible to complete the fund in time. At 11:00

P. M., there was still a sum of \$38,000 to raise. Therefore, Dr. Russell deemed it expedient to attempt an extension of time. The parties who had initiated the movement were called up, and after a short conference, an extension of time was granted. The time set for the completion of the endowment is the meeting of the College board in March.


Steps have already been taken to raise the \$38,000. At a recent congregational meeting, the Second United Presbyterian church undertook the raising of \$2000. The women promising \$1000 if the men would take care of the other \$1000. This, if raised, will bring the amount raised in town to about \$19,000.

Dr. Russell says, that the extension of time means that the fund is assured; and furthermore he has assurances of additional gifts of buildings, equipment, etc., which will mean a great deal to the future of our college.

The Week of Prayer for Colleges in February is to be made an especial week of prayer for Westminster. This week should witness the presentation of many gifts to Westminster from the church. Indeed, without such gifts the week of prayer would be a mockery. When God is opening up the work of the college in such a propitious way, to pray for its success without helping in any way possible is almost sacrilegious. The United Presbyterian Church is to be congratulated on the splendid opportunity opening up before her

May she not fail in this time of growth and advancement.

"LITTLE GIRL."

 HIS is the story of the Little Girl and the Hush-a-bye Lady.

Once upon a time, in the big house up the street, there was a Little Girl, who lived in the great arm-chair by the window. She was a very dear, tiny Little Girl, with soft, fair, wandering curls and big, big blue eyes where you looked down and down into sweet shadowy depths, and a little smile that was very brave. And perhaps it was because of these things that you did not notice, at first, how thin and frail the Little Girl really was, nor how a pair of tiny crutches leaned always against the great arm-chair by the window.

People used to pity the Little Girl as they saw her sitting there hour after hour, day after day, in the great pillowy arm-chair—used to pity her because she could not run about like other little girls. But then, there was some excuse for people, for they did not know that the Little Girl lived in Enchanted Land. Nor could she have told them, for they would not have understood; but she had told the Hush-a-bye Lady, who was the Little Girl's mother, long before the Hush-a-bye Lady went away up into the sky to stay for always.

"Hush-a-bye Lady," the Little Girl would say, "I am a Fairy Queen."

"Yes," the Hush-a-bye Lady would answer softly, "a Fairy Queen."

"And I live—where do I live, Hush-a-bye Lady?"

"In Pillowy Palace, Sunshine Window, Enchanted Land," the Hush-a-bye Lady would say.

And the Little Girl would clap her hands, echoing joyously, "Yes, oh yes, in Enchanted Land. Do you know the nice folks that live there, Hush-a-bye Lady? There's fat old King Sun, that comes every day when Fairy Queen wakens up, and laughs and laughs and loves her, too, and all the Blossom Fairies in Apple Tree Castle, that wave and wave their hands to her, and old Prince Robin that sings to her, and the daffodil soldiers in the court below, and a lot more, too."

"And when Fairy Queen gets tired?" the Hush-a-bye Lady would ask, very softly.

"Oh, yes," the little face would glow with a wonderful light, "when Fairy Queen gets tired she lies back in the arms of Pillowy Palace, and looks up at the sky where it's all blue and pretty, and pretty soon along comes a beautiful little cloud, and stops at Apple Tree Castle, just outside of Sunshine Window, and says, 'Fairy Queen, let's go for a ride,' and Fairy Queen gets in, and we sail and

sail and sail. Now sing about it, sing about it, Hush-a-bye Lady."

And the Hush-a-bye Lady would take the Little Girl in her arms very carefully, and sing, in a voice that was soft and low, the Sleepy Song that the Little Girl loved:

The Sky Shepherd's driving his flock o'er
the downs,

Hush-a-bye baby, O-bye O,
Dear little sheep in their white woolly
gowns,

Hush-a-bye baby, my baby, O-bye.

Up in the sky meadows there's plenty of
room,

We'll go floating off to the dreamiest tune,
To look at the cow that jumped over the
moon,

Hush-a-bye baby, O-bye, O

She's tied to a star, and can't get away,

Hush-a-bye baby, O-bye, O,
She's eating star grass on the bright milky
way,

Hush-a-bye baby, my baby, O-bye.

And then the last verse, that the
Little Girl always wanted twice :

The sky is all carpeted over with blue,
And dotted with flowers of silvery hue,
I'd like to stay there all the time, wouldn't
you,

Hush-a-bye baby, O bye, O.

And so sweet and soft was the voice that, much as the Little Girl loved it, she could seldom stay awake till the Sleepy Song was done. But all this was in the days before the Hush-a-bye Lady had had to go away into the sky, to stay for always.

Since then it had been harder, much harder, to live in Enchanted Land.

But because she was very brave, the Little Girl had managed somehow to keep down the queer ache that was always in her heart in the place where the Hush-a-bye Lady had lived, and to be happy with her friends of Pillow Palace—had managed somehow until one dreadful, dreadful day, when old King Sun was too jolly, and Prince Robin's song too loud, and the apple tree fairies too gay, and the Little Girl's frail little body was one terrible burning pain that just wouldn't stop.

And the Little Girl turned away almost impatiently from the kind nurse who was soothing the pain. "I want the Hush-a-bye Lady," she pleaded over and over. "I want the Hush-a-bye Lady to sing Sleepy Song."

"Yes, dear," promised kind Nurse, and her voice trembled and broke, "you shall see the Hush-a-bye Lady very soon."

But still pleading, the Little Girl fell into a troubled sleep, while the watchers watched and waited, and the night went by, and the dawn broke. Then, just as old Prince Robin was beginning his first few soft little notes in the apple tree, the watchers saw a wonderful light, a light not made by old King Sun, come into the wan little face, and the Little Girl sat straight up in bed. The Little Girl's lips were moving as kind Nurse took her in her arms, and kind Nurse, bending low, heard a soft little croon:

The sky is all carpeted over with blue,
And dotted with flowers of silvery hue,
I'd like to stay there all the time, wouldn't
you,

Hush-a-bye baby, O bye, O.

The song ceased, the little head fell back, and the Little Girl had gone away up into the sky, to be with the Hush-a-bye Lady for always.

THE HOLCAD.

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discontinuance and subscription is paid in full to date of discontinuance.

MANY of us were doubtless very much surprised when we learned that the endowment was not raised on January 1. But now that it is assured we are glad that it wasn't raised while we were all away from school. The old school bell hasn't rung enough to waken any echoes for months, and we have not had much chance to celebrate this whole year. But as soon as that \$38,000 comes in we will "shout and sing, and make the welkin ring" with a vengeance. We will be celebrating, not a mere temporal success, but the beginning of the lasting success of Westminster as an institution of higher learning.

When we compare what will now come with what would have come if this movement had failed we are thankful from the bottom of our hearts. For this not only means that the different departments of the college will grow, but it means an added interest from the Church and from the Alumni.

It is our intention if possible to obtain an expression from the heads of the different departments of how the endowment will affect their several departments.

♦ ♦ ♦

WE, the editorial staff, feel that the endowment will mean a great deal for the HOLCAD. We feel that the col-

lege monthly has not had the place in the life of the college which it should have had. We feel that the fault has not been with us, however. For one thing we have not had the support of the student body, or alumni, as we should have had, either in money matters or in material for publication, or in patronizing of advertisers. We feel that we can leave an influence in the development of Westminster's future if those interested in her will but endeavor to express their interest through these pages. It is impossible to issue a paper without money. It is impossible to raise money without subscriptions and advertising, and it is impossible to get subscriptions and advertisements unless you make it your business to secure them and to patronize those who do advertise.



OWING to a mistake of the engravers, the "Sons of Westminster" was printed on paper too large to go into the pages of the HOLCAD; so we have been compelled to insert the song folded. The song is an excellent march, rather difficult to learn off-hand, and should prove to be a lasting possession of the student body.

IN THE midst of our joy over the success of the endowment campaign we cannot but feel the note of sorrow occasioned by "Bob" Mitchell's death. Westminster lost one of her truest sons when Bob passed away. His life was one long testimony for the truth, and there can be no doubt in any of our minds that he has gone to his great reward. As his life was beautiful, so was his death. He passed away quietly, without any pain, and conscious almost until the last. No one was better prepared to go. While it is inadvisable to set up any one as an example, the most of us would be better men and women if we followed more the ideals which he upheld. He was an earnest Christian, a diligent student, a loyal friend. He was faithful in all he undertook, helpful to all whom he met. Yet withal he had that saving humor which made him perhaps the most popular young man in college. Bob's earthly presence has passed away but he still lives and we know that his influence will live as long as anyone lives who knew him while he was in the school.

LOCAL NEWS AND NOTES

THE Sophomore girls entertained the Sophomore debating team and the other members of the class at Mrs. Long's on Thursday evening, Dec. 19. The gathering was a celebration of the victory of the team over the Freshmen.

The Leagoreans entertained the Cresto's Monday evening, December 9. The evening was devoted to amusements, games, dancing and refreshments providing the principal entertainment.

The third number of the Westminster lecture course was given in the Second U. P. church, Monday evening, December 16, by Hon. E. W. Hoch, ex-governor of Kansas. The lecture, in many respects the best of the season, was poorly attended.

The next number of the lecture course will be given on January 15, by Dr. Wiley the well known United States chemist. Those who have heard Dr. Wiley declare that he is unsurpassed in his style.

The Senior class gave the college comedy, "The Senior," in the college chapel, Friday evening, December 13. Mr. J. K. Stewart took the place of R. J. Mitchell who was ill with typhoid. The acting was good but there was no plot to the play which could serve to keep up the interest of an audience in the story itself. The play was under the direction of Mr. J. K. Stewart.

On Friday evening, Dec. 6, Mr. J. K. Stewart, advanced student in Westminster College of Public Speaking, presented readings from the "Merchant of Venice" in

the college chapel. The recital was well attended and showed Mr. Stewart at his best.

HILLSIDE NOTES.

The "McElree" boys and the boys rooming in Science Hall, together with an equal number of girls whom the boys chose, were entertained by Mrs. Russell Saturday evening, December 14. A very enjoyable evening was passed in playing games, eating and talking informally.

A joint meeting of the French and German societies took place in the Hillside dining room on the seventeenth. The dining room was beautifully decorated in holly and other Christmas decorations. Miss Newlin, president of the German society, and Mr. Coulter, president of the French society, presided, and each member responded to roll call with French or German quotations. While coffee or cocoa and cakes were supped and nibbled, Florence Ramsey told something of the way the French celebrate Christmas, in French. Lloyd Cleland gave a talk in German, and Isabella Young recited a French poem. Marie Stewart acted as interpreter for the German society and Walter Hart for the French. The German songs, "Tannenbaum" and "Heilige Nacht" were sung. Ruth Houston presided at the piano. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent

The Christmas dinner for the Hillside was held Tuesday, the nineteenth. Many guests were present to join in the festivities of the occasion. Songs were sung and Ruth Houston played a piano solo. After-



ROBERT JAMES MITCHELL

SOMEWHERE, I know, from the blue of the sky
God caught a gleam of the radiant blue,
Held it in tenderness, then let it melt
Into the eyes of you.

SOMEWHERE, I know, from the gold of the sun,
God caught a ray of its shining so true,
Held it all lovingly, then let it blow
Deep in the heart of you

In Memoriam

THE college community has been called upon to mourn the loss of one of its most beloved members. Little did we think, even when we left for our homes Christmas vacation, and when Bob was so low, that, when we should return, his place would be vacant. Yet it has pleased the divine Father to take him from our midst, and, though it is hard to understand why one so young and influential should be taken, we can but submit and do our best to fill up the gap which he has left.

Bob was born and raised in New Wilmington and he had endeared himself to all who have chanced to become even slightly acquainted with him. For six years he had been a member of the student body and he had won a high place in the honor and esteem of his schoolmates. For five years he was a member of the class of 1912.

Last year he joined the class of 1913 and we seniors have ever been proud of our classmate though he had been with us but a little over a year. In all the activities of the college, he has

always taken part, but especially in the work connected with the Y. M. C. A. and the Volunteer Band. Last year he was president of the association and he wielded a greater influence for its work than any other man in college. He also joined the Volunteer Band last year and was elected President for this year. He leaves a great gap to be filled.

Bob's characteristics are too well known to need display. His genial humor and helpfulness made him welcome everywhere. There was no club or class distinction with him. His friends were of every "set" and he himself was cosmopolitan in his loyalty to the college. He was most anxious that the college should raise the endowment and was ready to do anything to help it secure the funds. He always studied earnestly and strove to fit himself to be a worthy servant of his Master.

To his family we wish to extend our deepest sympathy. By his close friends he was loved more than a brother and his death has left many sad hearts. In such a time we can only remember that "we sorrow not as they who have no hope" '13

Died, Saturday Evening, December Twenty-First

ward the girls danced and enjoyed themselves further.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE

When the Sophomore-Freshman debating cup was presented to the college a few years ago, it was intended that the cup should be contended for each year by the two lower classes; however, for some reason or other, no such a debate has been held until this year. After the preliminary arrangements, the debaters were chosen, the Sophomore team being composed of Frank Orr, Lawrence Stewart, and James Veazey, while the Freshmen were represented by David Schnable, William Grundish and Karl Oesterling. The Sopho-

mores proposed the question of Woman Suffrage in the United States, and the Freshmen chose the affirmative side. The contest was held in Adelphic hall on the afternoon of December 17, before a large audience. Prof. Moses, as chairman, called the meeting to order. After a few brief remarks, in which he explained the purpose of the contest, he introduced the first speaker. As each speaker arose he was greeted by a round of applause from the audience. The entire debate was interesting. After the debate was well started there seemed to be little doubt as to the final outcome, and no one was surprised when Prof. Moses announced that the decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of the negative.

The class of 1915 has the honor of being the first class to win the cup and to have their numerals cut upon it.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

JAMIE (in Current Events class): The widows don't get these pensions unless their husbands are dead, do they?

"Pete": Aw, I never went with her in my life; I never tried to but once.

Dr. Campbell: Miss Nora Kerr, you compare these two teachers; you're a good judge of men.

Prof. Barr: What's the matter with the translation, Mr. Hormel?

"Pete": It don't sound good English.

Chapel Notice: Y. W. C. A. tonight. Leader, Helen Foote. Subject, "Something Not in the Curriculum."

"Bones" (Adelphic president): The Sec-

retary will please read the Scriptures of the last meeting.

Hormel (analyzing a Greek verb): To (toe) is a personal ending.

Prof. McElree: Mr. Stewart, what does "fur" mean?

Hubbard: I don't know.

Prof. M.: Anyone tell us?

Nora: It means a thief.

Prof. M.: Yes. I thought someone would help you out, Mr. Stewart.

Prep: Miss Boak thinks that it is too bad that the boys don't have a dormitory so they can live like human beings and not like animals.

Freshie: Well, "Shorty" and "Jap" and some of the others do live in a dormitory

a great part of the time.

Marie J.: I saw Bill reading fiction to-day, Gert.

Gert N.: Well, goodness knows, he needs to read it.

Helen M. (pointing ambiguously to Herbert Jamieson, who is holding the dog): Oh, do you know, he's the most affectionate dog I ever saw.

Jane R.: Girls, I do wish I could learn to like dates, but I can't.

Martha V.: I made the love scene real touching: you know the place where he

threw his arms around her neck.

Marie J.: Oh, I'm so clumsy at anything like that.

The girls, having passed the pickles, were much surprised at Nora Kerr's refusing them, and said: Oh, I guess you aren't in love, Nora.

Nora: Oh, you can't always tell by that.

Gert N.: Is that goods a yard wide?

K. Stewart: No, only thirty-six inches.

Sophomores (playing Mystic Music): Call somebody that you want to get even with.

Margaret M.: I call on Professor Troup.

Department of Music

Possibly a no more artistic and enjoyable evening has been offered music lovers of the College than the recital by Professor Edward Royce, in Recital Hall, Music building, Saturday evening, December 14. Mr. Royce's program consisted of carefully arranged groups of masterpieces from the old classics, which afforded him ample opportunity to illustrate his ability as a technician and as an interpreter of a high order. He further demonstrated his ability as a composer of merit in the group of his own compositions, which were delightful and were well received. The audience expressed its appreciation of his ability in no uncertain terms by demanding several encores. Mason and Hamlin Piano Company of Boston, furnished Mr. Royce complimentary one of their concert grand pianos for this occasion. It is of importance to know that the large piano firms consider Mr. Royce's ability as an artist worthy of recognition.

The College orchestra made its formal initial bow to the New Wilmington public in a very pleasing program given in the College Chapel, Wednesday evening, December 18. Professor Kurtz, teacher of violin, conducts the orchestra. Within the past year or a little more he has succeeded in rounding out a very creditable organization—one that is well balanced and that plays with both aplomb and trueness. The mid-winter program promises the introduction of soloists both vocal and instrumental. The program follows:

Overture, "Pique Dame"	-	Suppe
Mariana Waltz	-	Waldtenfel
Hungarian dance No. 5	-	Brahms
Violin solo, Polonaise	-	Wienawski

EDWARD F. KURTZ

Overture—"Semiramide"	-	Rossini
Ronde d'amour	-	van Westerhout
Three dances from Henry VII	-	German
Morris Dance		
Shepherds' Dance		
Torch Dance		

Westminster March - - Williams

Mr. Campbell has been elected director of the work in music at Ohio State University, Columbus, for the Summer session of 1913. The fact that the position comes to Mr. Campbell unexpectedly and unsought and that he succeeds Prof. Wold of Cornell University goes to show something of the high regard in which Mr. Campbell and his efficient work are held by the outside world. It is a matter of congratulation that Westminster has on her faculty men who are being sought by schools of the standing of Ohio State. Mr. Campbell will take up his work the first of July.

On Monday evening, December 2, Mr. Emmanuel Wad, the Scandinavian pianist, gave a recital in the College chapel. His program was exceedingly attractive and well arranged, and he delighted his audience with his rendition of it. Being a Dane by birth, the Scandinavian temperament is truly portrayed in his playing.

His forceful, brilliant technique and his original conceptions are characteristic of a personality that is highly individual but controlled by sincere artistic ideals.

Mr. Wad has played successfully in public in Italy, Germany and Denmark, as well as in many of the larger cities of this country. The program for his recital here was as follows:

Sonata A flat, Op 26	-	Beethoven
Caprice, arr. by E. Wad	-	Scarlatti
Minuetto B minor	-	Schubert
Warum	-	Schumann
Aufschwung		
Norwegian Bridal Procession	-	Grieg
Serenade G flat	-	Sinding
Rustle of Spring		
Ten Etudes	-	Chopin

Several students recitals have been given during the past month by students of this department. Both vocal and piano solos have made up the programs, and the work done deserves considerable mention.





Athletic Department

By WILLIAM MOORE



AN ALL-STAR COLLEGE ELEVEN.

A RECENT issue of the Gazette-Times contained an article which discussed the relative merits of college football teams in Western Pennsylvania, and which gave a list of men chosen for an all-star team. This mythical team was picked by "Andy" Park, fullback at Westminster during the seasons of 1906, 1907 and 1908, and by Horace Shearer, a former Grove City player. The article in part follows:

Teams	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Grove City.....	3	0	1	1000
West Virginia.....	3	0	0	1000
Geneva.....	1	2	0	333
Westminster	1	3	0	250
Allegheny.....	1	3	0	250
Tech.....	0	1	1	000

Representative team—

L. E. —Achre, Grove City.

L. T. —Dotterer, Allegheny.

L. G. —McCauby, Tech.

C — McCord, Grove City.

R. G. —"Babe" Veach, Grove City.

R. T. —Patterson, Geneva.

R. E. —Turnbull, Westminster

Q —Quay, Geneva.

L. H. —Sam Veach, Grove City.

R. H. —Metheney, Tech.

F. McLaughry, Westminster.

Sub—Kiskaddon, Grove City.

Commenting on the different players, the article went on to say:

"Turnbull, while played at full most of the season, is properly an end. He is without doubt the fastest man in the league in going through an opening. His work in

picking holes and carrying the ball was fine. His work in the Grove City game stamped him as one of the best defensive men in the league, as he seemed to get about three-fourths of the tackles made by his team. He is an ideally built end and a bear for punishment.

"After the Pitt game McLaughry was played at tackle and played a fine game. He and Patterson were the best in the league at this position. His work in the Pitt game was sensational, the Pitt line being unable to handle him. Possessed with an all-around knowledge of the game, acquired by experience, he would be our choice for captain. With Veach and Metheney to help him he would have a trio hard to stop.

"Cannon of Westminster was a good end, and Blair a good halfback. Buckley was a good general, and a fine drop-kicker for Westminster. Cleland was above the ordinary as a tackle. At guard Clair of Tech was very good, and Vincent of Westminster as well as Weil of Grove City played consistently. McQuiston of Westminster was a good center. Few had anything on Engstrom of Tech for a worker. He it was who pulled down Cleland of Westminster when it seemed certain that the latter had a touchdown."

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL LEAGUE FOR 1913.

The undersigned, representing the four undergraduate classes of Westminster College, do hereby agree to play a schedule of basketball games, as hereinafter stated, for

the interclass basketball championship of the college. The class team winning the highest percentage of games will be accepted as champions. In case two teams are equal in percentage, being tied for first place, one game shall be played at 7 P. M., Saturday, March 1, 1913, between the tying teams, the winner of which shall be accepted as champions. Any class team failing to appear at any scheduled game or with less than five players, commonly accepted as members of the class which the team represents, shall forfeit that game.

These games shall be played under the intercollegiate rules, every Saturday evening at 7 P. M., as scheduled below.

Admission, five cents; the gate receipts go to the Athletic Association. Any party or parties for any reasons of his or their own wishing to see these games without paying admission will subject the team representing his classmates to suspension from the league, provided he surreptitiously enters such place wherein the scheduled games are being played, without paying said admission

January 11 and February 8—1913 vs. 1914; 1915 vs. 1916.

January 18 and February 15—1913 vs. 1915; 1914 vs. 1916.

January 25 and February 22—1913 vs. 1916; 1914 vs. 1915.

Signed for the Seniors, J. R. Manson, captain.

Juniors, F. Andrews, captain.

Sophomores, Charles Markle.

Freshmen, Edwin E. Mercer.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

James McClure, better known locally as "Mickie," former star quarterback on the Westminster eleven, has been chosen as all-Ohio quarter for the season of 1912, having played a splendid game for Ohio State. He has quit college and is now identified with the Goodrich Rubber Company of Columbus.

"Wee" Sinclair, a Freshman at Muskingum, has been elected captain of the football team. The lad played a sensational game at tackle during the season, and when the only eligible upperclassman refused the position, he was chosen, despite the singularity of the action.

The opinions of specialists in regard to all-star aggregations cannot be accepted as final. It is quite likely that a number of other teams could be picked from the Western Pennsylvania players which would be equally strong. The combinations and the team play are the elements that count in football, not the individual men. It is true that the Carlisle redskin, Thorpe, is a whole team by himself, but his case is an exception.

Now that basketball holds the center of the athletic stage, we bespeak for the Interclass League a hearty support by the student body and college community. There is a chance for excellent sport and healthy rivalry in playing and in seeing these games, if all do their part, either in the actual play or in the matter of attendance. Any nominal admission fee should be cheerfully met, for the good of the cause.

The Freshmen won the annual Sophomore-Freshman two mile relay race at the athletic field on the first Wednesday in December. Eight men from each class took part in the race, the Freshmen winning in 8:52 4-5. A large crowd saw the contest. The Freshmen won by over a lap.

The following members of the football squad have been awarded the "W": Vincent, captain; Tallant, D. McQuiston, McLaughry, Canon, Blair, Buckley, Tormay, Cleland, J. Turnbull, Martin, and Coulter, manager.

EXCHANGE ETCHINGS.

WE wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Iris. The Collegian, The Oracle, The Yale News, The Mirror, Black and Magenta, Phoenix, The Voice of South High, The Advance and the Cooper Courier.

All the United Presbyterian colleges are represented in our exchange list.

The college of Emporia has established a news plant by means of which the local newspapers of the home towns of the students will be kept in touch with the college. This is a good way of advertising the school and of getting a larger enrollment—Ex.

At Wooster an honor system goes into effect this year. The students have made a constitution, any violation of which makes the infractor subject to either suspension or expulsion. The students are to co-operate in carrying out the system—Ex.

Knox is strong for class distinction. The Freshmen are to appear with green caps and buttons, while the Senior men are to be distinguished by corduroy trousers.

Colorado college is enthusiastic over the prospect for a new men's building. Even the girls are helping along. Last Sunday all the hall girls gave up their regular Sunday chicken dinner, thus saving \$25. The amount will be added to the gym fund Ex

Teacher—"Use 'Indigo' in a sentence."

Pupil "The baby indigo cart."—Ex.

As quoted by young lovers: "So-fa and no farther.—Ex.

Teacher—"What made god Vulcan lame?"

Bright Freshie—"He had a fall."

Teacher—"What caused his fall?"

Freshie—"He was walking on Mt. Olympus and slipped on a thunder peal."—Ex.

Latin is a dead one,

As dead as dead can be:

It killed off all the Romans,

And now it's killing me.—Ex.

The Freshman class at Grove City numbers twenty-two members this year.

The Harvard Musical Review contains a composition by Mr. Edward Royce, '07, entitled "On a New England River." The Review says in criticism of it: "It is a charming sketch, of artistic conception and workmanship. Played in a moderately rapid tempo, the smooth flow of the main theme in the left hand, contrasted with the forward surge of the middle section, suggests vividly the alternate calm and turmoil of the short New England stream."

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of Spring;
Said she, "I can't be all of them,
So you must Li-lac everything."—Ex.

Hiram college has adopted student government this year for the first time. One of the new regulations provides that town girls may stay in the hall Saturday and Sunday nights.

The Sorority girls of Ohio Wesleyan University, have decided to abolish their Sororities. The ten locals made the sacrifice willingly as they thought it would be the best thing for the schools.

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXXIII

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY, 1913

No. 5

OUR ALUMNI.



URING the past few months when some of our good people were asked to contribute to Westminster's endowment, their first question was, "Will it pay to keep up so small an institution?" We feel that this question can be answered only by giving a brief retrospect of Westminster's work.

When we come to measure the good which an institution has done for a community, we have an herculean task. We cannot determine the influence of our graduates upon their fellow men. It is too far reaching. It touches thousands and tens of thousands, not only in our own land, but in foreign countries as well.

More than sixteen hundred young people have been graduated from the halls of Westminster, while a much larger number have taken partial courses. During the time all these people spent in our college, they were being prepared for life's work. Many of them came to us without any purpose, whatever, for the future, or

without any serious idea of their responsibility to those who were deprived of educational advantages, but because of the strong Christian character of the faculty and fellow-students, they were led into a fuller life which has counted for much.

Westminster has always been noted for its missionaries and theological students. The reason for this is not because of its name, but because of the character of the institution. It was planned by church committees, founded on prayer, managed by godly men, and has ever since worked for the furthering of God's kingdom. The first graduate went into the ministry and the whole of the next class entered the theological seminary the fall following its commencement. Down thru the years other classes have sent such a large proportion of their numbers into the ministry that now there are more graduates in that profession than in any other. Our college was not intended to be a "seminary feeder," but this record shows the effect of a Christian institution.

Westminster's sons have been prom-

inent in the legal profession also. Their education was grounded in an institution which stood ever for the right and it has left its impress on their lives and work. Some of them have been lawyers, dispatching their duties with justice, while others have been judges, administering the law with credit to themselves and to their profession.

Did the women of our college realize that Westminster was founded for them as well as for the men? That they were as welcome here in all departments as were the men? That they have always stood on an equality with the men, without having to do away with the popular co-educational prejudice against them? It seems that they must have realized all these things, for, from almost the first, they took advantage of their opportunity. In the fifth year after the founding of the college, ten were ready for graduation. They have formed a part of every class since, except '75, altho '62 had but one woman on its roll. They have done equal work with the men and have taken the same degrees.

In the early days of our college, it was not easy for the women to find positions where they might use their

college training, but they were tried and not found wanting. A great many have become wives of Westminster's sons and have managed their homes much the better for training which they received in college. A number have gone to foreign lands, there to spread the gospel and wield an influence for good.

Probably the largest number of our alumni have entered the teaching profession. Their lives may be unobscure, but their influence thoroughly permeates the entire surroundings.

In our nation's great crisis, some of our bravest went to its rescue. There on the field of battle, they fought for the nation's honor. To us there comes the call from our Alma Mater. Are we to slink back like cowards and let her struggle to her death, or are we to come to the front and give her our best—that which she has instilled into us while we were in her sacred halls? We know that her influence can never die, but are we to be selfish, and not pass on to others, that which has benefited us in the past?

Let us come to the front and not contribute to it in well-wishing only, but in *real material things*.

IT WILL PAY.

NIZAM DIN.

NIZAM DIN walked out of the low door of his home, strode across the square courtyard, and threw himself down against the mud fence which enclosed his little domain. He rocked his body to and fro mumbling to himself and casting occasional savage looks toward his home, whence issued the sound of violent sobbing. After a long time he arose and rushed to the door.

"I divorce thee with the triple divorce. Stop bawling and be off with you. I am on my way to Kala to see my brother. If I find you here when I return I will drive you out like a dog."

The only answer was more violent cries from within. He turned quickly and walked out of a small gate in the mud wall, savagely kicking his meek buffalo as he passed its stall. Kala lay up the government road about two miles. Nizam Din hurried along, filled with thoughts of rage and vengeance. He cursed his wife, he cursed his father for ever arranging his marriage; he cursed her parents for ever bringing her into the world. As he rushed on thus the hot Indian sun began to tire him. He stopped for a moment to rest under a huge banyan tree near the road. Far out across the fields a drum began to beat the monotonous accompaniment of the marriage ceremony. Nizam Din, turning to curse the sound, saw a mar-

riage procession leaving a farmer's hut. It filled him with unspeakable rage. He put on his turban and fairly ran out into the road. There had been just such a drum at his wedding. What was the sense of having a hideous noise like that at one's wedding anyway. The picture of his own marriage rose in his mind. Completely bewildered by that awful drum he had scarcely known where he was. The strange faces peering at him had added to his confusion. He had been called up and told to repeat a few words. He had heard a voice at his side saying something and he wondered now what it was it had said. Then followed three days of feasting. Ah! he would always look back to that time as the one time in his life when he had had too much to eat. During these first three days he remembered meeting his wife. With the other women she had prepared the food and performed the menial tasks of the household. She was much better looking than the other women. Finally when all the guests had departed Nizam Din and Pyari had started from Kala to the little farm which his father had rented for their home. With them had come his mother to start the new home and to see that the new wife made no mistakes. His mother had not been overly kind to his wife and he had resented it.

He had felt a sort of guardianship over his girl-wife, and when he had often saved her from the threats and blows of his mother, Pyari had begun to look upon him as a protector. While he had never deigned to look at her when her sweet face was raised to him imploring protection, he had never failed to scold his mother. He had never permitted her to abuse his wife while he was around.

But after the mother left trouble had arisen. He would come in tired out from his day's work and rage at his wife should anything go wrong. She had borne his curses and abuse meekly and, though it made him more savage at the time, he would always be seized with fits of remorse and would ask her forgiveness.

All the past week things had gone awry. No monsoons had come, the crops were withering; the farm stock were so poor that they could not do their work. That very morning he had been out in his sugar cane patch. His ox which had done all his heavy work for him had fallen down under one of his blows and had been unable to rise. In a rage he had beaten it, and then walked home and told Pyari. When she had gently chided him, he had flown into a rage and beaten her with a shoe. Then he had divorced her with the triple divorce.

As his thoughts wandered over the events of his past, remorse again seized him. Was she after all to blame?

Wasn't she just in her accusation, when he had overworked his ox? Oh well; he would go on to his brother's and buy another ox, and then go back and promise never to beat her again. And as for the divorce, no one need know about that.

The sun was setting when Nizam Din started back for home. He congratulated himself that he had made a good bargain and anticipated a happy reconciliation. It was dark as he approached the farm.

"Why has Pyari no fire burning for me in the chulah? Oh, Allah! she hasn't gone!"

Fairly staggered by the thought he rushed forward.

"Pyari, oh, Pyari!" he called.

The dumb darkness almost stunned him. Quickly he gained the door and reached up on a shelf for some matches. As he struck one, a low snarl issued from a corner of the room. Startled, he dropped the match just as a blurred streak shot by into the night. With teeth chattering and hair on end he reached for another match and lighted the mustard oil torch. When his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light a glance revealed everything. Fiercely he raged about the room searching every nook for some assurance that she had not gone. He tore up the beds, turned the trunk upside down, kicked over the stools and kettles, and bumped his head blindly a dozen times against the low shelf. Then he ran out and listened. He

could hear nothing but the occasional cough of the buffalo.

"Pyari, oh! Pyari, where art thou? Come back to thy Nizam!" he yelled, in the darkness.

The howl of a jackal from a neighboring graveyard was his only answer. Rushing inside he tore his hair and beat his breast. He had divorced her with an irrevocable divorce, and could never see her again. He flew outside

and called her name to the stars: "Pyari! Pyari! oh, my Pyari, where art thou? Answer me, oh, my loved one." Again the jackal mocked his sorrow, and from all sides the answering yells of many others drowned his heart-rending cries.

The jackals were gathering about the body of the dead ox just as human jackals in a neighboring city were welcoming another victim of Moham-
medan vice.

R. W. C. '13

Only a withered leaf, a poor dead thing !
 Yet, were it well
 If o'er the woods no touch of autumn fell
 And all were spring ?
 For look how fair the woof that autumn
 weaves
 Of withered leaves.

Only a perished hope—an aching heart !
 Yet should we gain
 If with life's sweets commingled,
 Grief and pain
 Bore not their part ?
 For there's no glimpse of heaven but appears
 Thro mists of tears.

THE HOLCAD.

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OF COURSE the endowment is uppermost in our minds these days. We cannot understand why the amount is not raised. We have done our little best to impress upon the church how all-important the success of Westminster is to her enlargement; and we thought that perhaps we were going to do some good. We hope that we have influenced someone to contribute to the fund, but we cannot make any more pretentious claim. That we are going to obtain the endowment we do not doubt in the least. But hope deferred maketh the heart sick. If anyone is intending to subscribe let them do it now. Westminster should be advancing and she

might just as well have had the \$400,000 by Jan. 1st. as not.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHY is it that the HOLCAD apparently has so little influence in the college life? We know of other colleges where the magazines are most influential. It is a privilege to take and contribute to the college paper. We have not been bringing the HOLCAD out on time. Now that is a fault. Since it is your paper and we are your servants, you should have complained. But the indifference to whether the paper comes out or not is appalling, not to say discouraging. Perhaps you respect our feelings and do not want to hurt us, or perhaps you rec.

ognize that you have not been doing your share to make the paper of interest to your fellows. The truth is, we fear, that it is a matter of indifference or even condescension for you to take the HOLCAD. If you regard the paper as an exercise put out by a faculty-chosen class, that attitude might be justified. But that is not what the paper was established for. It is the expression of the spirit and thoughts of the college community. The alumni, students, faculty and friends and all interested in the growth of the college should use its columns to keep in touch with one another. It is impossible for the staff to edit a presentable number every month when they have to go out and search for every bit of material that goes in without any offer of outside assistance.

We have had several kind friends who have helped us in securing material. One member of the student body voluntarily contributed a story. Three alumni friends have sent notices. A member of the faculty promised to write an article. With these exceptions practically no interest has been shown in the HOLCAD. If we are mistaken in our estimates, please show us that we are and it will encourage us greatly.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Glee Club has worked hard during the past two months and has prepared a program that is a credit to any institution. The concert on February 1st was a surprise to many. With a little more polishing the club need not be ashamed to take its program anywhere. Such an organization is an excellent advertisement for the col-

lege, and deserves the support of the entire community.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE inter-class league games have been well attended this year, but there has not been the interest shown as in former years. A change to an inter-collegiate schedule would be welcomed by many at this season of the year when there is so little chance to show enthusiasm.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE inter-collegiate debates which have been arranged should awaken a great deal of interest among the students. Everyone who can should find time to come out for them. Especially should younger classmen be encouraged to come out in order that they may receive training now which would be useful in later years of college life.

♦ ♦ ♦

"I DON'T care for grades." That sounds brave, and strong, and sensible. It is putting a right valuation on a thing of minor importance.

And yet is the praise we thus express deserved? Much depends on the motive behind the words, on the real meaning of them. If they mean "I care for excellence, for scholarship, for character, rather than for grades, I am studious because that is the way to real attainment. I don't care for the symbol if I have what it represents," nothing could be more commendable. But if casting away the symbol means casting away all it stands for, it is worthy only of contempt. If it means shallow conceit, an excuse for laziness or indifference, if it means utter disregard of scholarship and training when one says, "I don't care for grades," then it is an empty, silly boast and probably only half meant. Let us distinguish between things that differ.

LOCAL NEWS AND NOTES

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, who for some twenty-nine years has been connected with the bureau of chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, gave a lecture under the auspices of the Westminster Lecture Course, in the Second United Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday evening, January 15. Dr. Wiley took for his subject "The Public Health our National Asset." He stated that "putting the dollar above the citizen is the curse of this country today." The lecture was very interesting and instructive throughout. It was heard by the largest audience of the season so far.

Mr. Thomas, traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., gave a chapel talk on Friday morning, January 17. A meeting with the local cabinet was held, out of which grew the establishment of Bible classes under the direction of Prof. Bridgman and Mr. H. T. Getty.

The Leagorians have challenged the Chrestomaths to a basketball game, the date to be arranged later. The challenge was gladly accepted by the "Crestos," although no date has, as yet, been officially announced for the contest.

The Westminster Woman's Club held a luncheon at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Penn avenue, Pittsburg, on Saturday, February 1, at one o'clock.

Mr Behner, traveling secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, with headquarters in Chicago, was here on Tuesday January 13. He gave a short chapel talk to the students, in which he

stated that the league was organized in twenty-five States and one hundred and seventy-five colleges. He spent some time with the local organization and in answering the questions of those interested in the work.

The Movable School of Agriculture under the auspices of the State Department of Agriculture, was held in the college chapel. January 29, 30, 31 and February 1. Afternoon and evening sessions were held. In past years the school has been well attended, not only by farmers but by citizens of the town and students interested in agriculture. Westminster hopes soon to be able to establish a permanent school of agriculture to meet the growing demands of those who are interested in that line of work.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Second United Presbyterian Church gave a chicken and biscuit dinner in the church on Thursday, January 23. The proceeds go to the Westminster endowment fund. The small sum of twenty five cents was charged. Nearly the whole town turned out to support the cause. Many of the girls from the Hillside were present. All the boys' eating clubs had tables reserved. Music was furnished by the College Orchestra. The event was a great success both financially and socially, and certainly showed the attitude of the whole town towards the cause. The ladies report that they were able to turn over \$100 to the fund after all expenses had been paid.

The Glee Club concert on February 1 was a great success. A large audience greeted the performers and showed its ap-

preciation by laughing heartily and applauding vigorously as opportunity offered. Several great "finds" were reported.

JUNIOR ORATIONS.

In accordance with the custom and requirements of the college, each member of the Junior class delivered an oration in public during the month of January. The complete program as delivered was as follows:

Tuesday, January 14

Social Injustice, Fred Milligan
The Value of By-Products, Dorcas Schoeller
Crime a Menace to Society, Frank Andrews.
The Signs of the Times, Margaret Dickson.
The Mixing Bowl, William Moore

Friday, January 17.

The American of Tomorrow, Dewitt McEachron.
Woman's Heritage Regained, Helen Foote.
The American Negro, Ralph Christie
America, the Teacher of Nations, George Vincent
A Plea for Simplicity, Jane Russell.
Public Opinion and the Bench, Ralph Miller.

Tuesday, January 21.

The Temptations of a College Man, Joseph McMurray.
The Problem of a Race, Paul Croiser
The Emancipation of the Women of India, Margaret Cummings.
The High Cost of Living, Earle Tallant
The Children of the City Street, Marie Stewart

Friday, January 24.

College Ideals, Harry Tilton

Plea for State Control of Charities, Margaret Buchanan

The Voice of the People, Merle Hoon
The Value of Decision, Ira Wilson
Protection, William J. Martin

Tuesday, January 28.

The Endowed Newspaper, Edward Munn.
American Immigration, Ralph Wilson
The Fable of the Trees, Mary Wright
The Aristocracy of the Dollar, Andrew Coulter.
Public Playgrounds, Carrie Wilson
The Use of Force, Clarence Zischkau

Commencing with the 14th of January the orations were held every Tuesday and Friday night for five nights. Large crowds were in attendance during the whole series, many of the townspeople especially taking advantage of the chance to see the work of the college as revealed in the performance of the speakers. With the work, it can be safely said, they were not disappointed, for the orations were, as a whole, good and were delivered for the most part in an effective and forceful manner. The program for each night consisted of five or six orations, with two intervals for music. This last part of the program was filled by the College Orchestra in a way very acceptable to the audience, especially after the last oration on the last night, while the reports of the judges were being made out. Owing to the closeness of the contest it took several minutes to figure out the eight best orations. However, the following speakers were chosen: Fred Milligan, Frank Andrews, Ralph Miller, George Vincent, Margaret Buchanan, Jane Russell, Mary Wright and Marie Stewart. The final contest will be held in the spring, at which time the two best speakers will be chosen from the eight.

A report of the orations would hardly be complete without some mention of the

"stunts" played on the speakers. The first speaker on the program, when he had finished, received a platter of lemons. With the exception of one night, the same thing was done at every set of orations and twice during one performance, the gifts varying from lemons to bricks, shovels, etc. During the last night, while the orations were proceeding smoothly, a lusty alarm clock under the platform started to do its duty and kept it up until rescued and silenced by the Senior class president. Prof. Moses announced that the clock would be offered as first prize.

COLLEGE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Miss Marjorie Bryant, teacher of Dramatic Literature, will favor the public with a rendition of "The Terrible Meek" during the first week of March. This is a royalty play, and one that attracted considerable comment when it was presented in New York last season. Miss Bryant has already won a large place for herself in Westminster, through her artistic reading and capabilities as a teacher.

The play to be offered for the second semester is "As You Like It," and will be presented upon the campus during Commencement week. This play will be in charge of Miss Bryant.

Dean Moses filled engagements in the East during the winter vacation. He read twice before Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A. He returned to New Wilmington for the final engagement, reading his popular number, "Keeping Up with Lizzie," at the First U. P. Church. Other engagements during the winter are as follows:

Valencia Lyceum Course, January 24.

Grant Street Reformed Church, Pittsburgh, February 6.

New Castle Ministerial Course, February 28.

An intercollegiate debate has been arranged with Grove City College to take place at New Wilmington during the second week in March. An attempt will be made to secure a debate with Swarthmore to take the place of West Virginia Wesleyan, who gave up the ghost at the last hour.

Adelphic Literary Society devoted the evening of January 27th to the initiation of new members. The following program was carried out after Mr. Oesterling had given an eloquent address of welcome to the members of the Leagorian Society:

Song, "Nero my Dog has Fleas," by all the new members.

Love scene from "Romeo and Juliet," Garvin and Bell

Parody on "Break, break, break," Hart, Extempore, "Care of Infants," C. McQuiston.

Vocal combat, Shields and McLain.

Debate, "Resolved, That it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Affirmative, Johnson; negative, Grundish.

The majority of the performances were carried out well; the debaters and Bell and Garvin especially brought forth the applause of the audience.

We, the members of the Class of Nineteen hundred thirteen of Westminster College, desire to pay this tribute to the memory of our classmate, Robert James Mitchell. It was with heavy hearts that we took up our work after the Christmas vacation—our ranks were broken—one, whom we all had learned to love, had been taken Home. During the years that he was with us we were brought into close touch with him and we each felt the quiet influence of

his earnest Christian life. We do not try to understand why he was taken from us, when his life meant so much to his fellow students, and when he had pledged himself to his Master's work, but we *do* know that his work here was faithfully done, and his influence lives on in the lives of those who knew him.

Feeling how impossible it is to express

our sorrow at the great loss which we have sustained, we yet wish to bear witness to his noble young life and sterling Christian character, and to extend our sympathy to his bereaved family.

R. W. Cummings, Pres.

Gertrude Newlin, V. Pres.

J. L. Stewart.

L. H. Jamison.

With Westminster Alumni.

'02-'05. The engagement of Dr. Holland H. Donaldson of Pittsburg to Miss Florence E. Beatty of Wilkinsburg has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Beatty.

'91-'01. On December 4, 1912, Mr. Thos. W. Kennedy, president of the Adrian Furnace Company of DuBois, Pa., was married to Miss Lydia E. Chamberlain of East Palestine, Ohio.

Ex-'10. Miss Jane Charline McKee, on November 30, 1912, was married to Mr. Walter Morris Straub. They will live in Pittsburg.

'02. On November 21, 1912, Miss Elsie Jaxthheimer of New Wilmington was married to Mr. A. Leroy Wible. Miss Emily Redmond, '08, of Pittsburg, was the bridesmaid, and Mr. C. H. Jaxthheimer, '05, of Erie, Pa., was the groom's attendant. The ceremony was performed by Dr. R. G. Ferguson.

'07. Miss Sarah Barkley McCoy, daughter of Mrs. Taylor A. McCoy of Argyle, N. Y., was married in New Wilmington on New Years day to Mr. Hiram Leroy Anderson of Millbrook, Pa. The ceremony took place in the green parlors of the Hill-

side, the bride's brother-in-law, Rev. W. M. Barr '88, officiating. She was attended by Miss Laura Pound of Grove City, and Miss Theadora Barr, her niece, as flower girl. Miss Laura Hunter of Beaver Falls played for the occasion. About thirty-five guests partook of the wedding dinner in the beautiful dining room of the Hillside, and joined in the joy of the wedding feast with the happiest impressions of the Hillside and its hostess, Mrs. Dr. Russell.

The alumni present were Rev. McCrory, '07; Mr. Watt, '07, and Miss Lyda Armstrong, '05.

'56. On December 24, 1912, Rev. Dr. Jesse Mitchell Jamieson, the oldest living graduate of Westminster, passed away. He was also a graduate of Allegheny Theological Seminary and was ordained by Steubenville presbytery. His only charge, which lasted for thirty years, was Piney Fork, Jefferson county Ohio. He was a professor in Hopedale College, Ohio, for twenty-five years, the latter part of this time serving as president. For 18 years he was a director of the Allegheny Seminary, and when it was impossible for him to attend the meetings he was not removed entirely, but was retained as an honorary member.

At his funeral, the following were some of the tributes paid to his memory by men of scholarly turn of mind: "Dr. Jamieson was second to none in scholarship;" "an instructive preacher;" "a loyal, faithful, loving pastor;" "his students are in every part of the world today;" "he never took a wrong position on any question. Few contradicted him for his reason."

He was the valedictorian of his class in college. One of his sons says: "Father loved Westminster College. When the old building burned, he cried. This was unusual, for he did not shed tears easily."

There is but one member of this class yet living, Dr. T. H. Hanna of Bloomington, Ind.

Lucknow, India, Nov. 21, 1912.

To the HOLCAD:

During the last annual meeting of the United Presbyterian mission in India, at Sialkot, the alumni of Westminster in India took advantage of the opportunity to get together and had "a Westminster

table" one evening at dinner in the big dining tent. The table was tastefully decorated with blue and white bunting and Westminster pennants

It was a happy hour spent about the festal Westminster board. The old college songs were sung with a vim which would have won a football game. The old yells were given with an enthusiasm equal to "a mass meeting." Mirthful yarns of college days filled to overflowing the cups of fun. It doesn't matter where you get a Westminster crowd together, whether in India or Pittsburg they have a good time. Before dispersing, a hearty vote was given to send greetings back to Westminster, expressing gratitude for the work being done in the college and hoping with the whole heart for her rich success in the future

The alumni present were: W. B. Anderson, W. T. Anderson, E. L. Porter, H. C. Chambers, M. M. Brown, A. M. Laing, H. J. Stewart, W. D. Mercer, E. V. Clements, Mrs. H. C. Chambers, Emily M. Clements, Hazel Bennett and Violet Scott.

E. V. CLEMENTS, Secretary.

The Chatter Box.

Ruth H. (studying German prose): Oh dear, I've forgotten all my cases and everything.

K. S.: What's your new muff like, Teddy?

C. Ewing: Oh, it's just like black, only it's gray.

Tub: She's a girl after my own heart.
(We wonder what the girl concerned wants with it.)

Ruth J. (after Junior orations): I never can study after I've been out at night.

Mabel King: I was laughing so hard that I had my hand covering almost my whole mouth.

A selection from one of our text books: Spain exported wool and some parts of Germany.

Etta S. (at Sunday dinner): Does anyone

want a heart? It's a chicken heart, but it's better than none.

Miller (in answer to a question of Prof. Barr's): Well, some people always ask a question, so that you have to answer it just the way they want you to.

Mary P.: Why is a kiss like a rumor?
(The answer is—Because it is repeated.)
I. Young: Because it's repeated.

Elizabeth McM. (after being out): Well, I can't study, so I suppose I'd better write letters, but even then I'm afraid I won't say the right thing.

McCormick does not like chintz, but he Mae Heintz.

If somebody Etta Schmeltz, what would Bell do?

We wonder if on the first night of Junior orations Helen wanted Moore.

When "Peg" went to the lecture, did she go Scott free?

Found in the preamble of the Parlia-

mentary Law Club's constitution: "The purpose of this club shall be . . . to improve the faculty which God has given us."

"Tus" (in Par. Law Club): "I think this society should have the right to adjourn at its own desecration.

McCormick: I don't know anything at all about it.

Sankey: Go to Mae; she can give you some hints (Hintz) on the subject.

Is Shorty coming back to school next year?

Dickey: Sure; he's got a good foothold here.

J. R. (to Shorty, coming down the Hill-side walk): Isn't this a divine night?

Shorty: Well, go on then.

Prof. Bridgman: If we could get a little sun next Tuesday, I would develop these plates.

The son came on Tuesday next.

When Lois serves her table, does she keep an eye out for her Bill?

Department of Music

TWO student recitals were given during the past month, the first on Saturday afternoon, January 25, and the second on Wednesday afternoon, January 29. Both recitals were much enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The following were the programs:

Saturday, January 25.

Prelude - - - - - Bach
From a Wandering Iceberg - MacDowell
Ruth Houston.

Pan - - - - - Godard
Funeral march, Op. 26 - - - Beethoven
Frances Williams

Ashes of Roses - - - - - Speaks
Teach me, O Lord - - - - - Bischoff
Love Has Wings - - - - - Rogers
Mary Shaffer

Prelude from French Suite No. 2 - - - Bach
Romance - - - - - Rachmaninoff
Sara Cunningham

Prelude in C major - - - - - Bach
Uncle Remus - - - - - MacDowell
Mae Hintz

I'm Wearin' Awa' - - - - - Foote
Robin Goodfellow - - - - - Martin
John Manson

Prelude, Op. 28, No. 4 - - - - - Chopin
Kameinnoi Ostrow - - - - - Rubinstein
Mabel King.

Scherzo - - - - - Nicode
Mary Shaffer

Wednesday, January 29.

Impromptu - - - - - Enna
Richard Edmundson.

Sonata in F major (first movement) Mozart
Slumber Song - - - - - Schumann
Nan Long.

To You - - - - - Speaks
The Song of the Sword Clough-Leightner
Lawrence Stewart.

Turkish March - - - - - Mozart
Mary Kincaid.

Invention in F major - - - - - Bach
Doll Waltz - - - - - Poldini
Flora Seitz.

The Summer Wind - - - - - Bischoff
Snowflakes - - - - - Mallinson
In Maytime - - - - - Speaks
Clara Bartley.

Two Larks - - - - - Leschetizky
Martha Vincent

Invention in A minor - - - - - Bach
Mazurka - - - - - Godard
Lucy Graham.

A Bowl of Roses - - - - - Clark
Thy Sentinel Am I - - - - - Wat-on
James Stewart.

Air de Ballet - - - - - Chaminade
Fantasie in A minor - - - - - Mozart
Elizabeth Hunter.

The College Glee Club made its initial appearance in the local community on Saturday evening, February 1. The club, under the efficient leadership of Professor Edward Royce, has been doing the highest quality of work. This organization reflects great credit upon the Music department and means much to the college as well.

Two new music pupils have been enrolled since the Christmas vacation, Miss Ione Ferguson of Curwens Ville, Pa., and Miss Annie Inglefield of Murdocksville, Pa.

With the Art Students.

The mid-year exhibition of the art students' work was held in the studio on January 25. There were a large number of visitors and all joined in favorable comment on the display. The work consisted of charcoal drawings from cast and life, still life in crayon and water color, and a

fine showing of decorated china. Of the latter, some very artistic pieces were shown in the flat enamel work

The fine progress made by students in the Art Department is proof of the efficiency of teaching methods, as well as of the industry and enthusiasm of the students.

The mid-year exhibition promises an exceptionally strong display for the end of the year.



HILLSIDE NEWS.

After the last number of Junior orations on January twenty-eighth, Mrs. Russell entertained the class at the Hillside. Everyone was busy congratulating those who had been so fortunate as to be chosen for the contest. Then each one of the boys took unto himself a partner (and some took two) and the party went to the dining room, where a delicious lunch was served. The tables were so arranged that everyone was seated at one long table. Special honor guests of the evening were Prof. and Mrs. Moses, Mrs. Shaffer, Miss Bryant, J. K. Stewart and Philip Schwartz. Great fun reigned throughout the whole evening, and everyone left declaring his pleasure at having such a lovely time.

The Cabinets of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. met together with Mr. Schwartz, the traveling secretary of the Volunteer movement, after chapel on Sabbath evening, January twenty-sixth. A very interesting and instructive talk was given.

EXCHANGE ETCHINGS.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon aide.—Ex.

Pitt is seriously considering the adoption of the honor system. The question is to be voted on by the students of the university,

and if, when the vote is taken, it is found that the students are in favor of having the system put in operation at Pitt, steps will at once be taken to have the faculty sanction the plan.

Mother: "Now, Willie, I told you not to go in swimming, and yet you have been in the water."

Willie: "I know it, ma, but Satan tempted me."

Mother: "And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?"

Willie: "I did, and he kicked me in."—Ex.

A young theologian named Fiddle,

Refused to accept his degree;

"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle D. D."—Ex.

"How is Henry doing with the piano?"

Teacher: "Very good; he can play with both hands now, and says he will be able to play by his ear in six months."—Ex.

Augustus: "I am not fond of the stage, Violet, but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I would better go before the footlights."—Ex.

A green little Freshman, in a green little way,

Some chemicals mixed for fun one day,
And green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green
little grave.—Ex.

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THE HOLCAD.

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NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 6

IMPRESSIONS OF BROWSER



O pleasure was ever granted to Browser greater than unhampered admission to his happy hunting grounds, the second-hand book store, unless it was, perhaps, a prolonged examination of a college library. Prolonged in this sense, however, always meant for him a period quite uninterrupted by the peremptory closing bell of the Librarian, or by the still more peremptory order of the astonishingly conscientious janitor, who one day had informed Browser that his presence was a decided embarrassment to the true hierarchs of libraries—Brooms and Dustpans.

But one afternoon Browser found an opportunity to roam undisturbed in the sancta sanctorum. True to his calling, he did not rush feminine fashion, as might be supposed, to see whether his favorites adorned the shelves. He was far too scrupulous for that. Were not all books dear to him? Besides he knew well the ad-

ditional pleasure afforded by happening upon the favorites unexpectedly, and he felt that they in return respected him for not taking them unaware. Therefore, he began religiously at the nearest stack, glancing along the shelves from top to bottom, graciously greeting old friends, recognizing acquaintances, and stopping now and then to examine one of the scores of dusty theological tracts too antiquated for his foreknowledge, but not for his curiosity and reverence. Not one volume even escaped his eye. As he passed leisurely from shelf to shelf, he smiled knowingly at the inevitably dilapidated covers of the latest effusions of Myrtle Reed and Florence Barclay; not without wondering, however, at the saccharine taste of Young America, but genially amused at the sad appearance of the last pages, thumbed out of all conscience either by those who "just had to know how it came out," or by less scrupulous ones who satisfied themselves of this at once by reading the last chapter first.

Suddenly Browser's eyes stared fixedly straight ahead. "Now, why in the world," he wondered, is this lonesome 'Luck of Roaring Camp' so *lucklessly* hidden between those imposing tomes on The Theistic Argument? How are these 'sisters under their skins.' " He paused to recall far off days in another library where Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" reposed on the Botany shelf beside Stedman's Anthology — doubtless supposed by someone to be the latest treatise on ants. Abandoning past memories, Browser strode to the wall opposite. Ah! Here was the shelf of antiquities. He could not help wondering, however, why this second copy of Fiske's "Idea of God" should be packed away here among these "dry-as-dusters," while its bright companion smiled complacently from its proper place across the room. Yes, Browser did now recall the Librarian's plaintive remark: "*First of all we need a professional cataloguer.* Then readers could make no more invidious statements about that card catalogue."

On that same occasion Browser had innocently asked direction to the Science shelves.

"The science books are over in the Science Building," was the reply.

"Convenient, indeed, for the Scientists, but what about students and general readers?"

Did Browser's scientific brethren consider themselves the only souls interested in Science? Surely not. Did

they desire the students to peruse the books at the Science building? If so, then why the small but enviable shelf of "Worms, Rotifers and Polyzoas" and other modern biologies, sole representatives, holding the fort near the English alcove in the general library.

Still perplexed over the inconsistencies of life, Browser looked quizzically at his fingers—coal-black from his rummages.

"Strange," he mused, "and such an efficient janitor."

He paused for a last review of the History shelves.

"Hume, Lecky, Burke, Webster," he murmured. "Prescott, Parkman, Fiske, Burgess. Good: But where is the invaluable Cambridge Modern History and The American Nation Series?"

"Greek shelves—Translations of Plato, Aeschylus, Sophocles,—why not Euripides?"

"Reference shelves. Is it possible? No Dictionary of National Biography!

Browser had always been interested in the English literature. He glanced over the shelves and read with increasing interest.

"Walter Pater, Leslie Stephen, Henry James, Frederick Harrison. Splendid! But, ah! Not a complete Emerson. Not a complete Hawthorne? Yes," he admitted, "*This Library, like others, needs funds.*"

"The Poetical Works of Robert

Bridger." Browser paused to recollect. He had seen that name somewhere. Then he recalled in a recent *Nation* the review of "Prometheus the Firegiver."

"Arthur Symons' 'Silhouettes'! How in the world did this second most ultra of moderns enter these sober and venerable halls? Indeed," he added, his enthusiasm suddenly dampened, "Not even one copy of Matthew Arnold's *Poems*. Yes, the chairman of the library committee did say, '*The Library needs money.*'"

Browser wandered down the room to the larger magazine alcove and gazed approvingly at the many rows of leather-bound standard periodicals.

"Poole's Index and all. Fine: That is just as it should be." He pored over the magazines and newspapers scattered helter-skelter over the spacious tables. "Good! This confusion proves that the students read these. Everything one could wish. From *Popular Science Monthly*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Philosophical Journal*, *Missionary*, *Music*, *Art*, *French*, *German periodicals* down to *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Pittsburg Gazette-Times*." Browser, reveling in the affluence, picked up the *Ladies Home Journal*. All men are interested or should be, in Omniscience—at least when it comes once a month. Passing hurriedly over numberless sapient advices to young ladies on 'Why I Would Not Marry

Again,' he suddenly became fascinated in the flaming blue letters, "Westminster College Library" stamped on both sides of every page. "I see," he murmured after a moment's reflection, "The young ladies are supposed *not* to take this to the Hillside."

Browser settled himself in one of the luxurious chairs "Behold! At last I have found a library with comfortable and artistic furniture." Carefully and methodically he now began to review his impressions.

"Yes, there are some bad gaps in each alcove, but these could be filled in no time with even a small fund. All of the necessary books could be purchased for one-third of the publishers prices by the more experienced in second-hand book buying. He could save the expenses of his book-hunting trip three times over. By this method, one hundred or even fifty dollars a year, for every department would soon remedy all deficiencies. What the library contains is, on the whole, excellent and surprisingly modern. And if all book orders were sent through the Library Committee for the purpose of securing the allotted discounts, some people would stop inquiring: "What is a Library for?"

"But gracious goodness! It's frightfully chilly in here." Browser shivered and hurriedly dragged his chair to a radiator. "What! cold as a stone—iceberg; no wonder the Librarian catches cold," he chattered, as he rushed for his hat and coat, murmured something about "janitor" and fled for warmer climes.

John Fiske's "The Destiny of Man."

IT IS the common belief that the interests of Science and of Christianity are antagonistic. Many books have been written to show that the advance of physical science has proved damaging, to say the least, to the claims of the Bible, and to the truths of Christianity. It is true that the early Church opposed the teachings of the pioneer investigators of science, but this opposition was due to a misunderstanding of the theories advanced. In this enlightened age, men are beginning to realize that the accepted truths of Science are not diametrically opposed to the Biblical view of man, and of the world. Efforts are now being made, by many persons, to reconcile the once widely separated ideas of Science and Religion. Mr. John Fiske's book, "The Destiny of Man," is doing much to effect such a reconciliation.

Mr. Fiske first takes up the consideration of man's place in Nature, as affected by the Copernican theory. At the time of Dante it was believed that this earth was the center of the universe, and that all things were created for the use of man, the chief of God's creatures. But, early in the sixteenth century, Copernicus, by showing that this earth was but one of an infinite number of planetary bodies which revolve around the sun, overthrew all

the old ideas of astronomy. His theory, to his contemporaries, seemed to strike at the very foundations of Christianity. Churchmen could not realize then that "man does not dwell at the center of things, but is the denizen of an obscure and tiny speck of cosmical matter, quite invisible amid the innumerable throng of flaming suns that make up our galaxy." Mr. Fiske is of the opinion—and we agree with him—that the necessity for the occupation by man of the largest and most central spot in the universe is no longer felt. Moreover, Mr. Fiske does not believe that the theory of Copernicus is incompatible with Christianity. "It is instructive to observe," he states, "that while the Copernican astronomy has become firmly established in spite of priestly opposition, the foundations of Christian theology have not been shaken thereby."

Theologians opposed the Copernican astronomy because they believed, in the first place, that the language of the Bible committed them to the Ptolemaic system. It was soon perceived, however, that the Bible used "the language of appearances," and was no more committed to the literal moving of the sun around the earth than is our modern literature, which uses the same forms of speech. The second difficulty raised by the theologians

was the so-called "astronomical objection"—that is, the illimitableness of the universe, as disclosed by Science, is contrasted with the peculiar interest of God in man. It seemed incredible that such a small speck of matter in the galaxy of worlds should be chosen for the scene of a special exhibition of God's love. This objection does not now carry much weight, because, in the first place, there is no satisfactory evidence that any of the other worlds are inhabited, and because, in the second place, men have come to realize that quantity is no measure of God's love. As God revealed Himself in the still, small voice to the ancient prophet, says Mr. Fiske, "so the soul seeks a quiet, terrestrial nook where, through slow fruition, mysterious forms of organic life may shape and thrive." We, with our larger knowledge, are able to "smile at the quaint conceit that man cannot be the object of God's care unless he occupies an immovable position in the center of the stellar universe." Copernican astronomy, instead of disharmonizing the Bible, demonstrates splendidly the majesty of God's power and might.

In the second place, Mr. Fiske discusses man's place in Nature, as affected by Darwinism. According to Mr. Darwin, man can no longer be regarded as a separate creature; he is a primate, a mammal, a vertebrate, belonging to the catarrhine family of apes. "Our ancestor," says the scientist, "was a hairy quadruped fur-

nished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." There is no more reason, believes Mr. Fiske, for supposing that Darwinism will be overthrown, than there is that the Copernican astronomy will be thrown aside for the concentric spheres of Dante's heaven. Here we must disagree with Mr. Fiske. In the light of modern science, Darwinism, in its original form, is but an unverified theory. Mr. Darwin's idea of the descent of man is highly improbable, first, because there are physical peculiarities in man which could not have originated through natural selection alone, and second, because all attempts to find the transition from the animal to man have ended in failure. There are, besides, in Darwinism two mistakes which in the minds of scientists refute the entire theory. The first is Darwin's error as to geological time. In his "Origin of Species" he concludes that 306,662,400 years is "a mere trifle of geological time." His son, Sir George Darwin, soon proved that life could not have begun on earth more than 100 million years ago; later Lord Kelvin and Alfred Wallace reduced the period to less than thirty million years.

Mr. Darwin's second mistake is his idea of the minuteness of beneficial variations. His "extremely gradual" and "insensible gradations" would require unlimited geological time. A minute variation is valueless; for, to be of any advantage, a variation must

be considerable in amount. Herbert Spencer has shown the absurdity of the supposition that advantageous qualities are acquired by chance variations. It is clear, therefore, that the prestige of Darwinism is steadily declining.

Mr. Fiske, like many others, seems to confuse the words "Darwinism" and "Evolution." Darwinism was not a theory of universal evolution. Mr. Darwin's theory was that "species may reasonably be supposed to be nothing more than enlarged or accentuated varieties, formed by means of natural selection." Evolution, as now taught, disagrees with Mr. Darwin on three essential points: first, the accidental character of the variations; second, the insufficiency of natural selection; and third, the insensible rate of the changes. "Evolution" is coming to be known as a new name for "creation"; the new conception, however, is that the creative power works from within, instead of from without. Therefore, although disagreeing with Mr. Fiske in regard to Darwinism, we believe in evolution and natural selection along definite lines. This belief permits us to approve of Mr. Fiske's discussion of the proposition that "on the earth there will never be a higher creature than man."

Generic differences arise by cumulative action, and by the inheritance of slight physical variations. Natural selection and, we must add, other

agencies have seized every physical and psychical peculiarity, however slight. At a certain time, in the development of man, psychical variations became of more use than physical. Changes occurred most often in the brain, and the intellectual ability of man soon outstripped that of other animals. "When humanity began to be evolved, an entirely new chapter in the history of the universe was opened." Psychological change took the place of zoological change; bodily life became subordinated to the nascent soul. The consummation of Nature's work is the perfection of humanity. "Henceforth," says Mr. Fiske, "the dominant aspect of evolution was not to be the genesis of species, but the progress of civilization." The earth and all it contains is being subordinated to man; every living thing is being made dependent upon him.

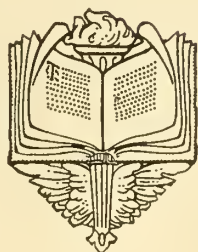
Theologians have long maintained that the idea of evolution from a lower to a higher order of things is antagonistic to belief in immortality. They claim that development from one mortal stage to another makes an immortal part an impossibility. The anonymous author of "The Problem of Human Life" says that he found that, in order to scientifically prove the immortality of the soul, "the complete overthrow of evolution . . . had become a necessity; for so long as naturalists can triumphantly point to one of their leading scientific facts

or physiological phenomena which has not been fairly wrenched from the grasp of evolution, so long will all scientific evidence of man's intrinsic susceptibility of and primordial adaptivity to an immortal state of being have with them but the weight of a provisional hypothesis." Mr. Fiske, we believe, removes this difficulty by pointing out, as has been shown above, the physical development of man. He has shown that, somehow or other, an inner development took precedence over an outward development, and that, for countless aeons,

the whole creation has been working to produce human souls.

In conclusion, we believe that, up to the present time, Science and Christianity do not conflict. Each reflects light upon the other, but neither contradicts the other's fundamental truths. Religion is throwing aside the narrow and bigoted ideas that sent men to the stake for proclaiming scientific facts. Science is beginning to take a more spiritual view of things. Instead of being antagonistic, the two should work together for the advancement of learning, and for the glory of God.

WILLIAM I. GRUNDISH, '16.



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FEW of us realize the burden on Dr.

Russell these closing days of the Endowment canvas. To see victory so near and yet to have to work on week after week gaining ground so slowly must be extremely disheartening. We cannot estimate the debt which Westminster will owe to Dr. Russell when the endowment is raised because of his dauntless determination to win at all costs. We all love Dr. Russell and it is often remarked among us how much we miss his chapel talks and sermons. Is that the extent of our love? Do we dislike to have him away simply for the reason that it does us more good to have

him with us? That is pure selfishness. How much we could lighten his task! Many of us have friends in the cities and towns where he goes. We could follow his route, write to those whom we know interesting them and preparing the way for Dr. Russell's visit. Opportunities are before us but we do not make use of them.

♦ ♦ ♦

THOSE of us who have heard Dr.

Hershey's lectures during the three visits he has paid us are united in saying that the address on this Washington's birthday surpassed them all. Many of us, especially the men, have been confronted with the ques-

tion so ably presented by the doctor. The only necessary proof of this was the undivided attention given to the speaker by every individual in the house especially as he told of the questionings which arose in his mind. We wish that every man in school could have heard the earnest address.

Doubtless similar questionings will continue to arise and perplex our minds and will have to be fought out over again independent of others. But this is not necessary. In a little book entitled "What Will You Do With Jesus Christ?" Dr. Grenfell, the noted surgeon of Labrador, says at the beginning of his career he was unexpectedly confronted with the question, "What Shall I Do With Jesus?" He continues, "I had no time to give for head work and so had to just take my Christianity on faith and that is all I can stand for here today * * Christ said if you are willing to do you shall know. * * I am only able to commend the service of Jesus Christ to you because I believed in him and experience has convinced me that it is a force which has for centuries fulfilled its promise in the benefits it claimed to be able to perform." If we could accept the testimony of those who have gone before us many of our perplexities would pass away and trouble us no more.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE question has come up before the college community as to the ad-

vantage of Glee Club advertising. It seems that a good many are opposed to the club taking trips. Several have assigned the reason that it is a waste of time and does no advertising. No one would think of urging the first reason against a baseball team no matter how weak it might be. The aesthetic value of Glee Club work in acquainting the student with good music cannot be overestimated and surely compensates for the time spent in practice. Moreover, the time spent in trips pays well. If anyone who claims that the advertising such a trip does is insignificant could have accompanied the club on one of its recent trips, when it faced a hostile audience and not only won its good will but also gained hearty applause, he would no longer urge such a reason against the organization.

If a weak baseball team is allowed to take trips of three or four days' length, surely there is no good reason for denying the same privilege to the Glee Club.

♦ ♦ ♦

THERE is nothing which will betray the kind of stuff a man is made of sooner than spirited debating. When there is such an excellent opportunity before the student body of meeting two other colleges in debate contests it is indicative of weakness if it is impossible to find enough men to come out for the preliminary debates.

LOCAL NEWS AND NOTES

FEBRUARY 22 was a holiday at Westminster. Fitting tribute was paid to Washington, in an address, in the chapel, by Dr. Scott Hershey, who has so ably spoken to us on former occasions of the same kind. The house was well filled, considering that many were taking advantage of the short vacation to visit at home. Many of the places of the absent students were filled by citizens of the town.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Second U. P. Church at its regular meeting on February 18 pledged the raising of another \$100 toward the college endowment. The fund has reached the \$380,000 mark.

Philo Society on Monday, February 17, elected its representatives to the Tri-State Oratorical contest, as follows: William C. Moore, Frank Andrews and George S. Vincent.

Following the example of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Second U. P. Church, the Woman's Missionary Society of the First U. P. Church gave a chicken supper in the church on Thursday, February 20. The affair was even more successful than the first of its kind, as the ladies realized about \$120, which was turned over to the endowment fund of the college. As before, the clubs had tables reserved. The girls of the Hillside were also well represented.

The college community will have the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, the greatest woman orator in America, on March 5. Mrs. Armor is a woman of nation-wide reputation on account of

the great work she has done, especially in the Southern States, on behalf of temperance. The local W. C. T. U. is responsible for this great privilege which we are to enjoy. No admission will be charged.

The alumni banquet is to be held at McCreery's, Sixth avenue and Wood street, Pittsburg, on Friday, March 28. It is sincerely hoped that this may be the celebration of a victory won, in seeing the completion of the endowment fund. This date comes during the Easter vacation, when many of the students and professors will be in and around Pittsburg. It is desired that all can be present and that we can have a real live celebration, like the ones held after a gridiron victory. The College Glee Club will be there to add their voices to the cheers. COME

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Miss Marjorie Bryant, teacher of dramatic expression, will read on Friday evening, March 7, "The Terrible Meek," by Charles Rann Kennedy. Miss Bryant has recently received a personal letter from Mr. Kennedy giving her permission to use this great drama for public purposes.

Word was recently received from Princeton that A. C. Williamson, '11, was chosen as one of the three debaters composing the team which will represent that institution against Harvard in the annual debate. Mr. Williamson will be remembered as one of the greatest debaters that Westminster ever turned out.

Dean Moses read before the Woman's Club of Wilkinsburg on Tuesday, March 4. He also read for the second time within a year at the Y. M. C. A. at Tarentum, Pa., on Sabbath afternoon, March 2.

"As You Like It" is the play chosen for presentation upon the college campus at commencement. This play, which is one of the most beautiful of Shakespeare's dramas, should be all the more successful since the setting is one of Nature's. It will be under the direction of Miss Bryant.

The preliminary debate to choose a representative team for the contests with Swarthmore and Grove City took place on Tuesday afternoon, February 25. The debate schedule as originally arranged included more schools, but for some reason or other several of them have canceled. As a result of the preliminary contest, J. K. Stewart, Ralph Miller, Walter Braham and William Grundish were chosen as our representatives.

The class in extempore public speaking expects to have an exceedingly interesting time this semester if Prof. Moses' present plans are carried out. The class was first organized as an educational convention. Following out this line of work, it will represent many different kinds of organizations and assemblies. Visitors are invited to attend the meetings, at 11:15 on Wednesdays and Fridays.

A large and enthusiastic house greeted the Senior Class in Dramatic Expression on February 7. The play was an exceedingly difficult one. Many went out of curiosity, thinking it would be an ordinary amateur attempt at Shakespeare. At the conclusion, however, an entirely different verdict was rendered. The play in many respects

had the finish of a professional cast. To quote from the New Wilmington Globe: "The presentation of 'Othello' by the Senior Class in Dramatic Expression was one of the notable events of the college year. The audience was well paid for the time spent, and showed its appreciation by paying undivided attention to the players, who in turn displayed exceptional cleverness both in interpretation and execution."

The cast of characters was as follows:

Othello,	-	-	Robert Cummings
Cassio	-	-	James L. Stewart
Iago	-	-	James K. Stewart
Roderigo	-	-	John Thompson
Montano	-	-	Clarence Zischkau
A Clown	-	-	Lloyd Cleland
Lodovigo	-	-	John Thompson
Messenger	-	-	John Manson
Desdemona (Act I)	-	-	Carrie Wilson
Emilia (Act I)	-	-	Gertrude Newlin
Desdemona (Acts II-III)	-	-	Gertrude Newlin
Emilia (Acts II-III)	-	-	Carrie Wilson

HILLSIDE NOTES.

Needless to say, great excitement was aroused by the annual social and "formal" affair, the banquet. Contrary to the previous custom, only one banquet was held, that one given by the Sophomores in honor of the Seniors, on the evening of the fourteenth of February.

The dining room was elaborately decorated in pink, together with the Senior colors, blue and gold. When everyone was seated it made a pretty sight—the young men with their dress suits and the girls with their many colored dresses and flowers.

The banquet itself, which is of course the most essential thing, was served as follows:

Cream of Corn Soup		
Crackers	Olives	Celery

Chicken
 Sweet Potatoes Peas Mashed Potatoes
 Orange Ice Coffee
 Waldorf Salad Crackers and Cheese
 Ice Cream
 Cake Coffee Candy Salted Nuts

The president of the Sophomore class, D. H. McQuiston, acted very ably as toast-master, calling for the following toasts, which were very well delivered:

"Class of 1913," James Veazey.
 "Class of 1915," R. W. Cummings.
 "The Ladies," Malcolm Parrish
 "Our Alma Mater," Gertrude Newlin.

All during the banquet the revelers were favored with sweet strains from the College Orchestra. But to the sorrow of many this band of workers left soon after the guests left the dining room. In accordance with the reputation established last year, the party broke up early—at twelve o'clock—all but the belated ones who were obliged to wait for their cabs.

LOCAL COLOR.

Lucy G : Oh, here comes Garvin ! Isn't he cute ! And he's just sixteen !

Prof. Barr, trying to be impressive in Greek class, in a passage concerning the heart, pointed tragically to the right side.

Lois N : Oh, all I want is a propitious night and a good-looking man

Lucy G. : Do you know, Miss Lytle is an

awful student—she just sits in her room and never once looks over at us.

Gert N. : Perhaps she has something better to look at.

Gert N : Mae, did McCormick Binder ever tell you he liked you ?

Mae : No, he never had the nerve.

Love, reciting history (?) : William Pitt was a Quaker who was given troops to come over and make treaties with the Indians and settle Pennsylvania.

Prof. Troup (to student who mispronounced "Sabine") : Don't say "bean," say "bine."

Miss Keast (teaching history) : Surely you remember that, Miss McAnless; it only happened about fifty years ago.

While the Sophomore English class was reading the portion of "Paradise Lost" where Chaos is described as just outside the door of Hades, there was a loud noise raised in the hall:

Igo : There's chaos outside the door,

Query : What's inside the door?

"Pete" (teaching history) : Yes, the members of the lowest caste in India are the outcasts.

Dr. Campbell : "Simpson, if you had wanted to get a degree at Oxford fifty years ago, could you have got it?

"Simmy" : Not likely !

WITH WESTMINSTER ALUMNI

'07. The announcement has been received that Arthur W. Henderson has opened a law office at 1504 Park building, Pittsburg.

'05. Rev. Lauren Gates Bennett is to be married on March 12, 1913, to Miss Clara Goodman Burgess at the Woodland Morris Heights, Morrisville, Pa. They will be at home at the Presbyterian Manse in Basking Ridge, N. J. Mr. Bennett is a relative of William Bennett of this place.

'79 Rev. J. S. Garvin of East Liverpool, Ohio, spent a short time in New Wilmington with his son, Jay Garvin, who is a Freshman in school.

'11. A. C. Williamson of Princeton University has won a place on the debating team of that institution and in the near future will debate against Yale.

'90. Miss Nannie Spencer, who has been at home on furlough for the past year, sailed for India, where she labors as a missionary

'92. Rev J. H. Spencer of Morning Sun, Ohio, has received a call to Wooster, O., which he intends to accept.

The United Presbyterian has had some fine portraits of our denominational college presidents during the past few weeks. Among them are two of Westminster's sons—our own beloved President, of the class of '80, and Dr. R. T. Campbell, president of Cooper College, Sterling, Kas., of the class of '86.

'07. The engagement of Rev. J. Reade McCrory of Prospect, Pa., to Miss Mina Moore of New Athens, Ohio, has been announced. The wedding will take place next June.

Ex-'12. Miss Alice Ashenhurst was married to Arch McCleery of Canon City, on February 5. The wedding took place at Colorado Springs, Colo., at the home of the bride's brother.

'72. On Tuesday evening, January 28, occurred the death of Dr. J. D. Sands. His death brings loss not only to those immediately connected with him, but to the church at large. During the past few years he had been the business manager of the Board of Publication and lately he had taken over the management of the Christian instructor.

The Department of Music

On Wednesday evening, February 12, the eleventh recital of the Department of Music was given by John Barnes Wells, tenor, with Miss Mary Douthett at the piano. The recital was one of the most enjoyable of the season, and Mr. Wells especially pleased his audience with his clear enunciation. One of the most attractive parts of the program was a group of songs of his own composition, which Mr. Wells sang. The program was as follows:

Love me or not	-	-	Secchi
In the time of roses	-	-	Louise Reichardt
Since first I met thee	-	-	Rubinstein
Where'er you walk	-	-	Handel
Weil ich wie einstmalen allein			Tschaikowsky
Zueignung	-	-	Strauss
Wird doch die Liebe			Dvorak
Rings ist der wald			
Darf des Falken Schwingen			
American Indian Songs	-	-	Cadman
From the Land of the sky blue water			
The white dawn is stealing			
Far off I hear a lover's flute			
The moon drops low			
The dearest place	{		Wells
The Elfman			
If I were you			
The boat song	{		Ware
Mammy's song			
If I were king	-	-	Campbell-Tipton

Several new pupils have been enrolled in the department this semester. Among these are the Misses Margaret Cleland and Ella Snodgrass, as piano students with the Misses Austa Hutchison and Inez Hope and the Messrs Malcolm Parrish and Claude Sankey, as voice students.

Mr. Kurtz's department has been steadily growing and in this Mary Beth Sebring is enrolled as a new violin pupil.

The Glee Club, assisted by the Misses Douthett, Cunningham and King, gave a concert in Mercer on Tuesday evening, February 18. The program was much appreciated by the audience and deserves great praise. The glee club also gave a concert on Thursday evening, February 20, at New Bedford.

The Monday Musical Club of Youngstown, Ohio, gave a concert in the college chapel on Friday evening, February 21. This organization is well known and its coming here was regarded with great interest. The concert was given by Miss Helen Alexander, soprano; Miss Vera Morgan, pianist, assisted by Mrs. John Bruce Fithian, accompanist.

The program was particularly attractive. Miss Alexander completely captivated her audience as did Miss Morgan also. The work of Mrs. Fithian as accompanist deserves much commendation. The program follows:

Sonata, Op. 35, No. 2	-	-	Chopin
Scherzo	-	-	Chopin
		Miss Morgan	
A birthday	-	-	Woodman
Sweetheart in thy dreaming	-	-	Cadman
Bird raptures	-	-	Schneider
		Miss Alexander	
Schattentanz	-	-	MacDowell
		Miss Morgan	
First Peer Gynt Suite	-	-	Greig
Asa's Tod, Op. 46, No. 8	-	-	Greig
In der Halle des Berg-Koenigs	-	-	Greig
		Miss Morgan	
Breathe thy name	-	-	Salter
A proposal	-	-	Salter
Oh, Rose that lay upon her breast	-	-	Salter
		Miss Alexander	
Si oiseau j'étais	-	-	Henselt
		Miss Morgan	
Dich Teure Halle	-	-	Wagner
		Miss Alexander	
Rhapsodie Hongroise II	-	-	Liszt
		Miss Morgan	

Department of Athletics

By WILLIAM MOORE

THE BASKETBALL SEASON

The Interclass Basketball League has had quite a good season, viewed from the standpoint of excellence in play and interest in watching. The Juniors, with their experienced players, early showed that the laurels would ultimately fall to them, but the Sophs loomed up strong, and were only defeated through the hardest efforts of the Junior team. During the latter part of the season the Senior team seemed to weaken. This may have an explanation in the fact that poor teams are about as good at the beginning of the season as they ever get to be, and may stand well up in the ranks until the better teams "strike their stride." The playing of the Sophomore team improved throughout the season, as did that of the Freshman team.

The games were well attended and the excitement often reached a high pitch. There was, however, little of that organized cheering for the teams which does so much to create class loyalty. No one doubts nevertheless, that class members were loyal to their teams, even if there were only maudlin shouts to show it.

The following is the standing of the teams:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Juniors.....	5	0	1000
Sophomores.....	3	2	600
Seniors.....	1	4	200
Freshmen.....	1	4	200

The scores of the games will be given in chronological order:

JANUARY 11.

Juniors—27	Seniors—13
Milligan.....F.....	Parrish

Andrews.....F.....	Zischkau
Wilson.....C.....	Cleland
Tallant.....G.....	Manson
Miller.....G.....	Wilson
Christie, Vincent.....	

Summary: Field goals, Cleland 4, Parrish 2, Wilson 6, Milligan 4, Christie 2, Andrews 1. Foul goals, Zischkau, Wilson. *Referee, Gildersleeve. Timekeeper, A. Milligan.

*Officials remained the same throughout the season.

Sophs—24	Freshmen—18
Braham.....F.....	Mercer, Capt.
Markle, Capt.....F.....	Buckley
Stewart.....C.....	Canon
D. McQuiston.....G.....	C. McQuiston
Shaffer.....G.....	McLain

Summary: Field goals, Braham 4, Stewart 3, Shaffer 3, Markle 2, Canon 4, Buckley 3, Mercer 3.

JANUARY 18.

Seniors—12	Sophs—10
Parrish.....F.....	Markle
Zischkau.....F.....	Braham
Cleland.....C.....	Stewart
Manson.....G.....	McQuiston
Wilson.....G.....	Braham

Summary: Field goals, Parrish 3, Manson, Cleland, Braham 2, Stewart 2; Fouls, Parrish 2, Markle 2.

Juniors—21	Freshmen—2
Andrews.....F.....	Buckley
Milligan.....F.....	Mercer
Wilson.....C.....	Canon
Tallant.....G.....	McLain

THE HOLCAD

Miller.....G..... McQuiston
Vincent.....G..... Tormay
Davis

Summary: Field goals, Milligan 7, Wilson 2. Tallant, Buckley Foul goal, Wilson

JANUARY 25

Freshmen—19		Seniors—13	
Buckley	F	Parrish	
Mercer	F	Zischkau	
Canon	C	Cleland	
McLain	G	Manson	
Love	G	Wilson	
		Jamison	

Summary: Field goals, Buckley 4, Canon 3, Mercer 2, Cleland 4, Parrish 2: Fouls, Parrish, Mercer.

Juniors—19	Sophs 16
Milligan.....F.....	Igo
Christie.....F.....	Markle
Wilson.....C.....	Stewart
Tallant.....G.....	Braham
Miller.....G.....	McQuiston
Vincent.....	Shaffer

Summary: Field goals, Milligan 3, Christie 2, Wilson 2, Vincent. Igo 5, Markle Braham. Fouls, Wilson, 3, Markle 2.

FEBRUARY 8.

Juniors 27	Seniors 15
Milligan.....F.....	Parrish
Andrews.....F.....	Zischkau
R. Wilson.....C.....	Jamison
Tallant.....G.....	I. Wilson
Miller.....G.....	Sankey
Christie.....	Logan

Summary: Field goals, R. Wilson 7. Milligan 3, Andrews 2, Christie, Parrish 3, Jamison 2, I. Wilson 2. Fouls, R. Wilson, Parrish.

Sophis—24	Freshmen—18
Markle F	Davis
Igo F	Mercer

StewartC.....Canon
BrahamG.....McQuiston
McQuiston.....GLove
Shaffer.....

Summary: Field goals, Stewart 5, Markle 3, Braham 3, Igo, Shaffer, anon 5, Mercer. Fouls, Markle, Mercer 2.

FEBRUARY 15.

Sophs—22	Seniors—10
Markle.....F.....	Parrish.....
Braham.....F.....	J. L. Stewart.....
Stewart.....C.....	Jamison.....
McQuiston.....G.....	Wilson.....
Shaffer.....G.....	Sankey.....
Igo.....	Cummings.....

Summary: Field goals, Stewart 4, Braham 3, Igo 2, Shaffer, Jamison 2, Parrish, J. L. Stewart Fouls, Markle 2, Parrish 2.

Juniors—21		Freshmen—13	
Milligan.....	F.....	Buckley.....	
Andrews.....	F.....	Mercer.....	
Wilson.....	C.....	Canon.....	
Tallant.....	G.....	McLain.....	
Miller.....	G.....	Love.....	
Christie.....		Torman.....	

Summary: Field goals, Milligan 4. Wilson 2, Tallant 2, Miller 2, Buckley 3, Canon 2, Tormay. Fouls, Wilson, Mercer

NOTES

At a February meeting of all men who played one half in football last Fall. D. O. McLaughry was elected captain of the Westminster team for the season of 1913. McLaughry played a good game last year, and has even better possibilities within him. Football uncertainties have passed and we may look for a winning team next season.

Captain Vincent and the track squad started preliminary track work about the middle of February by taking cross country runs. A number of new men have come out for the team, and they will be sorely needed to replace our loss of men by graduation.

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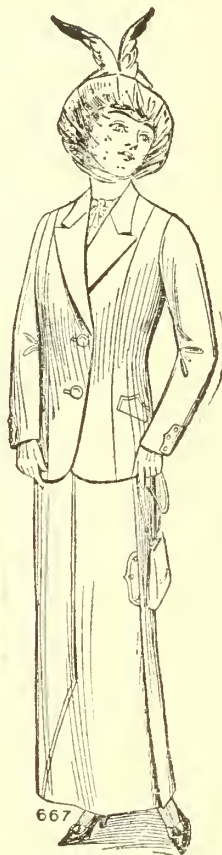
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VOL. XXXIII

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH 1913

No. 7

THE MOUNTAIN GYPSY

HE sun was setting behind a distant mountain peak, as the slow mountain train came puffing up to the little station of Warsaw. The track ran along the river canon a hundred feet above the foaming, thumping rapids. Across from the station a mountain brook had cut its way into the river. The sloping, forest covered banks of the brook stood out in sharp contrast to the bare cliffs of the canon. At the summit of one of these banks, on a triangular plateau, the white cottages of Warsaw peeped through a curtain of foliage; occasionally a window-pane shot back the red rays of the setting sun.

As the train jerked itself to a stop I jumped up and hurried out to the tiny station platform. The scene before me was singularly beautiful. It was unusual in this region to find such thickly wooded slopes and I must have stood some time before the whistle of the train ended my reveries. It was getting late and it would probably require considerable time to walk

across to Warsaw. I hailed one of the station-hands and inquired the shortest way to the village.

"You'll find the path below here the quickest, but you will have to be careful, and don't try and walk too fast when you come to the rope bridge."

I snatched up my suitcase, muttering a crisp "Thanks!" and followed the direction of his finger. I soon found myself at the top of a narrow, rocky path, that zigzagged its way down the face of the cliff. I hugged the bank for fear I should slip, and share the fate of the stones which I kicked over the edge of the path, and which shot like bullets down to the rushing river below. Five minutes of fearsome descent brought me to the rope bridge against which I had been warned. It was a narrow foot-bridge, suspended across the river by two immense ropes. I watched a man cross from the other side. As he drew near I saw that he was a gypsy. His bandanna hung loosely around his neck. His shirt was unbuttoned and his

clothes deranged. An old slouch hat almost covered his face.

He nodded to me as he stepped off the bridge and passed on up the path. I started for the bridge, which seemed ridiculously narrow, and eagerly made my way out. I frantically clutched the rope which ran along at my side, to keep myself from being shaken headlong into the seething rapids below. Finally I found that by going slowly and smoothly I could make much more rapid headway. I soon gained the other side of the canon near the mouth of the mountain brook. Right ahead, several small tents dotted the small tongue of land between the brook and the river. A number of men, decorated much as the gypsy I had met on the bridge, were lounging around in the grass enjoying the cool of the evening.

As I approached the gypsy camp a young man stepped out from behind one of the tents and came down the path toward me. He was a good-looking fellow but had the haughtiest, devil-may-care expression on his face that I ever hope to see.

A thistle-down came floating down from a low-spreading oak just ahead, and, thinking of someone far away, I caught it and pressed it to my lips; then I blew it towards home. I turned to see if the fellow had noticed my foolishness, but he had stalked past as if he were lord of all creation.

Suddenly a commotion in a tree be-

hind made me turn again. A form jumped out of the branches and came leaping towards me. It was a young gypsy girl.

In a flash she slapped me in the face and was trying her best to scratch out my eyes. I caught her by the wrists and roughly pushed her back against the mountain side. She lay sobbing for a moment as if her heart would break. Then she sprang up and darted down the path toward the rope bridge. The young man was already on the bridge. She ran after him and came up to him near the center of the bridge. She threw out her hands and caught him by the shoulders, but he turned and shook her off. She seemed to trip and lose her balance. One hand snatched for the rope at the side but missed it and in another moment she plunged with a wild scream into the foaming rapids below.

The water caught her body and hurled it down a small cascade. In a moment it had disappeared into a quiet pool near the bank. The young fellow stared for a moment at the body, then turned and ran up the steep path leading to the station. Too dumfounded to act, I stood and stared; first at the pool where the girl had disappeared then at the rapidly diminishing figure of the young man. When the latter disappeared it seemed to recall me to my senses. I looked over to the camp to see if the gypsies had not noticed the accident.

But all was quiet there. I rushed over and shouted that one of the girls had fallen into the river from the bridge. Immediately all was excitement. Dogs began to bark and men and women and children came running out from the tents. I led them down to the pool. Some men dived for the body and brought it up. Immediately there was a doleful lamentation. One old woman especially made a great outcry.

When they had quieted down somewhat they began to question me, and as well as I could I told them my story, omitting all reference to the girl's attack on me. This seemed to affect the old woman very strongly.

Finally when she had calmed down somewhat we induced her to tell us what she knew. It seemed that the young girl, whose name was Nina, and who was a niece of the old woman, was very much in love with the young man, who had just been the means of her death. Smith, as they called him, and Nina had been very much devoted to each other until quite recently. Smith had taken a notion to some other girl and dropped Nina. She was heartbroken and did everything to win him back, but to no avail. So she told her aunt, who was reputed to

be quite a charmer, and her aunt promised to give her something to win back his love. She gave Nina several charms but they all failed. Finally she promised her that she had one which was always sure of success. Nina was to get up early in the morning, while the dew was still on the grass, and select a thistle-down from the tallest plant she could find. She must prick her finger and let a drop of blood flow upon the down. Then she must try and get Smith to touch the down. If he did, his old love would come back to his heart and all would be well. But if he did not touch it she must try again. Moreover, if someone else should catch the thistle-down instead of him she might as well give up all hope of winning him back.

I felt almost sick as the old woman finished her story. I dared not tell of my part in the tragedy, yet I felt all the while like one who has been convicted of murder. It was getting late and I was already overdue at Warsaw. Seeing no way of being of any service, I picked up my suitcase and tramped on up the wooded dell, hoping that the thistle-down would never reach the destination I had planned for it.

Westminster's Cause

By A Freshman

Inspired by the facts presented in the following table concerning the work of our denominational colleges, and burdened with the sense of Westminster's special need in her endowment effort, a Freshman has given vent to his feelings in the accompanying lines.

	Men Graduates	Alumni mentioned in minutes of last Assembly	Alumni who have entered the Ministry	Alumni who have entered Foreign work
Westminster	1050	233	501	54
Monmouth	894	214	416	58
Muskingum	470	125	255	53
Tarkio.....	166	37	50	34
Cooper.....	59	11	15	6
Totals	2639	620	1237	205

46.8 per cent. of the alumni of these five colleges have entered the ministry.



GOD, to mortal man is given

The work of bringing souls to Heaven,
To save the lost, uplift the low,
And to the heathen Christ to show,
To tell them of His grace so free
Purchased by blood on Calvary

Ah! who shall go, His love to tell,
And from the world dark sin expel,
Till all the world from sea to sea,

Included in his kingdom be?
Ah! who *can* go; Ah! who *dare* go
Till they be taught this work to know?
Till they be trained, what can they do,
To carry God's great purpose through?

And wherewithal shall they be taught,
By unpaid men? O, surely not!
For apparatus, light and heat,
And all the bills we've got to meet—
How in the world can these be paid
Except by cash, for which we've prayed?
And now, O Church, Westminster's cause
Demands thy praise in cash applause.

Look at the table on this page,
Let the top words your thoughts engage,
Read carefully along the line,
Now! Does our cause deserve decline?
Shall we give up for lack of cash
And let the whole thing go to smash?
O God forbid! No flag shall wave
O'er such an ignominious grave!

Who shall decide our fate, O Church,
And save our cause from shame and smirch?
By thine own hands we live or die,
To you we sent our earnest cry,
That you will now your duty see,
And send your cash with bounty free,
Which to endowment cause will come,
To finish work in faith begun.

Though what remains be seeming small,
Leave not to others to give all;
For "others" from all lips to fall,
Means no particular one at all,
To YOU the earnest plea is made,
To come AT ONCE to college aid.
Westminster now must live or die,
As treats the Church her earnest cry

BRENNY GREEN.

BRENNY Green, as the boys called this youthful professor, came meditatively across the campus. Being rather slight in build, trim and overexacting in every detail, he gave one the impression of having just been turned out from a men's furnishing shop.

As he rambled along he played with his pearl gray gloves, and at times mumbled to himself. Now the cause of all this was the fact that Dick, Brenny's younger brother, who was a student at the university, was to run in the races that afternoon. Brenny's precise habits of living and perhaps his overeducated brain, failed to grasp what a race might mean to a younger brother. He thought only of heart failure and crippled muscles.

Richard cautioning him lest he come to the races and act unseemly, said:

"Look here, brother, I don't care if you are a Prof. in this school, you don't need to make me out a baby. I'm going to run the best I can, and if I should die of heart failure, why, give me a decent send off."

"Richard, I can't understand your desire to race. It is not consistent with the dignity of your fathers. Whoever heard of a Green racing like an ordinary hooped quadruped? Absurd! You shall not dishonor our name," and Brenny turned about with

more alacrity than he had ever been known to show before.

"Well! If you look at it that way, you don't need to come to the races, this afternoon. I guess the grandpaters have more sense than some of their descendants. They'll not rise up in their graves, even if one of their number cares for races more than studies."

Poor Brenny! Half to himself and half to the boy he spoke, as the boy left him, "I must turn this youth from the wayward path, and train him in the way he should go." A self-satisfied expression covered his face, and the feeling of responsibility left his soul.

"I have warned the youth, now I will await results."

The time for the races drew near and Brenny still playing with his unoffending gloves, seated himself on the lowest row of the grand-stand. On all sides pennants and banners fluttered. The crowd was happy, and the merry laughing and jostling with one another made Brenny think for a moment of his own college days. But, quickly he straightened himself and assumed the dignity befitting his ancestors.

The racers paced back and forth, anxious to begin, at times admonished by their managers, "Can't you young-

sters be still two minutes? Look out there you've mixed your numbers," and sometimes words of council.

Richard appeared on the scene. His number fastened to his jersey, flapped back and forth, as he trotted along. The boys greeted him with a shout, as much as to say, "We're expecting great things from you, Dick," when one of the boys called, "Look at Dick! Whoever heard a number like that winning?"

"Ha! Ha! No. 13."

"Whoever heard of 13 getting a place in the race?"

Dick looked a little self conscious, but made an attempt to appear oblivious to his surroundings. For the moment he was thinking of Brenny, and deciding to win that race at all odds.

"That memorable line of Greens Family Tree! Bosh! Enough to make a fellow cuss! Guess I'll make the leaves on that family tree look greener than they ever did before."

The race was called. Dick made

his first round and Brenny began to show a slight interest. He leaned over the railing and seemed really to be paying attention. The second round Dick was losing, and Brenny overexcited by the cheering of the crowd thought he ought to encourage the lad.

He spoke in a well modulated voice, "Accelerate thy speed, Richard."

The fellows stood back amazed, dumfounded. Was this their dignified Brenny, leaning far over the railing? Could he really get excited? Why, would he throw away one of those cherished gray gloves?

Dick was gaining rapidly. Cheer after cheer went up for Dick. Brenny forgot his cherished dignity, even forgot that noble family tree, and as the youngster sped past on his last round, he clutched at the railing, leaned far over the edge, his hat in his hand, his hair bristling with excitement and yelled wildly,

"Run like the devil, Dick."

And Dick did.

THE HOLCAD.

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DEAR EDITOR:

In my wanderings in China, I ran across several Princeton graduates, and while taking lunch with them one day, they fell to discussing HOW THE HONOR SYSTEM WAS INTRODUCED INTO PRINCETON. I was, of course, much interested, and thinking The Holcad might be also, I jot down the points.

The students resolved that it was a shame to educate men on a "cheating" basis, and a committee waited on the Faculty and asked that examinations be held on the honor system, with a signed statement attached to each paper that no help was given or received

and the committee agreed that the student body would be responsible for the rigid adherence to honorable ideals. It was further resolved among the students "that it was as dishonorable to see another cheating and fail to report, as it was to cheat yourself." They said, moreover, that the last man dealt with for cheating at Princeton was reported by his chum.

These ideals are perpetuated through the Senior class taking the trouble to meet with the Freshmen (it would also have to include the new sub-Freshmen with you) and explaining the adoption of the honor system, and leading them to appreciate the college

standpoint and then there is no difficulty.

Of course, as suggested by a chum's reporting on his chum, there have been difficulties, but there are none now. Professors are present in examinations, but only to convey information. Boys may leave the room, during examinations and stay out some time, return and complete their papers. It has entirely done away with the idea that it is a student's privilege to "do" his Prof., if he can. When there is a case to be tried, it is adjudicated wholly by the student body, which then reports to the Faculty. Certainly, until there are those who will view the question with the Princetonians, and believe that he who sees cheating and fails to report it is as bad as he who cheats, it is not likely that Westminster can be freed of this awful blight, a blight that has followed more than one man throughout his whole life.

THE WAYFARER.



It is with a feeling of disappointment that the present staff sends our last issue to press. We had hoped that we might have had the honor of announcing the completion of the Endowment fund. We had hoped that our own efforts would bring encouraging results from readers of the Holcad. But we feel very much as if all our efforts and our hopes have been in vain, We have always maintained that

the success of the paper is not dependent upon the staff. We feel that we have made some progress in the past year. Some encouragement has led us to think that the Holcad has advanced and not declined during our regime. Yet it has not advanced as it should have done. We will admit that we have not always spent the time or energy that we should have spent on the paper as a staff but it is only because we have not had the encouragement to do so. If the Holcad is to count, Westminster must make it count; the staff cannot do so.



As we have said, we feel that we have progressed rather than declined. We also feel that we have had more support from the college community than formerly. We feel that the interest is deeper; we know that there is a genuine desire to help by patronizing advertisers; and we know that many have spoken words of appreciation. We wish to thank every subscriber for their kindness and interest, and everyone who has helped the Holcad in its literary department, especially those professors who have given encouragement as well as material assistance. We take the liberty to ask you to give even more of your time and effort in helping the coming staff to make the Holcad better and more influential in the life of Westminster.

We often hear the remark made that the student of today is lawless, disrespectful and restless to an alarming extent. The faultfinders even go to the extent of saying that the college student is more addicted to these habits today in this country than at any time in the history of Education in any community. Now we fear that these accusers are very badly mistaken; that they have not read the exciting accounts of university life in France during the Renaissance, in England later, and in other European institutions of learning. Yet the fact remains that the charges have been made and either must be answered and disproved or admitted and allowed to stand. We think that the charges are not entirely true. Yet there have been just grounds on which to base these charges. The ideals of student life are becoming higher, naturally people expect more of a student and when he commits any indiscretion it appears more heinous because of the higher standards. The student of today is expected to be a gentleman, in every sense of the word. Students should consider themselves the favorite sons of fortune which has bestowed on them opportunities too precious to be allowed to quietly slip by.

We wish to speak particularly of one of the faults mentioned, disrespect which might perhaps include both of the others. First let us consider our

relation to our superiors. Above all there is the deference which we often lose sight of that should be paid to age. In the selfishness of our daily occupations we are prone to make liberty the cloak of disrespect to those who are entitled to our respect and deference. Remember that politeness to the old is a mark of a gentleman. Again, we in college often treat our professors with disrespect and even contemptuous tolerance. We discuss them superficially, think we know as much as they do, and so deign to go to class and give them an opportunity to talk on their favorite subject to a select audience. Egotistic ignorance is characteristic of too many of us. Our professors are specialists in their line. Westminster college has a faculty the like of which it would require 20 years to bring together. We as students have the privilege of learning the wisdom of hundreds of years of experience and study. We but show what simpletons we are when we bigotedly refuse to pay attention in class and take advantage of every opportunity of learning now what may take us years to learn later.

Moreover there is a disrespect to law and invested authority which is altogether too prevalent among student bodies. Obedience is a fundamental principle of society. Obedience cannot be learned too soon; the sooner the better for the individual. If we as students would realize that

laws were made to keep, not to break; to help us not to hinder, the easier will it be to adjust ourselves to new conditions, as they force themselves upon us.



Nobody likes to be preached to, and it is almost as unpleasant to preach to some people as it is to hear the preaching of others. We have often been asked to give speakers our attention

in order to enable them to do their best. We have often been reprimanded for whispering and talking. On the whole the audience that listened to the debate with Swarthmore was very fair but at times whispering, rustling of papers became quite annoying to the speakers as well as to those who were endeavoring to follow the arguments. If we would just *think* we would not so often be accused of disregard for the rights of others.

DON'T READ THIS!

Don't patronize our advertisers—they may have weak hearts.

Don't tell them where you're from, if you do — you might "queer" yourself.

Don't try to get new subscribers—it means added work for the Business Manager.

Don't pay your subscription when you are asked for it—the editors and managers ought to pay their own way.

Don't boost the Holcad—You'll make yourself conspicuous.

Don't send in any contributions to the editor---he would resent any interference, you know;

but,

Do knock because the Holcad is so poor. Since you turned to this

"funny page" first, loudly proclaim your disgust right away because the witty thing you said has been neglected, and something in which you cannot see anything funny at all is printed.

Find all the fault you can with the editors---you weren't consulted when they were chosen anyway: The "one best bet" was certainly overlooked.

Don't be vexed with the writer of this if you are one of the knockers and have been hit. In that case he is very sensitive to your criticism, you know. Besides, he asked you not to read it.

FIFE, BUSINESS MGR.

LOCAL NEWS AND NOTES

ON Tuesday March 4, the Adelphics challenged Philo to a basketball game. The challenge was cheerfully accepted although no date, as yet, has been set for the contest.

Rev. W. B. Love of Smithfield, Ohio, conducted chapel services on Friday morning, February 28.

On Monday, March 3, after the regular program, "Cresto" had an informal "Jolification", which consisted mainly of dancing. One very important part of the evening's entertainment, which must not be left out, was a duet by Misses Dickson and Foot, Miss Russell accompanist.

The Leagorians defeated Cresto in a basket ball game on Wednesday, February 26. The game was well attended by the girls of the college. A great deal of spirit was shown by both societies. The fact that it was a very exciting game was shown by the score which was 20-25.

Hoover's Sugar Camp has been open since March 10, and many have been enjoying the sweets which it offers. The Hillside girls as well as the various clubs have been making excursions thither, although it is very difficult to procure a chaperone willing to face the six-mile walk.

Professor Mills has announced that the annual bird trips, taken by the class in biology, will begin soon after Easter vacation. These are very instructive excursions and although they start at five o'clock in the morning many students outside of the class have expressed their desire of accompanying the class.

The Crescent Club held a "doings" in Adelphic Hall on Saturday evening, March 15. About twenty-five couples were present. Miss Bryant acted as chaperone. A notable feature of the evening's entertainment was a contest, of ten minutes duration, in which a box of candy was offered as a prize to the person making the most words from the letters in Crescent Club. "Bill" Cleland won the contest with 55 words. Two peanut races, one for fat girls and one for slim girls, were held. The former was won by Miss Elvina Peebles and the latter by Miss Margaret Cleland. Other games were played and last but not least a very elaborate feed was served.

On February 26 Professor Shott addressed the teachers and members of the Senior class of the Farrell High school. His subject was "Psychology". In commenting on his address the Farrell News says, "Professor Shott upset many of the old theories concerning educational methods, and threw a new light on the subject from the viewpoint of a teacher and educator. In summing up his lecture he said that such studies should be included in the curriculum as would tend to develop the mind for future use rather than for temporary brilliancy during school years."

The 1914 Argo was shipped to the publisher on Saturday, March 15. It is an exceptionally fine edition both in point of the material which it contains and also on account of the very fine paper, and leather binding used. It is an absolute fact that the Editor-in-Chief has acquired several grey hairs on account of his arduous labors. The book is expected to be ready for the public by the middle of May.

The Buhl Minstrels of Sharon appeared before a fair-sized audience in the chapel Saturday evening, March 8, under the auspices of the 1914 Argo. The entertainment met with the hearty applause of the audience, who demanded encores after many of the numbers. The singing of Patrick Costello and Master LeRoy McCann in an Italian street scene was particularly effective. "Bill" Mansell was given a rousing send-off when he advanced to the footlights to sing, "When the Twilight Comes to Kiss the Roses Goodnight."

The Third U. P. Church of Pittsburgh has voted to give \$1,000 to the endowment fund of Westminster College. The amount is to be taken from funds of the church, and does not include contributions of individuals.

On Wednesday, March 5, The Westminster Chemical Society, was organized with a membership of twenty-four. The following officers were elected: President, Oscar Zischkau; Vice President, A. Milligan; Secretary, E. R. Tallant. Anyone taking chemistry is eligible for membership. The object of the society is to promote the best interests of those interested in that subject. The society is to meet once every week. Already several meetings have been held, at which original papers on industrial and applied chemistry were read. Articles from the leading chemical journals are read and discussed. The society has met with much enthusiasm and seems to have a bright future before it.

The warm spring days are not only calling nature to life and activity, but as well the Discipline Committee, which has descended on many couples led away by the charms of spring.

In the invitations for the Alumni dinner

to be held at McCreery's in Pittsburgh, which were sent out on March 15, the Committee states that they have been authorized to say that the fund will be completed by March 28. The committee extends invitations to all alumni and all other friends of Westminster.

Rev. Gamble of New Castle conducted chapel services on Sabbath, March 9. He took for his text, "The Second Mile." Rev. Gamble has appeared before the students on several former occasions and is becoming a favorite with them.

Rev. A. A. Graham conducted chapel services on Sabbath March 16, at which time the Second U. P. Church joined with the students in their service.

The girls of Beaver High School were defeated by the Westminster Girls Basketball Team on Saturday afternoon, March 15, by a score of 33-8. The game was well attended by the girls of the village as well as by college girls.

A joint meeting of the German and French societies, at which the Faculty were the guests of honor, was held in Adelphic Hall on Tuesday, March 18. The room was tastefully decorated with American flags as well as flags of the two nations. The meeting was presided over by Miss Newlin and Mr. Andrew Coulter, Presidents of the German and French societies respectively. Two papers were read, one by Miss Marie Stewart with the subject "The French Republic" while the other was by Mr. Earl Tallant whose subject was "The German Empire". The members of the respective societies sang "De Wacht Am Rhine" and "La Marseillais." Miss King and Miss Cunningham sang German and French solos. The Misses

Newlin and Cunningham sang a duet in French. Miss Lewis, pianist. After the literary program a dainty luncheon was served. The gentlemen of the faculty escorted the young ladies to luncheon, while the young men escorted the lady members of the faculty.

The fifth number of the Westminster Lecture Course was given by Mr. Adrian M. Newens, lecturer, entertainer and monologist, in the Second U. P. Church on Thursday evening March 19. Mr. Newens presented in a very forcible and entertaining manner. Mr. Parker's play entitled "A Message from Mars." The theme of the production was "Self" or "Selfishness", in which a very selfish rich-man was made to see, in a dream, the ridiculousness of his position by a messenger from Mars. The audience which was exceptionally large gave Mr. Newens very hearty applause.

The last number of the season will be given by the Bergen-Marx Company on April 16.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

THE TERRIBLE MEEK

On Friday evening March 7, Miss Marjorie Bryant, teacher of dramatic expression, read "The Terrible Meek," a story of the Crucifixion, by Charles Rann Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy's purpose in the play is to make the Bible a living thing. He says concerning it, "The Bible is a living book, dealing with actual persons. That is why when I read my Bible, that is why when I wrote 'The Terrible Meek', my soldier talks a kind of cockney; he was a cockney there in ancient Rome. That is why my centurion talks like an English gentleman; he was an English gentleman there in ancient Rome. That is why my virgin cries out the woes of mothers of modern workers.

And when I read my Bible I seem to see Christ not dead but risen, standing here in our midst. I believe he has a message for the world of today with respect to the peace agitation now going on. I am one of those who have declared that message. He made me declare it, Christ standing in our midst."

For several weeks beforehand, the event was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, partly because of the play itself, but more especially because it was Miss Bryant who was to read it. Consequently on the appointed evening, she was greeted by a large crowd of people, who gave her their undivided attention throughout the performance. Miss Bryant cannot be praised too highly for the masterful way in which she rendered the production. Her interpretation of the characters was excellent. Every one was well repaid for the time spent there.

On Friday afternoon, March 7, at 3 o'clock a second preliminary debate was held for the purpose of selecting debaters to represent us against Grove City. At the time of the first preliminary contest there were several people who did not get up nerve enough to enter until it was all over. It was for the benefit of these and a few others that the second contest was held. In introducing the first speaker, Prof. Moses said a second preliminary debate was rather a novel thing, yet it was better late than never. The debaters selected by the judges were, F. E. Milligan, D. H. McQuiston, F. W. Orr and C. R. Scott.

R. W. Cummings recently received word that his oration was one of the six selected from all the orations from the colleges of the state entered in the Peace Contest. This contest is the biggest of its kind in

the country, and includes the whole nation. Westminster is fortunate in having had a representative in the final state contest for the last three years, and incidentally she is the only college in Western Pennsylvania that has had that honor,

since Mr. Cummings was the only one chosen this year from the colleges of this end of the state. "Bob" will go to Philadelphia some time in April to take part in the final state contest, and we wish him all success in the deciding event in the Quaker city.

LOCAL COLOR.

Chas. McQuiston (reciting history): Yes Joseph II got along pretty well until he died.

H. Foote: O kids, did you ever dream about going down a church aisle all by yourself, and being scared to death?

Dr. Ferguson (reading in chapel): "Behold him who is made a little lower than the angels."—Just at this point Dr. Campbell enters.

Lois N. (in mission study class): Let's not wait until Sylvia comes, then we can get through early.

Mae Hintz (dreaming): Don't you dare touch my hand! Don't you dare!

Prof. Mills (to Janet Mc in lab): Now, here I got you this little fellow, and he's gone away again.

Rev. Gamble: I have a text here that perhaps would have some bearing on student life, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

Prof. Barr: We'll study these two verbs together, so we can keep them apart.

Dr. Campbell: Did you ever study Latin, Bishop Simpson?

"Simmy": Occasionally.

Marie S. (discussing the verse, "The time will come when we must all kneel before the jasper throne."): Well that would be all right, but I don't quite like the word "all".

Miss Boak: Well, the romantic nights have come, and I suppose I'll have to spend my time shoving boys.

H. Foote (having been asked if she knew any jokes): Well, I heard something somewhere, about somebody, but I can't think what it was.

SONGS FAVORED BY OUR FRIENDS

Mary Jamieson: "O where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

"Betty" Long: "Somewhere, Somebody's Waiting for You."

Joe McMurray: "I'm a Member of the Midnight Crew."

Edward Munn: "O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing."

Andrew Coulter: "On the Chapel Steps."

"Cy" Hoone: "No Wedding Bells for Me."

Frank Andrews: "Seeing Nellie Home."
Helen Duff: "Willie, We Have Missed You."

Etta Schmelz: "Jingle Bells "

Marie Stewart: "Ching a-ling."

George Vincent: "Over the Bannisters "

"Shorty" Stewart: "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee "

"Jimmy" Logan: "Sweetheart I Wait for Thee."

"Peg" Dickson: "Blue Bells of Scotland."

Harry Coulter: "Hark, I Hear a Voice."

Ralph Christie: "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes."

Hubbard Stewart: "I Need Thee Every Hour."

Charles McCormick: "It's May Time."

"Bill" Cleland: "Till We Meet Again."

Wayne Baird: "Forsaken "

Lois Nevin: "O, Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?"

Martha Vincent: "We Won't Be Home until Morning."

J. K. Stewart: "By the Light of the Silvery Moon "

"Bill" Moore: "Love, I Am Lonely."

Helen Troup: "Dare to be a Daniel!"

Mary Douthett: "Work, for the Night Is Coming."

Malcolm Parrish: "She Has Rings on her Fingers."

Dr. Campbell (discouraged): We'll have to strike ore (Orr) here some place.

Mac Milligan (visiting Leagorean): I tried to get the gentlemen to come with me but I failed.

"Tub" Fulton (another visitor): Well I like that! I'm very sorry he didn't suc-

ceed in getting any gentlemen to accompany him.

"Charlotte" Orr (leading Y. P.): I would ask Mr. Stewart to take up the collection,—and close by repeating the Lord's prayer.

Sylvia Jamison: You're a good one at making dates, Nora

Nora K: Sure, I know how to do it.

H. Foote: Why aren't you going to the party tonight? You know your excuse last year was that you couldn't get a girl

Love: Well, that's not the case this year.

Girls at one table were expressing their sorrow that Helen Duff was on her limits Mabel King said, "Well I'd rather have roses than Bill Moore anyhow."

Helen Duff (dreaming about Buhl minstrels): Say, kids, do you suppose they'll turn the lights out tonight?

Bachelor Girls, drawing on white kid gloves preparatory to going out.: Aren't you going to wear gloves tonight, Lois.

Lois N.: No, I don't have to wear them tonight.

The girls were discussing Rose Patterson's being on her limits for ten weeks, when Marie Stewart said, "O, kids, I think I'd go home?"

We think it very peculiar that Lois Nevin is collecting funds for Howard Martin.

WITH WESTMINSTER ALUMNI

'88. Rev. K. W. McFarland has resigned his pastorate in Scio, Ohio, and has returned to his farm west of New Wilmington. It is his desire to have his children near the college for their education. The Scio Herald speaks of him as a man almost indispensable, not only to his people but to the community at large.

'01. M. M. Edmundson, a prominent young attorney of Pittsburgh and formerly a star third baseman of the Westminster team, will coach the Pitt baseball players this year.

'75. The Rev. Dr. James M. Farrar has been appointed by Mayor Gaynor of New York City, as a member of the Board of Education of that city.

Dr. Farrar has occupied a very prominent position in Brooklyn for the past twenty-three years, having been pastor of the First Reformed church of that city. He is also President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, vice-president of the Seney Hospital, president of the Board

of Home Missions of the Reformed Church, vice-president of Berkeley Institute for Girls in Brooklyn, trustee of Ursinus College, member of the board of the Theological Seminary at Rutgers, N. J., and a trustee of Michigan College.

Ex '12. W. Brainerd Jamison, a second year student in the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, and for some time in charge of the Olivet Mission connected with the Shadyside Church, has been forced to give up his work on account of prolonged illness. He is now in Skyland, N. C., where the mild climate and mountain quiet are doing much towards restoring him to his former health and strength.

'04. On Tuesday evening, March 25, Rev. Geo. C. Vincent will marry Mary Lois McMichael, the daughter of President Thomas McMichael of Monmouth College. For the past two years, Rev. Vincent has been the pastor of the Second U.P. Church in Monmouth, Ill., but he has accepted a call to the Washington, Pa., congregation where he and his bride will be "at home" after the first of June.



The Department of Music

The Westminster College Orchestra gave its second concert on Friday evening, March 7. The program was exceedingly well given, and won much applause and praise from the audience. The Orchestra has progressed rapidly, and its work reflects much credit upon the leadership of Prof. Kurtz. The program follows:

Coronation March	- -	Meyerbeer
Tales of Hoffman	- -	Offenbach
Scarf Dance	- -	Chaminade
Waltz, The Skaters	- -	Waldtenfel
Violin Solo, Andante from concerto	- -	-

—Vieuxtempo

Edward F. Kurtz

March Militaire	- - -	Schubert
La Charmante	- - -	Kurtz
Hungarian Dance, No. 2	- - -	Brahms
Chant Sans Paroles	- - -	Tschaikowsky
Overture, Hungarian Lustspiel	- - -	Kiler-Bela

Instead of the usual Sabbath evening anthem, on March 9, the special music consisted of a solo by Miss Mary Shaffer, "Teach Me, O Lord," by J. W. Bischoff.

On Monday evening, March 10, The Thursday Club held its annual social and musical evening. The musical program consisted of vocal solos by the Misses Cunningham and Shaffer, a piano solo by Miss Douthett, and a piano duet by the Misses Williams and Shaffer.

Miss Florence Hinkle, considered by competent critics to be one of the foremost concert sopranos in America, gave a recital in the College Chapel, on Thursday afternoon, March 13. Never has New Wilmington heard so famous a singer. In addition to her program she generously gave four encores which included, "Will-o'-the-

Wisp" and "The Land of the Sky Blue Water." Miss Hinkle has a magnificent voice, powerful and wonderfully clear even on the most difficult notes.

Miss Douthett proved a most capable and efficient accompanist.

The following was the program:

Piangero (Julius Caesar)	-	Handel
Vedrai carino (Don Giovanni)	-	Mozart
Come Unto These Yellow Sands	-	Purcell
Frühlingsglaube	- -	Schubert
Ich glaub lieber Schatz	- -	Reger
Im Lenz	- -	Cornelius
Zur Ruh, Zur Ruh	- - -	Wolf
Meine Liebe ist grün	- -	Brahms

Depuis le jour (aria from "Louise") - -
—Charpentier

Baciami	- - -	Tosti
Mireille	- - -	Massenet
Beau Soir	- - -	Debussy
Chere Nuit	- - -	Bachelet

Memory	- - -	Parke
Her Love Song	- - -	Salter
Norse Maiden's Lament	- - -	Heckscher
I Know Where I'm Goin'	- - -	Old Irish
I Know My Love	- - -	Old Irish
Love is the Wind	- - -	MacFadyen

On Tuesday evening, the French and German Societies held a joint meeting, to which the members of the faculty were invited. Special music was an important part of the program. The Misses Cunningham and Newlin sang a duet, the "Barcarolle" (Tales of Hoffman) by Offenbach. Miss King sang a solo.

The Misses King, Cunningham, and Douthett, with Prof. Campbell, gave a concert at Sharon, March 25, before the Wednesday Afternoon Musical Club.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Monmouth College has three hour semester examinations, but only two exams are given in one day so that the student has more time for rest and study between them.

Monmouth is trying to get money to build a Women's dormitory. Four thousand dollars are still necessary to complete the required amount but they hope to secure the money in order to break the ground by the first of March.

Said a youthful bride at a summer resort: "Why are the shades drawn?"

Replied her liege and lord: "Why, even the mountain peaks."—Ex.

Stude: "In what course will you graduate?"

Bonedom: "In the course of time."—Ex.

A Junior was heard to remark, "When I die I want to be put in the fire place."

When asked why, he replied, "So that my ashes will mingle with those of the grate."—Ex.

You can drive a horse to water,
But you cannot make it drink;

You can ride a Latin pony,
But you cannot make it think.—Ex.

The Oberlin Glee Club made a two thousand mile trip over the vacation season going as far as Duluth. The club traveled in a private car.—Ex.

Flunkers at the University of Colorado are required to wear small blue caps with green buttons.—Ohio State Lantern.

The singing of "Hail, Hail," is forbidden at Nebraska under pain of expulsion.

Four women are taking engineering at Michigan this year and it is reported that they are being very successful in their work.

City cousin: "Tell me, sir, how's the milk-maid?"

Country one: "It ain't made, you poor mutt! The cow gives it."

"How were you in athletics in college, son?"

"I was good at relay events, dad."

"That's just what I understood. Well, you can just relay all the carpets your ma took up last spring."

Judge: "Married?"

Swede: "Ja, been married."

Judge: "Who'd you marry?"

Swede: "Ja, I marry a woman."

Judge: "Well, you fool, did you ever know of anyone who didn't marry a woman?"

Swede: "Ja, ma sister, she marry a man."—Ex.

Teacher: "What is a philosopher?"

Pupil: "One who rides a philosopede"—Ex

The Sorosis had a very good story in its December number entitled "Dick's Fiancée." The story received the prize in a Short Story Contest

Several of the Exchanges have made honorable mention of "The Letter Forgot-

ten" which appeared in the Holcad a short time ago.

The University of Washington is making plans for a triangular debate between the co-eds of Washington, Oregon and California Universities

"The essay on Modern Criminology in the Westminster Monthly is sound, practical, up-to-date, interesting and really an exceptionally good college production. It is on the line of thought that cannot be agitated or brought before the American people and especially the college students, too much."—Phoenix, Tarkio College.

"This same paper contains an essay on The Greater Westminster in which it is lamented that there is so much cheating in examinations and that loafing is indulged in by so many students of Westminster College. We also notice other college papers complaining of the large amount of cheating. Tarkio takes pride in that these things are and have been almost "Nil" here. And yet it is a shame we must ad-

mit that a little cheating crept in during the last examinations. If this continues it will kill the 'Tarkio Spirit' which we now cherish."—Phoenix.

The February Phoenix has a couple of good stories, but it is sadly deficient in jokes.

If you study oft on Sunday,
 You'll have no harp or wings;
 For you'll never get to Heaven,
 Where they have those dandy things.
 But there are regions balmy
 On the cinder path below;
 You'll find pleasure there in greeting
 All the "Profs" you used to know.—Ex.

The Monmouth College Oracle says, "Along with the last Holcad from Westminster there appeared a very interesting account of a college foot ball song. It was composed by E. Royce and is called "Sons of Westminster."

During the past college year there have been nearly 5,000 foreign students enrolled in American Universities.—Ex.



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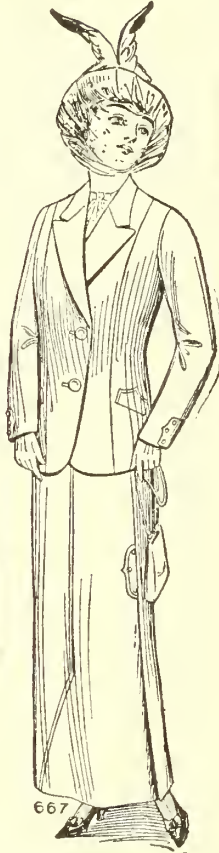
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THE HOLCAD

VOL. XXIII

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No, 8

Westminster's Gladness.



FRIDAY, March 28th, was certainly a glad day for Westminster. At about noon the last subscription needed to complete the \$400,000 fund was made in the Pittsburgh office. At 6:00 p. m. the College Board of Trustees met to hear reports on the campaign, and every man was smiling his relief at the thought that no special guarantees were needed at the last moments. At 7:00 p. m. the the glad news was known to the hundreds of Alumni and their friends who had gathered at McCreary's great dining room for the annual banquet. At about 8:00 p. m. the news reached the home town, and New Wilmington went wild with joy to the accompaniment of ringing bells, shrieking whistle, and glad laughter and congratulatory remarks by citizens. It had been a long hard campaign. Its completion required the absence of the President from his place in the college for

about five months. Very special aid was given in the closing weeks by Pastor A. A. Graham of the Second United Presbyterian Church.

The question that now arises is "What are the benefits that will either accompany or flow from the completion of the \$400,000 fund?" The answer is varied and manifold:

1. In a short time the College will have an endowment income of about \$25,000.00 per year, as in contrast with the approximately \$5,000.00 or \$6,000.00 heretofore received. This will lift from the President the burden of making annual collections for the Maintenance Fund, a method of college support which has characterized the last few years.

2. Through the possession of a \$500,000 endowment the College will secure increasingly the the respect and confidence of the Church. A better support will be furnished a worthy Faculty. People of benevo-

lent tendencies will have an incentive to liberality along lines of gifts and legacies. It is the history of all educational institutions that progress has been more easy and rapid when stability has been attained through passing the half million mark in endowment. People prefer to give to a sure thing. Success is the charm which brings further success. It is not too much to hope that the future will witness a larger beneficence toward Westminster than has ever been known in the life of our denomination.

3. The large number of subscriptions and the wide range from which these were secured mean a wider and more intense interest in the College than has ever been manifested. It is

somewhat striking that the number of subscriptions received should be 1913, the figures designating the year of triumph. It is a pleasure to record that, at least, 601 Alumni subscriptions were received. This wide spread interest means thought for Westminster, and the turning of new students toward her halls.

4. Endowment effort is intensive rather than extensive in effect. It furnishes foundation for growth. Buildings and equipment are more alluring as objects of beneficence. With the harder task of gaining endowment accomplished, a large hope should characterize effort for whatever extension work the coming years may demand.

Ex-President E. T. Jeffers, D. D.

A GUEST OF THE COLLEGE.

MUCH enthusiasm was manifested at the chapel service of April 24th, when it was announced that Dr. E. T. Jeffers, President of Westminster College from 1872 to 1883 inclusive, could be secured for the annual sermon to the Christian Associations on Sabbath, June 15th. It is anticipated that a larger number of the Alumni will be present this year than usual owing to the week-

end feature which will be permitted by holding Commencement Exercises on Tuesday instead of Thursday. A popular religious meeting for Alumni and students will be arranged on the Sabbath afternoon of Commencement week at which both Ex-President Jeffers and Ex-President Ferguson will feature with helpful messages. Westminster's successful present will thus be linked in thought

with her successful past, and the men who have given their lives for her interests will be permitted to meet large numbers of those who have realized educational blessings through their leadership.

The Glee Club Trip

ON Friday, March 21, the Glee Club started on its first annual tour. The itinerary was an extensive one in view of the fact that the Glee Club is an innovation at Westminster. The club, composed of R. W. Cummings, R. W. Kirkbride, C. W. Sankey, E. V. Buckley, R. W. Taylor, first tenors; J. C. Fulton, O. M. Love, E. R. Tallant, R. B. Willson, second tenors; J. R. Manson, R. R. Miller, L. M. Stewart, D. H. McQuiston, J. M. Mercer, first basses; and J. K. Stewart, M. M. Parish, E. F. Munn, A. S. Coulter, T. C. Davis and W. A. Lindsay, second basses, left New Wilmington on the special at 4:15 p. m., mingling with the home going students until Homewood was reached. Here occurred some heart rending scenes as youth and maid parted probably not to meet again for a whole week. However the club arrived at Salem, Ohio, where the first concert was given. Here occurred the first fatality of the trip, when "Skin" Parrish while descending from the third story dressing rooms slipped and broke his fall only by a successful pause on the first landing.

The next morning found us in Carrollton, Ohio, but only after the tracing of one of the most devious courses imaginable. However the memories of this trip cannot be recounted and printed in black and white with justice to the pleasures. Only the original will suffice. It is hinted that a number of our bachelor members have a desire to return.

Despite our seeming success something so disturbed the elements as to move them to tears, which weeping continued throughout the week. Monday night we appeared at Struthers, Ohio. Here a reception no less cordial was received, but the boys were too tired and the weather too bad to allow a full enjoyment. East Liverpool was the next stop and on this trip the boys experienced the first of Ohio's high water. There was "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," and in Youngstown one could not even wash his face. Wednesday evening we were the guests of East Palestine's population and especially of Scott Woods. From East Palestine to Coraopolis was the next jump or splash, as the

weather might be interpreted, and the following day the club was in Pittsburgh. During our stay we were entertained by Doctor Russell at a very fine dinner in the "Dutch Room" of the Fort Pitt. The concert at the Alumni banquet in the evening was marked by some weird and amusing performances, but—well, ask Kirkbride, as he was the butt of the joke and also some cheer leader.

After a two day rest we made our appearance at Cadiz, Ohio. As usual the club gave their "well rendered program" but only to meet with greater success when "Girt" Newlin entertained the entire club at her home. This marked the end of our tour, a success in every aspect and for this success great credit is due both Prof. Royce our director and our Manager, Mr. Krikbride.

Nun Minus One in the Cloister.

ONE! two! three!
The square convent clock tolled dolefully the knell of Amelia's study hour.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon," the voices rose from the twelve blue and white convent uniforms, "and at all times, praise and adoration to the most holy sacrament of the altar."

Quietly Amelia closed her brown paper covered book, selected from the row before her two other brown paper covered books, and as quietly took her place in the line of girls. Sister Agatha opened the heavy door and the uniforms filed past her into the narrow hall.

To the farther end of the dim passage went Amelia alone, not quite qualified, this newcomer, to enter Sister Cecilia's advanced and orderly class! She must recite to Sister Con-

tance until such a time as that gentle nun might see fit to promote her.

Seated before the black-robed Sister, Amelia sighed. Startled at the uncanny echo in the stillness of the room, she determined to swallow all sighs thereafter. The first lesson progressed without disaster. Not so the second!

"I *forgot* to commit that rule," pleaded Amelia.

Sister Constance was petrified. Such a thing was unheard of in the convent. She was perhaps the most patient nun in the cloister; moreover it would hurt to confess to the prioress that Amelia's was a case too much for her. She assumed a look of sad reproof.

"When you have reviewed the assigned lessons of yesterday and to-

day, I will hear your recitation." Each word was an icicle.

Amelia swallowed a sigh and opened her book. The minutes lagged in the dreary room. Once she looked up at the unsmiling face of the nun, but was glad to delve again between the brown paper covers.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon"—the gentle voice startled Amelia. She had not heard the convent clock.

"—and at all times," Amelia chimed in, "praise and adoration to the most holy sacrament of the altar."

Four was the hour for recreation. Ah! that unlearned rule! Now she must remain in the dreary room to recite. But some unhopd for pity touched the Sister.

"You will join the class for recreation," she said.

Out in the open sunshine on the green, Amelia forgot her troublesome lessons. If only she could talk to someone awhile! One thing she missed more than anything else was a boon friend. There was no chance for cliques in the convent, nor much intimacy between two girls. All at once a wicked thought flashed in her mind. Sister Constance was the only nun who had time to instruct her privately. Forgetting that gentle lady's late benevolence in releasing her at four o'clock, she turned her head to fling across the even rows of girls a malicious glance at the Sister, who was outlined against the high garden wall.

The drills proceeded as usual, however, with apparently no hope of diminishing the number of nuns by one. At five o'clock, the girls, still in orderly lines, passed in at the side door of the refectory. Sister Constance held wide open the narrow door to let them enter. By some chance, her glasses, which she had taken off and held in her hand, had slipped unmissed to the floor. This was chance, but it was surely providential that Amelia was the first to spy then. Dragging the toe of her shoe across the doorstep, she fell headlong forward. A titter ran down the line. She was up almost before she had stopped the line, squeezing joyfully the glasses in her pocket. Well she knew that Sister Constance could not read a word without them. Well she knew that the gentle nun was looking compassionately after her, pitying her awkwardness.

"Variety," Amelia reassured herself that night, "is the spice of life."

At least she would recite with her class for awhile. No one else had seen the glasses. They would not guess. Her conscience rose forebodingly, but she squelched it firmly. She slipped between the sheets of her little bed. Her closing eyes shot wide open as she saw the man-in-the-moon peeking between the stone slabs of the windows. He was grinning from ear to ear. Amelia's lip curled. Let him grin! *He* could never, never tell.

M. J., '17.

The Billy-O

IT has often been told that the Sharpsville Railroad is not a "Twentieth Century Limited." If referred to in comparison with the flyer of that name, possibly the story is true, but if the existence of the old railroad is meant, the old iron horse, known as "the Billy-O" might be still puffing, after the twentieth century limit has faded behind the smoke of its achievements.

'Tis true, "the Billy-O" looks as if it were built rather along the lines of comfort and security, than of speed. As a prospective patron waits for it at the quaint old New Wilmington station, a shrill whistle attracts the attention to a small speck, which seems to mark the spot where the ever-narrowing space between the rails is ended. A long period of suspense follows, but finally, a small, low engine, with a large high smoke-stack puffs out a line of black smoke that extends over the six or eight freight cars which usually separate the engine from the passenger car and baggage coach.

The faithful old train furnishes much fun for story tellers, who greatly exaggerate its noticeable lack of speed. Various tales are told about

the train crew, who impede the progress of the train in order to cultivate a garden made beside the track; to run after rabbits which they shoot from the train; and to talk to young ladies who occasionally loiter about the fence corners. Few extraordinary stops are made, however, excepting the delay when the engine is used to shift coal cars to a neighboring mine.

Nevertheless, the old railway serves its purpose. Many a gaudy scene of joy it has furnished, as it bore away the crowd of happy college students to athletic events in nearby towns, and many a time it has been the quieter scene of sorrow. The half of the coach furnished for the passengers is small and cozy, and for that reason, the passengers, who under other conditions might be fellow sufferers, feel a spirit of familiarity. The other half of the coach is not to be forgotten; for it is here that all the supplies of the towns of the valley are transported. It is here that the mail is carried, that the numerous trunks of the college students are jammed in the spring and the fall of the year, and here that many

stories are swapped between familiar passengers and the trainmen.

After all, the old Billy-O is in keeping with the quaintness of the villages which it connects. It is not unusual for a college town to depend upon such a railway. Most of the inhabitants of the valley, satisfied with the old relic, hope that the peace of their villages will not soon be broken by

thundering trains. Hence, as long as the efforts of the up-to-date citizens to install a better system prove fruitless, and as long as the hopes of the "quaint ones" remain unshattered, the old Billy-O will continue to furnish story material for the "would-be assassins of sorrow" who try to make life worth while by abusing the ancient railway. E. V. B.' 16

A Tale of a Traveler.

MOST of us are a bit loath to admit that our journeys to "distant parts" have been rather few. We would prefer to have people think that we had been outside of our native states quite often, and Pullman cars and colored waiters are not new sights for us. It seems to me that if we were all frank and above board in this regard we would admit that railroad journeys are fascinating to us for a number of reasons. It is customary for those who have travelled all their lives to recount their experiences, and why not one young in the ways of the world, report his impressions? Right here we will lay off the garments of false pride and give impressions as they came to us.

On entering the Pullman car for my several hours ride, I found, after the porter and trainmen had ceased

to run around in their usual blustering manner, that my companions for the evening would be three drummers. Drummers, as you know, are always fleshy men, and jolly men. They are as inevitable in a Pullman car as are death and taxes in ordinary life. As the hour was eight o'clock, there was little for one to do but listen to the three drummers, (who seemed to be co-laborers in the same vineyard,) as they discussed the business situation. Presently one of them produced a board from somewhere, and there followed a friendly game of poker, played with matches.

After a time I was lured back to that cozy little smoking room so much appreciated by the male sex. The drummers soon drifted thither also, and were generous in their offers of cigarettes and salted al-

monds, but thought it wiser not to tempt one so young with the offer of beer. One of them was not drinking, so he said, because he was reducing his weight. Although he was down forty pounds, he did not look especially frail at one hundred eighty. Having resisted the temptations of the flesh, I was honored by being allowed to listen to a long discussion about automobiles. Said one, "Do know that Ford is said to have more cash money than any other man in the United States?" "Its a fine little car" responded another. "It beats all the other little cars a city block," put in a third.

Yawns presently proclaimed that it was time to retire. "Blanked hard bed we had last night, eh, Snyder?" Well I rather guess! I could sleep on a cactus bed tonight," responded our friend of the water wagon.

Polite and impolite literature teem with that worst of all modern conveniences, the Pullman berth. There is one fundamental reason why men will never return to the colonial style of dress, and that is because under present day traveling conditions it would take one's complete time to get his duds systematically placed around the confines of his berth.

One of the drummers was telling me that major league ballplayers would sometimes tell green youngsters who had never travelled much, that the little hammock in the berth

was for the purpose of holding the salary arm, so that its cunning would in no wise be diminished during the silent watches of the night. Many a young pitcher has wooed slumber while holding his wing in one of those hammocks.

Morning at last came, and, feeling like a barrelled monkey, I climbed down my little ladder and made for the wash room. As Erasmus Wilson, the "Quiet Observer" says, you are always sure to find some big fat party monopolizing the facilities for improving one's personal pulchritude. Letting by-gones be by-gones, we will not discuss that type of animal a drove of which once ran down a steep place and were drowned in the sea. These Pullman train self-seekers are generally drowned in a sea of silent contempt at least.

Twenty minutes for breakfast at some benighted little city. Anybody who can't make an honest living should try running a lunch counter for the benefit of travelers. That is where dishonesty has its supreme opportunity. However, serving hot-dogs to transients is already a crowded profession.

A day in a day-coach is as a thousand years. There you watch the rabble climb on or off at the stations, and wonder if after all, as Lincoln said, "God must love the common people, for He has made so many of them." On this day, for a sample,

I saw the gum-chewing variety of young girl enter the car, with a troupe of comrades almost as bad as herself. Then there was the woman who had recently lost a dear friend. It was too bad about the dear friend, but really the whole car should not have been forced to listen to a whole history of a family tree. Of course there was a crying baby that always makes day hideous with its wailing. In this case the culprit was a little son of Italy, and he certainly did "out-Herod Herod." There is still hope for a nation if it is importing lungs like that, which can put a whole car of people into a state of semi-irrationality.

Toward evening we approached

our mecca, and with much pleasure anticipated deliverance from our troubles. Upon being asked if we were near Chicago the porter replied. "Yes sah, yes sah, we're in the sur-burgs now." Glad that we were in the "surburgs," I gathered up my baggage, ready to disembark. Gladly did I once more find shelter under a vine and fig tree where corpulent drummers are a minus quantity.

Drummers are all right, and so are porters, and babies, and high school girls and all the rest,. The only things that I would actually consign to perdition are the raw oysters that they serve on diners. Surely these imitate nature abominably!



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IN THIS issue the new staff makes its initial bow. By profiting by the experience of our predecessors, we hope to continue their policy which spells Progress. It is our desire to make The Holcad truly a college paper, published for the Students and Alumni, to give a true impression of the student and alumni activities and to bind Westminster more closely to both. We hope to give all a fair hearing and meet all questions fearlessly and with impartiality. We may make mistakes but knowing this we are ready to hear

and consider carefully any criticisms or suggestions for the advancement of our paper and our Alma Mater.



YOUR PITY NOT SOLICITED.

It is a fact that the staff of every college paper has a large task in placing before the student body a journal that is interesting, and one that is alive with college spirit. Funds are always limited, and the strenuous efforts of the business managers often result in the obtaining merely enough filthy lucre to keep the paper alive. There are cer-

tain dull seasons in every college year, when news of any vital interest is at a premium. After the editors have done their best to produce a creditable issue, the average student will reply in answer as to a question as to what is in the paper, "Oh, nothing much, as usual," or some such words that are calculated to be gall and wormwood to the editors, if they are unlucky enough to overhear them.

Now if college journalists were meeting obstacles not to be found in real life, or in the ranks of real journalism outside of college halls, they might be granted a share of someone's pity. The facts of the case are however, that money does not grow on trees anywhere, least of all in the business world. Every periodical of any kind, also has to cope with the same dull seasons met by the tenderfoot editor of a college sheet. As for the harsh criticism which the sharp tongues of the thoughtless undergraduates roll off so easily, is not this same thing to be met with in actual life? Now is the time to become in a measure immune to the opinion of others, so long as the adverse criticisms are unmerited. The staff of the college paper needs no pity, and so long as it gets an even break of the square deal from its public, should serve college interests without a whimper.

WHY NOT WRITE FOR THE PAPER?

It would be a desirable state of affairs if the average student should come to regard a position on The Holcad staff as one of the coveted prizes of college life. At present there are few students who do not wish to avoid the slight addition to their duties that such a position entails. In many schools it is counted an honor to be sought after, even to have an occasional article accepted for publication by the college paper. If the student body fully realized the pleasure that there is in supporting their paper, once the initial effort has been made, there would be no cry raised about the failure of the undergraduates to furnish material for publication.

The next time you have an hour off in the evening, just resolve to try your skill at writing a little sketch, an editorial, or a bit of humor for The Holcad. It is quite likely that some of your serious attempts may prove rather humorous, but faint heart ne'er composed fair article for the college monthly. Once you have taken the plunge, once you have actually got your will power into action, the chances are that you will try the trick again. If a few people would do this occasionally, the editor might have a larger task of proof reading than he now has, and his waste basket would perhaps overflow at times. It is a sure thing however that The

Holcad would be benefitted, and that the contributors would taste of a pleasure that is a very real one' which is known as the fascination of printer's ink.



DON'T PETER OUT.

Everybody does a few things to the best of his ability, at least this is a charitable assumption that we feel safe in making. Likewise, there are many who do not "peter out" in a great many enterprises. In our college activities we begin a whole lot of things that peter out abominably. Plans for making radical changes in conditions of various societies, and organizations, religious and secular alike, seem possible of fulfillment in the beginning, but presently our initial fires of enthusiasm burn low, and the wonted activities go on much as before, warmed by embers.

In view of the inevitable "petering," it is wise to undertake less, and finish more. It is not that we love enthusiastic beginnings less, but actual achievements more. It is better to be a first class orator than a second class athlete, scholar, musician and general superintendent of building and grounds all in one. Let excellence be the first consideration, and diversity of activity the second.



YOU KNOW THIS PERSON.

We are all well acquainted with the type of individual who peddles

advice, yet who is himself incapable of putting through a single enterprise on his own account, or of making his own character anything like a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." This kind of a person is often seen on the football field in the fall of the year. Such and such a player, in his opinion, does not succeed because he "won't use his bean." When winter comes this person doesn't know what is the matter with the college and community, but generally thinks that there are not enough social doings, or perhaps there are too many. He may say that the school is too exclusive, and ought to import some professional roughnecks. The balmy spring finds our hero still offering advice on how to run the college, how to get out a winning baseball team, and so forth ad infinitum.

All that a wise person can do to such a person, is to tolerate him. "We must be gentle toward the absurd," as Cardinal Newman has said. All of us are, however, likely to at times harshly criticize the actions of others, even though we are unwilling to do our share toward the advancement of any worthy movement. Those who are doing things generally have little time to advise the general public as to how they should conduct themselves.



THE FUNDAMENTAL REQUIREMENT.

If you were asked to tell the first

requisite of any student entering college, of any learner, what would be your answer? You would probably say, "A desire to learn," or "A teachable spirit." These are in a sense correct answers, yet there is a better one. The prime qualification of any learner is a knowledge of his ignorance, and a mental attitude of humility, that shall be proof against the dangers of conceit over any intellectual attainments to which he may achieve. Let humility stand as the great need. Socrates taught this when he said that he was wiser than other men only in that he realized that he knew nothing. His contemporaries, wise in their own conceits, were deemed by him of all men the most ignorant.

No one can long remain about a college without hearing that humility is a virtue. Many a student however, seems to feel that he has made the circuit of the sphere of knowledge and that his future life, and even the energy of his college days, is to be spent in correcting others' misconceptions of things as they are. Age will doubtless teach such persons as these that in their college careers, or even in the whole course of their lives, they will only get a glimpse of an infinitesimal speck of the great mass of knowledge. They will count themselves fortunate if they can so relate their mental life to their environment, that existence

shall be agreeable, and that society shall be a trifle better after their departure.

There is no tutor like time, and the verdict of time has been that he who would learn wisdom must maintain a spirit of humility.



The Holcad bids welcome to the 1914 Argo which is now in the hands of the Junior staff. The Argo this year is one of the best annuals that has made its appearance at Westminster and should be in the hands of every student and alumnus. The staff of the Argo has taken great pains to make their publication a success and while probably not superior, it is the equal of any college annual published in the small colleges.



"We have never seen in all our associations with other schools, a visiting team receive the ovation and fair treatment that has been accorded to us in our visit to Westminster." Such was the expression of Captain Ogden of the Swarthmore debating team after our recent contest. While we lost, and cannot rejoice in victory we can glory in the fact that the old Westminster spirit can carry us through a defeat like men, and may it always be said by our opponents that we fought fairly and won, or lost as the case may be, as true sons of Westminster.

We can rejoice in the fact that Greater Westminster has advanced from an embryo possibility to a probability. But remember our continued growth depends on you, the alumni—the student body—the church.

Alumni Notes.

The Alumni Banquet.

The Annual Alumni Banquet of Westminster College was held at McCreary's, Pittsburgh, on Friday evening, March 28, 1913. The banquet was in the hands of the following committee: John E. Nelson, chairman; James M. Ferguson, Mabel M. Henderson, Harold M. Irons, Grace Knox, Florence E. Beatty, Wm. McNaughton, Mary J. Park, Mrs. Ella Richmond Murray, and Earl D. Miller. The thoroughness with which the committee carried out the arrangements reflects credit not only upon the individual members but upon the school in which they received their training.

Owing to the high water the attendance was not large but the spirit shown by those present spoke well for Westminster's future. The evening was one great round of good fellowship and the students and alumni mingled as one body, rejoicing over the great victory of the completion of the endowment effort.

The dining room and tables were decorated with blue and white and made a fitting background for such a scene of rejoicing. At seven o'clock the assemblage was seated and thoughts of hunger were soon dispelled. Following the dainty repast W. Bruce McCrory as Toast Master, with some display of wit and much good sense introduced Prof. C. B. Robertson, who spoke on "The Alumni," and clearly and truly did he show the importance and need of the alumni in Westminster's development. Following Prof. Robertson, Mrs. Mary Reed

Hughes spoke as a representative of "The Westminster Girl." It would be impossible for the writer to attempt to repeat the sentiments expressed by Mrs. Hughes, or to even praise a speech of such wit and wisdom. Last but not least came Doctor Russell and "The Future." We were disappointed that Doctor Russell did not continue in his prophetic mood but in the face of the fulfillment of his prophecy concerning the endowment, we were constrained to be content.

On introducing Doctor Russell, Toast Master McCrory, in behalf of the Alumni, presented Doctor Russell with a loving cup bearing three handles. In his acceptance Doctor Russell, in his foresight, saw in those three handles to the cup, the alumni, the student body and the church welded together as one for the advancement of Westminster.

Music was furnished by the College Glee Club under the direction of Prof. Royce.

John Fulkman has made an enviable record at Penn State this season in the wrestling game. He and Captain Shoenberger were the only two members to finish the season undefeated. Fulkman won from Cornell, Harvard, Trinity, McGill, Toronto, and also had the distinction of besting the 145 pound collegiate champion of Lehigh. Fulkman is also a track man of merit, being a distance man hard to beat.

'03 Hervey S. Bailey, '03, is editing and publishing one of the city dailies in Xenia, Ohio.

'10-'11 Misses Marian and Margaret Johnston, 1910-11, have returned from a trip to Florida, and report a good time.

'09 Robert Dobbs, '09, gave some anxiety to his friends as he holds a position in Dayton, Ohio, where the floods were so destructive of property and life, but he lives in Xenia, Ohio, and works in Dayton, and by God's good providence was not even in jeopardy at any time.

'88 Rev. K. W. McFarland, '88, has come back to the home region and will live in New Wilmington.

Mr. Carl A. Porter will begin evangelistic services in Bridgville, Pa., soon. A tabernacle is being erected for the meetings.

'04. Grace Thompson, 1904 is in the law department of Lincoln University, Lincoln,

Neb. She will be graduated in June this year.

We extend congratulations to Prof. Scott Thompson and wife—Miss May Alexander—on the new arrival at their home. Westminster will look for a new student about the year 1930.

'79 On Sabbath, April 8th, both the college and the town community were given the great privilege of hearing Rev. Watson McMillen Hayes, missionary to China and also a member of the class of '79. He gave two wonderfully inspiring talks and was especially appreciated by the students.

'10 Mr. T. F. Patton, a senior in Allegheny Seminary this year, was a recent visitor here. We are glad to learn that Mr. Patton has received a call to Elderton, Pa., and expects to accept.

Music Department

Gay Donaldson, baritone from Pittsburgh, gave a pleasing recital before the students of the department in the College Chapel, Monday evening, April 7. Mr. Donaldson came to us as a rather new and unknown singer. This accounts largely for the small audience that greeted him on this occasion. Miss Mary Douthett supported Mr. Donaldson very artistically with her excellent piano accompaniments. The program was as follows:

The Three Comrades, Hans Hermann
Ah! Love, But a Day. Daniel Protheroe
Uncle Rome (The Old Boatman)

Sidney Homer

The Ballad of Thyra Lee, Arthur Somerville
(Dramatic scene)

Night and Day, Charles Fonteyn Manney
Ould Doctor Maginn, Gena Branscombe
Charity, Sibly Sammis MacDermid

From the Land of the Sky Blue Water,

Charles Wakefield Cadman

The Moon Drops Low,

Charles Wakefield Cadman

Invictus,

Bruno Huhn

Wm. E. Duckwitz, professor of piano playing in the Department of Music, gave an excellent and highly artistic piano recital in Recital Hall, Saturday evening, April 12, to a capacity house. This was Mr. Duckwitz's first appearance in a recital before the student body and music lovers of Westminster. His single appearance in the faculty recital last September aroused interest in this occasion. With the exception of a little nervousness which was only slightly noticeable in the first of the program, Professor Duckwitz's playing showed big and facile technic, beautiful in tonal effects, and

amazing at times in passages demanding virtuosity. His entire program was selected with great taste and showed his marked versatility. His interpretations were original and evidenced a complete mastery of the composer's ideas. Special mention should be made of his readings of Seeling's "Loreley," and Liszt's "Liebstraum No. 3," and "Rhapsodie, No. 10." He seemed to excel in these numbers. We give his program below.

Beethoven, Ludwig van—Sonata, Op. 78
 Chopin, Frederic—Scherzø in B minor, Mazurka, Op. 41, No. 2, Preludes, Op. 28.
 Nos. 3 and 4, Etude, Op. 10, No. 12.
 Gluck-Sgambati—Melodie
 Seeling, Hans—Loreley.
 Rubenstein, Anton—Romance, E flat.
 Strauss-Scendt—Paraphrase; Fiederm aus Waltz
 Liszt, Franz—Liebstraum, No. 3, Rhapsodie No. 10.

College World and Exchanges

It is characteristic of college students to start a new undertaking with a certain buoyant spirit known as "amateur fire." The ardent desire of the editors of the Holcad to make the magazine an interesting and representative college paper is an evidence of this. As the new staff assumes its duties, they are stimulated by a desire to "make good." Those who in the past have been none too sparing in their adverse criticisms of the work done by others, will now have a chance to try their own skill. As President Russell has often intimated, it is much better to talk of achievements after you have accomplished them than before. In the matter of the Exchange department, this seems to be a wise policy. We would say, however, that we feel there is large room for improvement in this department, and that we shall endeavor to make some of the needed improvements. The element of interest is the first thing to be considered in writing exchanges. No amount of faultless English can ever aid in the success of a magazine department, unless the content appeals to the interests of the readers. Items to the effect that certain schools will build a new auditorium at such and such a time are practically valueless from the point

of interest to college readers. Exchange items should concern the active life of students in as many schools as can be placed upon the Exchange list. If attempts at wit are made, they should at least be passable efforts, or they should never be allowed to pass the watchful eye of the editor. Interest, vivacity and variety, are the things to be desired in this department. Good form is of course essential, but the element of interest is the final test for this department.

Perhaps we have said quite enough as to how things should be done. The readers are now ready to say, "Well, let us see how well you can practice what you preach." It is our request that you deal gently with our earlier attempts at least. Remember that it takes time for a new staff to get up momentum. If our efforts shall fall short in any great degree of the above ideals, be kind enough to remember the words of Lowell, "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

The March number of *The Monmouth Oracle* contains a humorous and well written editorial aimed at the careless conduct of students in tramping out the grass on the campus. The article advocates that if extreme measures become necessary, seed be

sown on the bare spots, and that a wire fence be put up as a protection to tender blades as they come up. Extreme measures have been necessary here at Westminster, but we feel that if a respectable number of the tender blades could be induced to grow, we might have more care in not trespassing upon certain parts of the campus.

The Tarkio College *Phoenix* informs us that Geneva College has provided a special fund to train the orators and debaters who are to represent their school. This plan would seem to introduce a little of the business-like system that so often seems lacking in the control of such contests, although intercollegiate athletics always seem based on more systematic principles.

"Did your son make any high marks in college?"

Fond Father: "Oh yes, he painted '09 on the roof."—Ex.

The Girard College *Steel and Garnet* for April reports that Shakespeare is one of the most popular of authors among the boys. One young fellow has read nineteen of the poet's great plays, and says that he enjoyed every one of them. Few college students could boast of such a record. Reading all of an author's works is not always to be recommended, for most writers have their less-inspired moments, as well as there periods of insight. Probably with Shakespeare one is wise to stop with a score of plays. There is enough material in any one of several to challenge the keenest of intellects for a considerable time,

Landlady: (To boarder at table) "Young man, have you smoked beef?"

Young man: "No ma'am, nothing worse worse than cigarettes."—Ex.

In *The Birch Rod* of April 1, which is called the "Special Faculty Number," there appears a picture and sketch of Professor Morgan Barnes, A. M., one of Westminster's most popular faculty members of a decade ago. The following is a partial quotation of the article:

"Mr. Barnes is the head of the department of modern and ancient languages.

The bare fact Mr. Barnes holds an international reputation in the educational field does not signify what he means to Edinboro as a school and as a community. A modern Shakespeare would say, 'Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts, and that which would appear to us offence, his countenance like richest alchemy can change to virtue.' As students we owe much to him. His clever and kindly tact in the classroom, his courteous conduct toward others, and the worthy example which he sets before the students, mark him as a man of cultivated mind and heart. He is bound to leave a lasting impression upon every student who is so fortunate as to come under his influence."

Prof. Barnes was Professor of Greek for seven years at Westminster. In 1903 he accepted a position in Thatcher School, in California. At Westminster he won the high esteem of the college community because of the very qualities enumerated above. He was the author of the Westminster Hymn, that song which is so much loved by all loyal adherents of the Blue and White. College spirit thrived under his influence, and it was through his efforts largely that cheering first became something of an art, and less of a barbarian outcry.

We are glad that Professor Barnes is appreciated by the Edinboro State Normal students, and we cannot but believe that he is. Let us extend our best wishes to the author of the words: "Long may she live our mother, Fair Westminster."

Breathes there a Stude so dead,
 Who never within himself hath said,
 When Profs. announce a coming quiz,
 Some nasty cuss word, or, "Gee whiz?"

—

The exchange list of The Holcad contains several good papers. It seems desirable that we should add several more, so as to include those colleges with which we have inter-collegiate relations, in athletics, or on the public platform. It is hoped that we can strengthen the department materially in this way.

Mark Twain once said that he had been irregular in his habits so long that irregularities had become regular. This thought has a pertinent application to the management of the average college paper.

—

Abe Martin might say. "Next t' the town drunkard, nobody kin kill time better than thuh college bum."

—

An optimist is a person who doesn't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him.--Ex.

The Modern Language Clubs

In order to become acquainted with a language, one must learn to speak it. It was for this reason that the German and French clubs, the Deutsche Verein and the Le Cercle Francais, were organized. Of course we get a certain amount of conversation in the daily class work, but there, we are not thrown upon our own resources as we are in the club meetings.

We are organized with a president, vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a constitution very much the same as the literary societies in our college. Each club meets every two weeks and all the business is transacted in French or German. We have regular programs taking up the life, educational systems, and customs of the two peoples. In this way, we are brought into contact with bits of information, which otherwise, we would not receive. After the programs, we spend the rest of the hour in social conversation, playing games and composing original little stories. In this way we learn the common, everyday terms and idiomatic phrases, which do not occur in our texts.

We manage the financial end of the organization with the fifty cent membership dues. Aside from paying all bills incurred, the German club was enabled to purchase 12 copies of the Deutsches Liederbuch. These will be left for the use of future club members.

During the year, we have had two joint meetings, the one a Christmas celebration and the other a reception for the faculty. The December meeting was carried on in true foreign style,—social fellowship with the coffee cups, and interpreters, that all might enjoy the program. In the March meeting we were glad to welcome the faculty and to feel that they had an interest in what we were doing.

At the last meeting of the year, in April, the new officers for next year's work were installed. At the same time the members of the first year classes were taken in. We feel that they are coming into a rare privilege, which they probably will not recognize until they are about to leave college. The work is most enjoyable, besides being profitable and we wish to thank Miss Kickhoefer

the head of our Modern Language Department, for making this practical experience possible for us. G. N., '13.

At a meeting on April 1, the following officers were elected by the Le Cercle Français for the coming year: President, Hall B.

Braham; Vice President, Marie Stewart; Secretary, Isabella Young; Treasurer, Walter Hart. On April 8. the Die Deutsche Verein elected President, Earl R. Tallant; Vice President, Eleanor Elcessor; Secretary, Tamar McMurray, Treasurer, Wm. J. Martin.

Athletics

The athletic situation at Westminster is somewhat of an uncertainty at the present time. Many of our old standbys graduated last year and we feel their loss severely. The coach, however is busy working with a bunch of new material from which he hopes to be able to fill the vacancies. About fifty men are out for baseball and the track this spring. It is too early in the season yet to make any prophecies concerning the new "stars" which we may have, although from outward appearance the material at hand is very promising. Some are inclined to be despondent over the loss of our heroes, who have gone to other fields of labor, and are a little inclined to see the hole in the doughnut rather than the rest of it. What Westminster athletics will amount to this year, depends not altogether on the coach, but largely on the enthusiasm and the spirit with which the athletes enter into the routine of every day practice. The difference between an average athlete and a "star" is that one goes at things in a half hearted wishy washy way, stays away from practice every day he is not feeling at his best and does not try to do the most he is capable of doing. The "star" as we call him, puts his whole mind and strength into the game with the determination to be somebody and has the grit and backbone to stick with grilling practice through thick and thin. The shirker never amounts to anything in any line of work. The others, as well as the coach, are better off without him hanging around in

the way and setting a bad example to others. It is a well known fact, which may be seen in operation on the athletic field every spring and fall, that a few days of hard practice soon weeds out those who are yellow and incompetent. If you decide to go out for either track or baseball make up your mind to do your best, no matter what the other fellow may do. Don't be a quitter. If you are a baseball candidate always put on a suit or as much of a one as you may have and look like a player even if you are not. It has a good influence upon yourself and on those who see you. The same thing will apply to track. If you are not enough interested in the work to put on a suit you may be sure that you have not enough interest in the matter in hand to make a success of it.

BASEBALL.

The battery candidates were the first to report for practice in the gymnasium the latter part of March. The pitching staff, consisting of Phythyon '14, Jamison '13, H. Coulter '13, D. McQuiston '15, E. Mercer '16, and Graham '17 reported for practice headed by "Dan" Phythyon and H. C. Coulter of the veterans. The catchers position which had been so ably filled in former years by "Bill" Mansell is being tried for by Fife '13, C. McQuiston '16 and A. Kirkbride '17. They are all very good and each has his own good points, although McQuiston seems to be developing a good "Whip," which the others seem to lack.

Out door practice started in earnest, April 2d, the first day after the spring vacation. The field was in rather poor condition and the chilly and inclement weather made fielding practice almost impossible. Coach Gildersleeve has been laying great stress on batting practice, which has been held daily. Most of the candidates though young and inexperienced nevertheless show promise of developing into good men. Besides the battery candidates are the following: infielders; Captain Parrish '13, Logan '15 Orr '15, K. Igo '17, Christie '14, Cummings '17 Andrews '14, H. Igo '15; outfielders, Fair '17 Coleman '17, McCreary '17, Houston '17 and Wilson '14.

The schedule has not been completed yet on account of Manager McMurray quitting school, but Prof. Campbell of the athletic committee has been doing all in his power to get things straightened out and in good shape. The following schedule has already been completed. A further schedule will be published next month.

April 19, New Castle H. S. at New Castle.

April 26' New Wilmington H. S. at home.

May 3, University of Pittsburgh at home.

May 8, Hiram at home.

May 17, Volant at home.

May 19. U. of P. at Pittsburgh.

TRACK

The track team feels very keenly the absence of "Dave" Ashton, who nearly always carried off his fifteen points in the weight events, while Ward and Ashe, our sprinters and hurdlers are also greatly missed. Captain Vincent '14, has been working hard and has had a squad of track and field candidates out practicing every day. Considerable interest is being shown and a goodly number of men are working out right along.

The following men from last year's squad are still with us, Captain Vincent '14, A. Coulter '14, A. Milligan '13, Parrish '13, and K. B. Wilson '14, while Tilton '14, who won his "W" in 1910, is back this year after a couple of years at Bucknell. The new men are Canon '16, Tormay '16, T. C. Davis '17, Alderman '16, McCormick '17, Braham '17, Buckley '16, McLaughrey '15 and Tallant '14.

McLaughrey has been making some good throws with the discus, while Tallant has been giving the shot some mighty heaves. Vincent is getting into the form of his former instructor, Ashton, and promises to do good work with the hammer.

The Inter-class relay cup, presented by the class of 1902, will furnish an incentive to the class relay teams and other trophies will be objects of endeavor for individual effort.

On May 31 the annual inter-collegiate and inter-scholastic track meet will be held at New Wilmington. The following colleges have accepted our invitation to participate, Tech, Grove City, Pitt and Geneva, with Westminster, makes a five college meet. The prep schools accepting our invitations are, Vernon H. S. of Burg Hill, O., Greenville, Pa., H. S., Johnston H. S. of Cortland, O., Hartford H. S., Woodlawn, Pa. H. S., Grove City, Pa. H. S., South H. S. of Youngstown, New Castle H. S., and Sharon H. S.

Many others are expected to be heard from soon. It will be a big day for Westminster as it is also customary to hold the Sophomore-Freshman tug of war on that day.

May 15, Interclass Meet.

May 24, Invitation Meet, U. of P.

May 31, Invitation Meet and interscholastics as home.

Students' Directory

SENIORS

R. W. Cummings President
Gertrude Newlin Vice President
Lois Nevin Secretary
Robert Mitchell Treasurer
John Manson Basketball Captain

JUNIORS

R. M. Christie President
Ruth Houston Vice President
Dorcas Schoeller Secretary
Andrew Coulter Treasurer
Frank Andrews Basketball Captain

SOPHOMORES

D. H. McQuiston President
Mary Jamison Vice President
Janet McCalmont Secretary
Charles Wick Treasurer
C. O. Mackle Basketball Captain

FRESHMEN

David Schnable President
Mary B. Sebring Vice President
Marian Kitch Secretary
W. A. Lindsay Treasurer
Earl E. Mercer Basketball Captain

ATHLETICS--W. H. Gildersleeve, Director and Coach

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Earl Tallant, President; Raymond Kirkbride, Secretary

FOOTBALL--D. O. McLaughry Captain BASEBALL--Malcom Parrish Captain
R. M. Christie Manager James Veazey Manager
TRACK--George Vincent, Captain; R. R. Miller, Manager; J. H. Johnston, Ass't Manager

CLUBS

VAN--Malcom Parrish President VARSITY--Earl Tallant President
John Manson, Secretary-Treas.
CRESCENT--J. L. Stewart, President; David Schnable, Secretary-Treasurer

GLEE CLUB

Raymond Kirkbride, Manager; A. S. Coulter, 1st Ass't Manager
John Manson, Sec'y-Treas.; D. H. McQuiston, 2d Ass't Manager

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Y. M. C. A.--J. R. Turnbull President Y. W. C. A.--Ada Martin President
Robert Cummings, Vice-Pres. Maurine Shane, Vice President
Walter Braham Secretary Jane Russell Secretary
John Manson Treasurer Helen Martin Treasurer

Public Speaking and Debating Association

J. R. Turnbull, President; Marie Stewart, Vice President; J. L. Stewart, Secretary-Treasurer

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS--

Hall Braham President
Marie Stewart Vice President
Isabella Young Secretary
Walter Hart Treasurer

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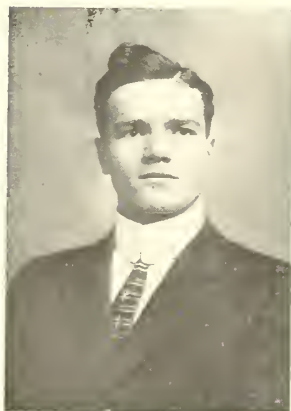
W. R. ROGERS, MANAGER

202 E. Washington St.,

New Castle, Pa.



THE DEBATING TEAMS



R. W. Cummings



Jasper R. Turnbull



J. K. Stewart

THE HOLCAD

VOL. XXIII

New Wilmington, Pa., May 1913.

No. 9

The Evolution of the Oratory Department



Before the formation of the Department of Oratory, and while public speaking at Westminster was yet in its infancy, elocution was taught by some one coming for a brief term, say a month or more. In 1890-91 Miss Eva M. Shontz A. B. conducted a class for five weeks. Miss Shontz was a graduate of Monmouth College and of the National School of Oratory at Philadelphia. She has since been quite prominent in temperance work in the west. Others followed in succeeding years, Miss Rose E. Knestrick, Miss Ella McBurney and Mr. S. I. Conner.

The work took permanent and constant form with the coming of Miss Gertrude Acheson of Youngstown, O. Miss Acheson was a pupil of Prof. Cumnock and was a pleasing interpreter of literature. She was a bright, sincere, prudent, capable young lady

—withal a delightful personality—and for ten years was head of the department, with brief intervals of absence. These intervals were provided for by the satisfactory service of Miss Marie McConnell, now Mrs. Beistal of Greensburg, Pa., and later of Miss Agnes B. Oliver, a graduate of Monmouth College and a sister of Katherine Oliver, the Scotch interpreter. Miss Oliver is not now living.

In 1903-4 the department was known as that of "Public Speaking" and the following announcement of it was made: "The aim of the department is to teach students the fundamental principals of expression. Beginning with the simplest forms of reading, the student progresses by systematic teaching to the more complex and higher modes of vocal interpretation. Regular drill in articulation, pronunciation and voice devel-

opment is maintained throughout the course. Rates \$16 per term, 2 lessons a week. \$10 per term, 1 lesson a week.

In 1906 Miss Acheson, finding the nervous strain of her profession too great, retired and took a business course and is now pleasantly located in Youngstown, O.

With the retirement of Miss Acheson came a new head of the department, Miss Elizabeth L. Randall, B. O. Miss Randall came with prestige of successful work in a neighboring college and did vigorous work from the fall of 1906 until the spring of 1910. Her personality was genial and masterful and she left with the good will of all. She was chosen to a like position in Monmouth College, but preferred to return to the position she had held before in Beaver College. A course for graduation was outlined by Miss Randall and the tuition increased to \$45 a semester for the regular course and \$30 a semester for two private lessons a week.

A new school year found Prof. E. R. Moses Ph. B. the head of the public speaking department. With the

coming of Prof. Moses in 1910, the department assumed yet greater proportions and importance. He came to us from Muskingum College where he had made a reputation as the efficient head of oratorical work and his work here has justified his choice. He has put new life into contests and debates and awakened ambition in many minds to be able to express their thoughts well in public. He has now a valuable assistant in the person of Miss Marjorie Bryant who commenced work in 1912. What Prof. Moses has been able to do is shown in the articles on "Our Forensic Relations" and "Oratorical Contests."

We can follow the evolution of our department of oratory from a periodic class to the studied course of today, from the meager knowledge gleaned from a few weeks drill to a complete department offering courses from two to four years, and a department which has been and will continue to be instrumental in bringing laurels to Westminster through its products on the platform.

Our Oratorical Contests.

The oratorical phase of Westminster's intercollegiate relations has increased with the evolution of her public speaking department and we have found her sons more than capable of holding their own with even the largest schools of America. Westminster is now represented in the largest local league, and the two greatest intercollegiate contests of the time, the Peace and the Temperance contests, each being national in its scope.

The oldest contest in point of time is the Tri-State, embracing schools in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Since the forming of this league Westminster has more than maintained her standing, ranking first no less than six times, five times winning second and never falling lower than third. First places have fallen to H. B. Hezlip, '95, H. R. Miller, '99, H. T. Getty, '03, F. J. Warnock, '04, R. S. Miller, '09, R. M. Russell Jr., '11, while second lot has fallen to W. E. Brooks, '00, W. B. McCrory, '01, J. A. Stranahan, '05, C. W. McNary, '08, and W. H. McNaugher, '12. Last year the contest was held at Bethany, W. Va., and this year it is to be held at Beaver Falls, Pa., on May 13, 1913, under the auspices of

Geneva College. This year Jasper R. Turnbull will represent Westminster and we are backing "Jap" to come off victorious in the contest.

In 1911 we became allied with the great Peace Movement when Wm. J. Dickey represented Westminster on the Peace contest with the oration "The Rusted Scabbard." On this occasion we won third place. In 1912, through our representative J. K. Stewart, '12, we sprang to the head of the colleges in Pennsylvania by winning first place in the State contest held at the University of Pittsburgh. This year we have the honor of being the only college in Western Pennsylvania to have a representative on the contest. In company with the representatives from Bucknell, Swathmore, Ursinus, University of Pennsylvania and Lafayette, Robt. W. Cummings '13, the Blue and White entry, appeared at Houston Hall of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia and won third place, beating out the University of Pennsylvania, Ursinus and Lafayette. While "Bob" did not win we are more than proud of him, as winning a place on the contest attests the power of his mental ability and his place in the standing stamps him as

an orator worthy of the name.

This year Westminster took an advance step and became identified with the Intercollegiate Prohibition League, in the Temperance Contest. The preliminary for this contest was held the last of March. There were two contestants, W. E. Cleland who delivered an oration on "The Liquor Traffic and National Character" and J. K. Stewart whose subject was "Alcoholism—America's Problem." Of the two, J. K. Stewart was chosen to represent us. With representatives from Penn State, W. & J., Dickinson, Pennsylvania College, Albright, Rutgers, Susquehanna University, Juniata and Westminster, Stewart won

third place, Juniata winning first and Dickinson second. The winner of this contest and the winner of the peace contest will represent the State of Pennsylvania in their respective interstate contests.

In these three contests Westminster is brought into close contact with the best and largest schools of the state and, from her record of never falling below third place, she is an opponent to be feared. If we can take these three years as an example and look into the future, we see Greater Westminster ranked among, probably not the largest, but the best, in point of honors, of the schools of the state.

Our Forensic Relations

Prior to 1911 Westminster's relations in forensic work were limited to one school, Geneva College, with whom an annual debate was held. But in 1911, with the advent of Prof. E. R. Moses from Muskingum, the idea of a greater debating influence was demanded. After much effort debates were arranged with the University of Wooster and Juniata College, which held the enviable record of ten years of undefeated teams, winning over such Schools as University of Pennsylvania, and Swathmore.

With the schedule came the necessity of developing the teams, as A. C. Williamson, who this year was a member of Princeton's victorious team was the only seasoned debator in school. At the first preliminary sixteen men reported and R. M. Kistler, '12 Loyd Ruland '11, W. H. McNaugher '12, Ralph R. Miller, '14, S. F. Stewart '12, J. K. Stewart '12, and E. H. McClain, '12 alternates, were chosen to represent the school. On the 21st of April, Williamson '11, Kistler '12 and Ruland '11 our affirmative team met Wooster at New Wilmington and

debated the question Resolved "that the Federal Government should levy an income tax not apportioned among the states according to population" and won by a two to one decision. On the same evening McNaugher '12, Miller '14, and Stewart '12, defending the negative, debated Juniata at Huntington, on the same question, and lost by a two to one decision. While two victories would have been more satisfactory, we were more than pleased with our record, for we had met schools experienced in debating and with enviable records and had found ourselves in our first year not a bit inferior.

In 1912 but two of the old men reported, Kistler and Miller. This year our schedule included the University of Pittsburgh and Bethany College. At the call for preliminary debate ten men responded and Kistler '12, Braham '16, Dambaugh '14, Daum '12, Miller '14, Stewart '12 were chosen to defend the blue and white, the question for the year being, Resolved "that the principle of the recall of judges should be adopted in the several states." Shortly before the time for the debate the University of Pittsburgh for unknown reasons cancelled their debate, leaving us with but the one contest. Accordingly the affirmative team after a tiresome trip arrived at Bethany, W. Va., where they met the college at

that place, winning by a two to one decision.

At the beginning of this year the prospects were dark, both as regards schedule and teams. Only three old men Braham, Stewart and Miller were in school and no schedule had been arranged. The men in school did not seem to be interested enough to even try for places. Before the preliminary, debates had been secured with Swathmore and Grove City. At the first preliminary four men were chosen, Miller, Stewart, Braham and Grundish '16 to represent us against Swathmore. Since the questions in the two debates were different it was found necessary to enlist more men, and a second preliminary was held and Orr '15, McQuiston '15, Milligan '14, and Scott '15 were chosen and from these a second team was chosen to debate against Grove City. On March 20, the evening before Easter vacation, we met Swathmore at New Wilmington, upholding the affirmative side of the question, resolved "that the judiciary of the several states should be subject to recall by their electorate." In a very fierce and interesting debate, Swathmore received two of the three decisions. When we consider Swathmore's standing, we can find consolation even in such a defeat. On April 25, our second team composed of Grundish, Milligan and McQuiston, defending the negative side of the question

resolved "that all corporations doing an interstate business should be under the control of a Federal Commission similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission," met and defeated Grove City. The victory was decisive, Westminster receiving all three decisions. After this debate Dr. and Mrs. Russell royally entertained the teams, judges and visiting friends.

As we look back at our three years of intercollegiate debating we can well be proud. We have met the strongest teams in forensic circles, winning three and losing two by close decisions and never has a unanimous decision been cast against us. We started with but one experienced man and we leave, for next year, seven men who have seen service

and through whom we expect Westminster to win an enviable place on the forensic platform.

In 1911 under the leadership of Williamson, the debaters formed an association, the Pi Gamma's, an honorary club composed of those who had represented Westminster on the debating platform. This year the association is to be enlarged to embrace also those who have been our representatives on oratorical contests. It is the object to have all debating and oratorical relations under the supervision of this association and for which they shall be responsible. Under the supervision we expect to widen the field of activities and bring Westminster into closer relations with the big schools in the East and West.

The Aristocracy of War.

The ignorance of Democracy is the great obstacle to world progress. For countless ages rival aristocracies have swayed the scepter of nations. History is one long record of their jealous strifes. Aristocracy has exploited the earth for its own selfish interests. Democracy has paid the piper! The foundations of the structure of old aristocracy lay in the ignorance of the masses. As long as it could blind the people aristocracy

ruled with unbridled power. The time came, however, when the masses could no longer be kept in darkness and ignorance. They discovered the despotic position of their masters and rebelling, overthrew their entire structure. But they were unable to take advantage of their victory and today Aristocracy whether of birth or of wealth again guides the destinies of the nations. But now aristocracy is wise! Profiting by its old

mistakes, it recognizes that the people who walked in darkness have seen light, and, watching their intellectual growth, cautiously avoids all conflict with their knowledge. Yet, at the same time, it has retained its old motto that it is safe to presume upon the ignorance of the people and it makes the best possible use of this principle.

The world of nations is confronted with an unparalled situation. The spirit of universal peace was never so prevalent. Each year witnesses innumerable gatherings in the interests of peace. Each year records an increasing number of arbitration and peace treaties. Every succeeding Hague conference evokes a growing interest and raises the percentage of international disputes to be settled through its justice courts. It is universally agreed that mankind is closely united; that commerce, travel and modern methods of communications have so linked the nations together, that war would be an unalloyed evil; and that arbitration, therefore, is the best method for settling international difficulties. Yet on the other hand the war spirit was never so blatant. From England to Japan our periodicals are filled with rumors and predictions of war. The din of preparation for attack is continually in our ears. The nations of the earth are annually pouring into their war departments over \$2,000,-

000,000. While internal problems of industry, state and society are pressing for immediate solution, the world spends more than half of its income building battleships, and strengthening its fighting machinery. The nations though professing peace and good will, stand back like hungry wolves, each afraid to abandon its watchfulness for an instant lest it be seized and devoured. Taxes mount higher and higher each year oppressing the people and crippling the national resources. Every new invention of gun, airship, and Dreadnought is hailed with frenzied joy.

The nations, drunk with the wine of imperialism, of military and naval display, are madly spending the last available dollar in rival preparation for a hazy war.

From the decay of Rome until the nineteenth century the world was continually in the deadly throes of war. Europe was one great battlefield, filled with wrecked navies, mutilated armies, smoking homes and pillaged estates. The nations were passing through the period of their formation. War was the principal business; was the highest ambition; and war the greatest glory of mankind. As a result war became highly organized. The state existed for war, and therefore perfected most highly its organization for waging war. Thus, to run the fighting machinery, a military aristocracy sprang

up and to it was entrusted the defense of the nation. Naturally, having obtained control of the state, since its very existence depended upon war, this aristocracy continued to make war the chief occupation of the state. Then war became more than ever as Josiah Quincy said, "a game, played for the aggrandizement of the few and the impoverishment of the many."

This aristocracy has never been dislodged from a leading position in national affairs. Today in every nation there exists a powerful army and navy aristocracy which wields a vital influence. Here we have an explanation of the present paradoxical situation. As Democracy becomes more and more enlightened it realizes that war is its greatest enemy. Hence the growth of the present peace movement. But with this growth the war spirit has never been allowed to die. The army officer and the admiral are held in high esteem. The display of armaments, of troops, and of all fighting machinery still awakens a thrill in the human breast. For the sake of position and prestige it is the policy of the naval and military officers and the nobility, who compose the war aristocracy, to exert every possible influence to keep alive this spirit.

Ferrero, the noted Italian historian, commenting on the late Tripolitan war, says of the dying aristocracy

of Europe, "too weak to defend themselves openly, they are trying to preserve their influence by arousing in the masses a patriotic and warlike spirit." In Germany the policy of this militant aristocracy has reached its zenith in vast military preparation. In the United States "such men as President Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Chas. E. Jefferson, and Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard have recently called attention to the activity at Washington of the various steel, nickel, powder, oil and other trusts in connection with the appropriations for great navies. The Navy League has been formed to fire the minds of the youth with the glory of warships." The government mobilizes the fleet in annual parade in New York for the same purpose. Alarmed at the conciliatory attitude of the nations the militarist is making a supreme attempt to hurl the world into the paroxysms of universal war.

When resolutions to increase armaments appear before national parliaments, the militarist at once schemes to provoke favorable sentiment and to subdue opposition. Rumors of war spring up in every portion of the globe. In the United States it is Japan that is preparing to attack us; or, now that Canada is uniting with England in a mutual defense policy, our ears will be filled with the dangers of a northern invasion. In Germany it is France and

England; in England, Germany and Russia; in France it is Germany and Spain; each nation has her particular foes who are ready to swallow her up in a moment. It is a demonstrated fact that all these rumors spring either from the army camp or the naval quarters. Some general foresees that the Japanese army is ready to spring upon the Philippines, rush across the Pacific, reduce San Francisco, overrun California, and entrench itself in the Rocky mountains before the United States army can be loaded into the trains. An English admiral discovers just in the nick of time that Germany could easily overrun England and that she is in very truth preparing to do so. In every country the militarist is digging up the buried past, rousing the dying animosities of national life and fanning them into a flame. And the people, persuaded in spite of their pacific intentions, reach down into earnings and hand out over \$2,000,000,000 annually to satisfy these leeches which are draining the very life blood of the nations

Notwithstanding the stupendous preparations pointing to the contrary the world is in a remarkably pliant and peaceful mood. Never was there a more opportune moment for the establishment of the principles of peace. Humanity, tired of the horrors of organized murder, is demanding other methods of settling inter-

national difficulties. The situation demands immediate action. The world cannot rush on indefinitely in the mad race for gigantic armaments. The opportunity, now facing the West, of uniting in perpetual peace with the Eastern nations while those growing empires are more easily influenced by western civilization, may never return. If the East should continue the policy of the West, of preparing for great wars, she may turn her swords against her teachers. The time is propitious for a general advance. Surely the ideals of the Prince of Peace have been so widely disseminated that humanity is unanimous in its desire to abolish bloodshed and to unite in eternal brotherhood. The only obstacles are ignorance and lack of leadership. Let some great nation but lead the way, the others will gladly follow.

It seems that America must take the lead in wiping out forever, every vestige of this scourge. Logically the task is hers. At peace with the world, no ancient animosities hang over her, like the nightmares that distress the peoples of Europe. Ever foremost in the cause of liberty and peace, let her now lead the nations in a world-wide exodus from the bondage of militarism. Let pulpit and forum proclaim the gospel of peace and good will. Let the leaders of her Democracy reveal the uselessness of war and the feasibility of

world union. Let her schools impress upon the minds of her youth the greatness of the "Heroes of Peace," the unfading laurels of the one who gives himself a *living* sacrifice. Then will the foolish maxim of this martial aristocracy, "Peace—only through preparation for war," no longer beguile the masses into

squandering their treasures on an idle fear, and humanity, freed from its long serfdom shall find its highest expression of patriotism, not in the self-immolating devotion to Mars, the heathen god of war, but rather in willing service to the Commonwealth of Mankind.

Robert Cummings, '13

Alcoholism---America's Curse.

"After reconstruction, the next great problem confronting this country will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic." So prophesied Abraham Lincoln. That prophecy has been fulfilled. Whether men acknowledge it, America is now face to face with the vital question of alcoholism. The flagrant conditions brought about by the saloon is gradually forcing men to recognize their personal responsibility and leading them to inquire into the causes of the increased consumption of alcohol. The alarming growth of the liquor business is gradually compelling the citizenship of this country to arouse itself from the lethargy and unconcern which has formerly characterized its attitude toward this great moral problem. The solution of this problem demands the best efforts and largest intelligence of every American citizen.

That the cause of temperance has made some progress, no one can deny. The temperance Society has distributed more than a million pages of printed matter. Prohibition laws have been enacted in several states while local option is being tested in various communities. Anti-liquor laws have been discussed at Harrisburg, which is some advance for Pennsylvania. Our national legislators have passed the Webb bill which must prove of inestimable value to the "dry" states in their struggle for moral purity. Yet, while there are one hundred and fourteen thousand more saloons than churches in our land, while the annual receipts of the liquor business would suffice to run every department of our government, while the amount of liquor consumed yearly would make a lake six miles long, one mile wide, and three feet deep, the success of the

temperance forces must be regarded as somewhat limited.

The phenomenal development of our country has been paralleled by the rapid growth of the liquor traffic. As our population increases, the saloon, legalized by a nation's ballot, steadily increases in power. Into every state in the Union, alcoholism has injected its deadly virus. And our nation, for the sake of revenue, pays annually a toll of one hundred thousand American lives—an enormous sacrifice. Should not the fight with man-destroying foe demand the interest and aid of every American? Shall we not join in combatting a system which is sapping the vitality and degrading the morals of our state and nation? The interest of unborn generations demand that, today, we discharge this sacred duty.

It must be admitted that the brewing and distilling interests have become powerfully entrenched in our national life. Notwithstanding the fact that the saloon suffers under a social handicap, its political power is conceded by all and must be reckoned with in the fight for prohibition. Its business has expanded until its property is now valued at five hundred millions. Since few propositions pay larger dividends, men, with a feverish desire to become rich, have exploited the liquor business to its limit. Thus the greed for gold

has been a prominent factor in developing this pecunious trade.

The cry of numerous prohibition leaders is "Away with the saloon." Yet these men neglect to give any practicable method of disposition. They forget that the saloon is simply a distributing center. They forget that the effectual cure must begin at the source. The saloon, licensed or illegal, will distribute as long as the brewery and distillery produce. Hence, before national prohibition is possible, the supply must be cut off. But, from a purely business standpoint, it would hardly be just to close by legislation, these producing centers without first reimbursing their owners. On a moral basis, however, our government has the legal right to destroy, without compensation, that which is detrimental to the nation's welfare. And the moral consideration must always be paramount.

If the desire for financial gain induces men to engage in the production and distribution of alcohol, what are the forces that lead to its consumption? The saloon is patronized by two distinct classes of men. The first includes those who use the saloon solely for the purpose of satisfying their craving for liquor. They are insensible to its atmosphere of freedom and sociability, factors which play a prominent part in the success of the modern saloon. They are in the clutches of a disease which has

destroyed their will power and left them at the mercy of an overwhelming thirst. The reclaiming of such men can come only when a rigorous enforcement of nation-wide prohibition laws has destroyed the producing and distributing centers.

The second class is composed of men who use the saloon but seldom abuse it; men who, on account of present manufacturing conditions, are denied the privileges of social contact during working hours; men who are not bound by any ties of home. These men may elect to stay in their lonely and cheerless lodgings. If not this, where shall they go? They have no social connections which would satisfy the human craving for companions. What is more natural than to turn to the saloon which is brighter than their lodgings and also extends to them a cordial welcome. These men, and there are thousands of them, demand a hearing. Their conditions cannot be ignored. Dare any reformer advocate the destruction of the saloon their only source of recreation, without first offering them some suitable substitute?

What would be the nature of this substitute? In the words of Freeman it is "a new social center, unlabeled, unrestricted, and free from anything that suggests either charity or paternalism." Is such a substitute possible or practicable? Can any organiza-

tion successfully compete with the saloon for the idle hours of the working-man? Hollywood Inn, New York, has grown from a few rooms, with little equipment, to a large building in which thousands of men annually spend their leisure hours. Innocent games, reading rooms, and sleeping apartments are furnished at cost. Here a perfect democracy of interests has been established. Such institutions, practicable in every city, must be potent factors in moulding and fashioning the lives of men in every class.

In the final analysis of this great social problem, however, the ultimate solution rests with those who neither produce nor consume. In the intelligence, integrity and courage of this class lies the success or failure of prohibition. Since the saloon has been legalized by the vote of the Christian ballot and has proved a stumbling-block to national progress, that same ballot can and ought to destroy it. If public officials, elected directly or indirectly by popular vote are permitted by an indifferent constituency, to grant licenses, can the liquor interests be blamed for using them? If our government for revenue, sanctions a business which destroys its greatest asset, a virile, efficient manhood, who is directly responsible? The government? No. The government is simply the creature of the public will. The people

must stand accountable for their government's actions. The liquor problem will cease to be a national issue only when public sentiment demands national prohibition laws, and, having secured them, sees to it that they are rightly enforced.

A maudlin sentiment may assume that "prohibition does not prohibit." But the liquor interests know better. Why do they maintain expensive lobbies at Washington and the state capitols? That prohibition does not prohibit cannot be denied. But does the law against murder always prohibit murder? Does civilization always civilize? The very fact that the liquor forces are fighting prohibition is an argument for its success. If constitutional prohibition has not been absolutely successful, it has served as a strong check, as seen in many southern states.

The argument that the saloon is needed to keep business in a flourishing condition and that its removal is detrimental to prosperity is still in use. On the contrary many business concerns and large corporations are excluding from their pay-rolls any who are addicted to liquor, not only because it imperils the lives of their fellow men, but because the fullest service is possible only when workmen abstain from the use of alcohol in any form. Society, too, is demanding the destruction of the saloon; for it is taking strong vigor-

ous men and sending them away weak and inefficient, thus depriving society now of the vitality which they might bring to it and robbing future generations of their virility.

Picture the results which would come from the enactment and enforcement of nation-wide prohibition laws. It would transfer the annual drink bill, a sum of money large enough to dig six parallel Panama canals, from the till of the liquor interests to legitimate channels of trade. It would insure greater public safety from mob-rule and disorder. It would diminish idleness, pauperism, and poverty, and reduce crime. It would simplify the social evil and make it an easier problem of solution. It would promote prosperity by making the workingman more efficient, thereby enlarging his earning capacity, and hence his purchasing power. It would open bank accounts, feed, clothe, and school thousands of children, alleviate needless suffering, build and brighten homes, and raise the standard of our nation's morals. In short, it would not only conserve virtues our present citizenship possess, but it would also guarantee that the generation to follow, wholly freed from this blighting curse, would be stronger and more righteous than we—a better race, an improved type of man.

Conditions such as these, however, can come only thru years of organ-

ized and concentrated effort. The citizens of this country must become more aggressive and determined in their fight for prohibition. Christianity must become more courageous, militant and practicable. The supreme moral and religious forces of home training and education must be emphasized. The virtue of temperance must be proclaimed in the pulpit and press and enforced in the home. Our public schools must teach the children the injurious effects of alcohol on the human system. Our colleges must train capable and efficient leaders to organize and direct the temperance forces and lead them to ultimate victory.

From the south and west comes the appeal to the conservative east for state prohibition, that the way may be opened for national prohibition law. In response to that call, the tide of public sentiment is slowly rising. Men are turning from their indifference and unconcern and unit-

ing to overthrow the power of this great destroyer. An awakening conscience and persistent agitation are slowly bringing about such an improvement in our national ideals that we feel as if we could almost see the first rays of a brighter day—a day when the political influence of the liquor interests shall not retard or clog the progress of moral movements;—a day when the drunkard's oaths shall not be heard and his wife shall no longer dread his approaching footsteps;—a day unclouded by the crime, misery and despair which alcohol brings;—yes a day when America, which once broke the shackles from four million slaves and made them free, having again comprehended the problem which the great national crime of alcoholism presents, and having solved it, shall have once more loosened the moral fetters of millions of slaves to appetite and made them free.

J. K. Stewart, '12.

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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mrg.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson.

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

The staff of The Holcad with the permission and aid of Prof. Moses, present this special Oratory number to the students, alumni and friends of Westminster not alone to show our advancement but to awaken interest in the work, the need for which is daily becoming more and more apparent. The world needs men, men of character, men of ideas,

men of education. We think that such men, with such ideas, should be able to express those ideas clearly and forcibly and convincingly that not only their lives, but the lives of others may be influenced for right and principle.



Be independent. That is good advice. No one can admire a person

who cannot think and act for himself or herself. When you think you are right say so but do not be a bigot. That is as bad as lack of independence. Students should consider this carefully. We are here to learn and must know that we are right before our opinions are adopted. We may establish precedents which are right at the time but disastrous to those who follow us. Be independent, yes, but above all be sure you are right.



"Lost, strayed or stolen." We refer to our column on local news. Who is responsible for such conditions is not known to the public and it is best, but they know and we ask them to think, think long and seriously. Such things done in the spirit of fun may reflect a false light upon our Alma Mater.



A short time ago we won a debate and won decisively over one of our greatest rivals. It was a victory over which all should have rejoiced, but if one could have viewed the celebration would he have thought the whole school was represented? To

have the best interest in Westminster's advancement in all the inter-collegiate contests we must not look to see whether the men are of our bunch but that they represent us and our school as a unit. Hereafter in our contests let us cheer for Westminster and her representatives regardless of class or club. The writer does not say this in a spirit of knocking but as a stimulator of thought. No school has better school spirit than Westminster and we glory in the fact that win or lose we do not knock. However there is never a point from which advancement can not be made.



"Keep off the grass." Shall such signs adorn our campus? We hope not. Let us help to keep the campus green by using the walks. We are very busy it is true but not so busy that we have not time to go around by walks instead of walking across the campus squares. Just because the grass is green do not take advantage of it. Give it a chance. Remember you were a Freshman once.

Alumni Notes.

'06 Rev. W. J. Everhart was released from the Boulevard Church, Philadelphia, and accepted the call to Connellsville, Pa., the same church to which the beloved Dr. Hæstson went from this presbytery a few years ago. Mr. Everhart has done a good work and goes with regret, but yet with the best wishes of the members of presbytery.

'79 Rev. James S. Garvin of East Liverpool, O., spent a few days of last week with his son who is a student here now.

'06 Dr. S. C. Calhoun D. D. S., of Apolla, Pa., and a member of the class '06 visited friends in town Monday, April 28.

'84 Rev. Thomas F. Cummings has taken up his work again in Dr. W. W. White's Bible School after a six month's trip around the world.

'11 Everybody may be glad to know that our old friend "Beany" Williamson has been given the honor of playing the pipe-organ in the chapel of the Princeton Seminary. His position is very desirable and we congratulate "Beany," most heartily on his good fortune.

'08 Mrs. Helen T. Lambie, has been visiting her parents for a week, will return to Gladden on Saturday.

'90 Miss Mary E. Ferguson, '90 has been sick for four weeks, under the care of Dr. Bessie McLaughry '87. She is some better and we hope she will improve with the season.

Rev. Dr. McCormick of Salmas, Cal., was a visitor this week. He will be remembered by some as speaking in Chapel in 1906, as he reached us in the course of his tour in behalf of Home Missions.

'96 Rev. Braden McElree of the class of

'96 is visiting his father and mother, on his way to the General Committee of Missions at Washington, D. C., and the General Assembly at Atlanta, Ga.

Programs have been received of the Commencement at Stanton College, Ky., May 5 1913. Rev. J. C. Hanley, '94 is the efficient President and with his capable wife is doing a good work among Southern Mountaineers.

'05, '02, '05, '02 The following notice appeared in the Pittsburg Dailies of April 30, 1913.

"Miss Florence E. Beatty, class of '05 daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Beatty of Wilkinsburg will wed Dr. Holland H. Donaldson, class of '02, this evening, at her home. The ceremony will be performed by Dr. W. J. Reid of the 1st. U. P. Church. The maid of honor will be Miss Laura Turner, of the class of '05, a cousin of the prospective bride. Richard Donaldson is to be best man, while Miss Elizabeth Nuller, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Nuller of Bellevue, and Miss Margaret Dixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dixon of Wilkinsburg will be the flower girls. Dr. J. W. Robertson of the class of '02 and Dr. John MacBride will serve as ushers.

'09 On April 8th in the little town of Gujranwala, India, all our missionaries but five attended the wedding of Miss Violet Scott, of class '09, and Mr. Frank Ayers, a missionary of that place. The ceremony was performed by Dr. T. L. Scott, the father of the bride, and the wedding was carried out beautifully in the English style. A letter has been received stating that Mrs. Ayers was the most classic bride seen for many years in India. Westminster, wishes to extend hearty congratulations.

College World and Exchanges

The Exchange department has been a little handicapped this month owing to the fact that with the change of management of the *Holcad*, there has been a slight delay in getting out the April issue. However, we do not intend to permanently neglect those who have been exchanging with us, and when smooth running is again restored, we will return your courtesies. We feel that interest between different schools can best be kept up by a lively interchange of comment. It shall be our aim to do this more largely in the future.

The *Cooper Courier* for April is a newsy issue, and contains at the same time literary articles of merit. The well-filled advertising section gives the paper the air of prosperity.

The various college papers that have come under our notice all seem inclined to make some mention of balmy days of spring. Editorial comment of this kind seems quite appropriate, for spring fever, and the love of birds and growing things are almost universal qualities. As long as there can be variety and balance in discussing the gentle zephyrs, it is a worthy practice. It is only when talk turns to woolly little lambs gamboling on the pleasant leas, that we would say, "Halt, and give the countersign."

GREAT SCOTT!

If Ivan hoed the bonny brae,
And Athelstaned his tunic new,
If Friar Tucked the food away,
Pray what did Rhoderick Dhu?

—Ex.

SELECTIONS FROM JOSH BILLINGS.

"Every time a man laffs he takes a kink

out of his chain ov life, and thus lengthens it."

"It is human tew err—but devlish tew brag on it."

"Pitty costs nothing—and aint wuth nothing."

"Sekrets are cussid poor property enny how; if yu cirkulate them yu loze them, and if yu keep them yu loze interest on the investment."

"Face all things; even adversity iz polite to a man's face."

"Cunning at best only duz the dirty work of wisdom; therefore I dispipe it."

"Arly genius iz like arly cabbage; it aint apt to head well."

"Blessed iz he who kan pocket abuse, and feel that it iz no disgrace tew be bit bi a dog."

"Sins are the only things i repent ov, i never kould make enny thing repenting ov blunders."

"The more humble a man iz before God, the more he will be exalted,—the more humble he iz before men, the more he will get rode ruff shod."

Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored bill, so that he sold the bill board to pay the board bill. So after Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.—Ex.

A colored woman, conferring with the minister over the unfaithfulness of her life-partner, was asked by the parson if she had ever tried heaping coals of fire on her help-mate's head.

"No," was the solemn reply, "But I done tried hot water!"—Ex.

New Student: "They say that this is a healthful town. Do people die here very often?"

Old-timer: "No, only once."

Hiram Turniptop (Discussing the geysers of Yellowstone):—"Yes, we seen the geezers. There would be one big geezer in the middle, and a whole lot of little geezers round about it."

Four things a student ought to do
If he'd keep only self in view;
To flunk without confusion clearly,
To act from lazy motives purely,
To love himself and ease sincerely,
To trust in bluff and luck securely.

VAIN PICTURES.

The poet has sung of the joy and bliss
That hides itself in a maiden's kiss.
He has sung of the fire that wine will start
To warm and soothe a good man's heart.
We read of the solace found in smoke,
When man is blue, or just "dead broke."
We read that music soothes to rest,
The inward striving of our breast.
Who was the poet who sang of love,
Who told of the song of the turtle-dove?
A long-haired poet composed the rhyme,
He'd ne'er be loved till the end of time.
The nan who wrote of wine and beer
Abstained from drinking all the year.
No rhyme was ever made on "skee,"
And poets all must sober be.

But what of My Lady Nicotine?
And her delights so sure and keen?
The man who sang of the pipe when lit,
Said often, "I guess that I will quit."

Thus we see that those who sing
Of the different joys that life may bring,
Forget that in the heart and mind,
A man alone can pleasure find.

Ambition—analyse it.
Blunders—banish their ghosts.
Courtesy—cultivate it.
Duty—do it.
Excellence—emulate it.
Fears—forget them.
Gratitude—give it.
Happiness—help others.
Influence—imagine it's extent.
Justice—"Judge not that ye be not judged."
Knowledge—know.
Love—live it.
Morals—maintain them.
Needs—notice those of others.
Opportunity—observe it around you.
Patience—practise it.
Quarrels—quench them.
Reason—retain it.
Spontaneity—seek it.
Truth—tell it.
Unison—unite worthy efforts.
Virtue—value it.
Wisdom—work, wait, watch.
(E)xcellence—exceed it.
Youth—yearn for it.
Zeal—zealously cling to the right.

Here's to the college that taught us,
And here's to the maiden that caught us:
But now drink a health,
To that greatest wealth,
The wee spark of wisdom that sought us!

THE HOLCAD

Athletics

We intend to publish all news concerning Westminster's athletics no matter how trifling it may seem to some of us here in school. Our idea is to put the college athletics before the Alumni in such a way, that any person taking particular interest in athletics will be able to follow our career closely and thus be able to draw his own conclusions as to how his Alma Mater is prospering along that line of activity. We wish to make this department especially interesting to our graduates and ask for their support and co-operation. The editor would be very glad to receive contributions from any of Westminster's friends. And we wish you to feel that the columns of this department are always open to you.

We do not want anyone to think for a moment that Westminster is lowering her class any, when you read these accounts of games with New Wilmington and New Castle High Schools. They are only practice games, played in order to try out our new material, of which we have so much, and to see how they would perform before strangers. We also wish to get them broken in a little before they buck up against the strong college and university teams which they are scheduled to meet.

The "Varsity" team had its first try-out at New Castle, on Sat. April 19, 1913. In the very first inning our boys made Wadsworth, New Castle's pitcher, look sick and batted him out of the box in two innings. In the first inning Coulter got a three-bagger; Fair, a two-bagger, and three singles. In the second inning Dave Cummings knocked a home run. At this point Wadsworth was taken out and F. Forney substituted. Westminster now began to get a little real practice, as they were unable to make any hits off the new pitcher, who handled himself well. "Jimmy" Logan's base running was an interesting feature of the game.

The score.

Westminster.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Fair C. F.....	5	1	1	1	0	0
K. Igo 2b.....	5	1	2	0	2	0
Cummings S. S....	4	1	1	1	5	0
Parrish 2b.....	3	1	0	15	0	0
H. Igo 3b.....	4	1	1	0	3	0
Logan L. F.....	3	2	2	0	0	0
Graham R. F.....	3	1	0	1	0	0
Kirkbride C.....	2	1	0	9	2	0
Coulter P.....	4	0	1	0	5	0
Totals	33	9	9	27	17	0

New Castle H. S.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Robison 1b.....	3	1	0	13	0	0
H. Forney C. F....	4	1	1	2	0	0
F. Forney P.....	4	0	1	2	4	1
Dart C.....	4	0	1	3	3	0
Bush S. S.....	3	0	0	2	4	0
Carlton 2b.....	4	0	1	2	0	1
Eaken 3b.....	3	0	0	1	1	1
Allen L. F.....	3	0	0	2	1	2
Taggart R. F.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	31	2	5	27	13	5

Home run—Cummings. Three base hit—Coulter. Two base hits—Fair. F. Forney, Double plays—F. Forney to Robison, Allen to Carlton, Igo to Cummings to Parrish. Struck out by Coulter 11, by F. Forney 4. Stolen bases—Parrish, Logan, Graham, H. Forney, F. Forney, Dart 2.

On Saturday April 26 the Varsity team played the local High School who were strengthened by C. McQuiston, catcher, and H. Coulter, pitcher, from the varsity team. The game was very lively and the college team was held down to three hits. The N. W. H. S. Collegians, as they called themselves were finally victorious, by a score of 3 to 1. The high school has several good men who are developing into very good players. We hope to count these in with us by another year. Graham, a new man, pitched a good game for the Varsity. The

game was characterized by weak hitting on both sides.

The score.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Westminster						
Fair C. F.	4	0	0	3	1	0
K. Igo 2b.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Cummings S. S.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Parrish 1b.	4	0	0	7	0	1
Jamison R. F.	3	1	1	1	0	0
H. Igo 3b.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Logan L. F.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Kirkbride C.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Graham P.	2	0	0	1	3	2

Totals	31	1	3	27	9	4
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N. W. H. S. Collegians

Wherry 3b.	3	1	0	1	2	1
Wagner 2b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
C. McQuiston R. F.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Anderson 1b.	4	1	2	10	0	0
D. Igo S. S.	3	0	0	4	2	1
McCullough C. F.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Clark L. F.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Gildersleeve C.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Coulter P.	2	0	0	0	3	0

Totals	29	3	2	27	10	2
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Two base hits—Anderson 2, Sacrifice hits D. Igo, Logan. Struck out by Graham 5; by Coulter 1. Hit by pitcher—C. McQuiston. Stolen bases—Wherry 2, Clark 2, Gildersleeve 2, Coulter, Jamison 2, Fair. Umpirees Fife '13 and Manson '13.

On Wednesday April 23 the "Reserves" were defeated in a very lively game by the N. W. H. S. score 5-6. This was their first game of the season. No schedule has been secured for the "Reserves" excepting one game with South High of Youngstown on Saturday May 24. A schedule would have been secured for the second team long ago had not assistant manager Baird quit school. It is hoped however that several games may soon be secured for them.

The Varsity Schedule at the present stands as follows.

May 3 Pitt at New Wilmington
 May 8 Hiram at New Wilmington
 May 10 Duquesne at New Wilmington
 May 12 Grove City at New Wilmington
 May 17 Volant at New Wilmington
 May 19 Pitt at Pittsburgh
 May 20 Duquesne at Pittsburgh
 May 26 Open
 June 2 Open
 June 7 Open
 June 10 Grove City at Grove City
 June 11 Grove City at Grove City
 June 14 Open
 June 16 Open
 June 17 Open

An inter-class baseball league was formed at a meeting of the students on Thursday April 24. A committee was appointed to arrange a schedule, and each class was instructed to elect a baseball captain. The captains were elected as follows; Seniors. Manson; Juniors, Andrews; Sophomores, McLaughrey; Freshmen, Cannon. Much interest is being taken in the league. The Seniors played the Juniors on Thursday afternoon and won the first game by a score of 14-9. The victory was largely due to the cheering, which was lead by "Girt" Newlin, and also to the brilliant playing of "Jimmy" Logan.

The following article was taken from the Pittsburgh Gazette Times of April 20. A worlds record was broken at the inter-collegiate meet between Stanford University and the University of California at Berkley yesterday. Karl Shattuck of California threw the 16 pound hammer 175 feet 10 inches, breaking the worlds record. The previous record was held by J. Talbot of Pennsylvania State at 173 feet 6 inches.

Hillside Notes

On Saturday evening, April nineteenth, the Hillside Girls were entertained at a Children's Party in the dining room. Promptly at the time appointed the little tots began to arrive and as they entered they received paper dolls by which they found their partners for the evening. When all had arrived the Senior Girls presented a pantomime illustrating The College Girl's Career. Miss Nevin and Miss Newlin entertained the Children with an amusing dialogue between Fritz and Katrina. The last number of the brief program was a recital of familiar College Songs, wonderfully rendered on the "pipe organ" by Miss Nevin. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games. After the refreshments were served

the Children went home, a very happy crowd.

Wednesday evening, April twenty-third, was a time of real excitement at the Hillside. The Freshmen Girls all went for a walk after dinner and some of the upper class girls, fearing that there was a frolic brewing, followed in pursuit. After the Freshmen Girls had led their elders a merry chase to the railroad track, they entertained them with their class yell. Naturally the upper class girls were somewhat chagrined at having been so thoroughly fooled, and as a result of this they imprisoned the majority of the Freshmen Girls in a couple of rooms. Not until the next day did the excitement begin to wane and for several days the very atmosphere tingled with class spirit.

Music Department

On Saturday evening, April 26, the College of Music gave a complimentary recital for the benefit of the 1914 "Argo." The recital was well attended and was exceedingly pleasing to all. The program follows:
Prelude in C sharp minor

The Maidens Wish Sergei Rachmaninoff
Chopin-Liszt

Will o' the Wisp Miss Douthett
Charles Gilbert Spross
The Captive Lark Landon Ronald
Villainth Eva Dell Acqua

The Rose Leans Over the Pool Miss Cunningham
George Chadirich

Mother o' Mine Frank Tours
Ecstasy Walter Morse Rummel

Ah! l'alts ardor (Act II Favorita) Mr. Campbell
Gaetano Donizetto

Warum Miss King and Mr. Campbell
Robert Schumann
Aufschivung Robert Schumann

Silvio! a quest'ora (Paggiacci) Miss Douthett
Miss Cunningham and Mr. Campbell

On Monday evening, April 28, Miss Douthett, Miss Cunningham and Mr. Campbell gave a program closely resembling that of the recital given here on the previous Saturday, in Sharon. All the performers did exceptionally well, and were most kindly received by the audience.

A student recital was held in Recital Hall, Friday afternoon, May 2. The recitals not only show marked improvement and advancement among the pupils, but also tends to give them confidence in public performances. Those performing were: Miss Williams, Mr. Lawrence Stewart, Miss Hintz, Mr. Robert Cummings, Miss Cunningham, Mr. Stewart, Miss Shaffer, Mr. John Manson.

In place of the regular anthem for Sabbath evening, April 20, Miss Mabel King rendered "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own" from "St. Paul" by T. Mendelssohn.

The Chorus is very busy preparing the music for the Baccalaureate service. The numbers are especially beautiful and effective this year.

On May 1 the College Glee Club returned from a most successful trip. They visited

Avalon, Kittanning and Freeport, and were given a fine reception in each place. The club has had a very good season having been a credit not only to themselves and their director, Professor Royce, but also to the College.

Locals

The last number on the lecture course was presented on the evening of April 16 by The Bergen-Marx Co. The company consists of four musicians, a baritone, violinist, violoncellist, and pianist, all of whom are noted entertainers. They were greeted by a large and enthusiastic house.

The Westminster Lecture Course for the

season of 1913-14 will be under the management of Messrs. Merle R. Hoon and W. C. Moore. It is their intention to maintain the same high standard of previous years in this course. By diligent effort it is hoped that the enterprise will come out even financially.

Students' Directory

SENIORS

R. W. Cummings	President
Gertrude Newlin	Vice President
Lois Nevin	Secretary
Claude Sankey	Treasurer
John Manson	Basketball Captain

JUNIORS

R. M. Christie	President
Ruth Houston	Vice President
Dorcas Schoeller	Secretary
Andrew Coulter	Treasurer
Frank Andrews	Basketball Captain

SOPHOMORES

D. H. McQuiston	President
Mary Jamison	Vice President
Janet McCalmont	Secretary
Charles Wick	Treasurer
C. O. Markle	Basketball Captain

FRESHMEN

David Schnable.....	President
Mary B. Sebring.....	Vice President
Marian Kitch.....	Secretary
W. A. Lindsay.....	Treasurer
Earl E. Mercer.....	Basketball Captain

ATHLETICS--W. H. Gildersleeve, Director and Coach

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Earl Tallant, President; Raymond Kirkbride, Secretary

FOOTBALL—D. O. McLaughry.... Captain
R. M. Christie.....Manager

BASEBALL—Malcom Parrish . . . Captain
James Veazey.....Manager

TRACK—George Vincent, Captain; R. R. Miller, Manager; J. H. Johnston, Ass't Manager

CLUBS

VAN—Malcom Parrish.... . President VARSITY—Earl Tallant President
John Manson, Secretary-Treas.
CRESCENT—J. L. Stewart, President; David Schnable, Secretary-Treasurer

GLEE CLUB

Raymond Kirkbride, Manager; A. S. Coulter, 1st Ass't Manager
John Manson, Secr'y-Treas.; D. H. McQuiston, 2d Ass't Manager

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Y. M. C. A.—J. R. Turnbull President	Y. W. C. A.—Ada Martin President
Robert Cummings, Vice-Pres.	Maurine Shane, Vice President
Walter Braham Secretary	Jane Russell Secretary
John Manson Treasurer	Helen Martin Treasurer

Public Speaking and Debating Association

J. R. Turnbull, President; Marie Stewart, Vice President; J. L. Stewart, Secretary-Treasurer

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS—

Hall Braham	President
Marie Stewart	Vice President
Isabella Young	Secretary
Walter Hart	Treasurer

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN—

Earl Tallant	President
Elinor Elcessor	Vice President
Tamar McMurray	Secretary
W. J. Martin	Treasurer

THE HOLCAD

VOL. XXIII

New Wilmington, Pa., June 1913.

No. 10

Commencement



We have again come to the parting of the ways. Each year comes this separation as the Senior class goes out from our halls to take their place in life's battle, to make use of the training they have received and the education which they have striven so hard to obtain.

Each commencement is marked by an overflow of mirth and fun, students rejoice in a completion of work and as friends and alumni gather again in the halls of their Alma Mater in pleasant reunion. Yet through all this outward mirth and rejoicing, there runs an inevitable undertow of regret. There is the thought of friends separated, friends who thru four years of college activities have worked as a unit. When we think of classmates separated probably never to meet on that old familiar footing made more close by class loyalty, and, may be never, as a completely united class, there is a cause for this feeling.

The class of 1913 has truly come to a Commencement, a commencement of the work for which the college is but preparatory. They are about to enter the school of life, a school of competition and hard experiences; a school full of rude awakenings. How aptly this is treated by Don Mitchell when in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," he says: "School days are ended and we pass into the untried paths of the future. In the days that are to come, schoolmates pass out of sight and knowledge and are forgotten; or if we meet them again they bear another character. It is a new acquaintance that you make, with nothing of the old friend but the name. Though the eye and face cleave to your memory and you meet them afterwards, and think you have met a friend, the voice or action breaks down the charm and you find only—another man. But with your schoolmates in that later school, where form and character are both

nearer ripeness, where you labored together and bred the first manly sympathies it is different."

Truly it is different; everything, environment, work and associates, different and yet there are the college days and friendships which form a basis of comparison. These friendships now are soon to be dissolved and formed anew in the bustle of the world and as undergraduates, to the class of 1913 we wish you success and point you to the motto "Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go with you."

Our Commencement this year has an earlier start beginning on Saturday, June 14 and ending Tuesday evening, June 17. The program follows:

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM Nineteen-Thirteen

SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

8:00 p. m.--Senior Class Reception at Home of President.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

8:00 p. m.--Junior Contest.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

11:00 a. m.--Pupils' Recital, Department of Music.

2:00 p. m.--Declamatory Contest, Department of Public Speaking.

3:30 p. m.--Base Ball Game.

SABBATH, JUNE 15.

11:00 a. m.--Public Worship: Sermon by the Rev E. T. Jeffers, D. D., L. L. D., President of York Collegiate Institute

4:00 p. m.--Reunion of Christian Associations, with addresses by Ex-Presidents Jeffers and Ferguson, and prominent Alumni

8:00 p. m.--Baccalaureate Service; Sermon by President Russell

MONDAY, JUNE 16.

10:00 a. m.--5:00 p. m.--Exhibit, Department of Art

10:30 a. m.--Annual Alumni Business Meeting

11:30 a. m.--Recital, Department of Music

12:30 Noon--Alumni Dinner at the Hillside

2:30 p. m.--Class Day Exercises

4:00 p. m.--Base Ball Game

4:00 p. m.--Meeting of Board of Trustees, College Office

7:00 p. m.--Senior Memorial

8:00 p. m.--Oratorio, Department of Music

TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

9:00 a. m. to 12:00 Noon--Exhibit, Department of Art

9:00 a. m.--Graduation Recital, Department of Public Speaking

11:00 a. m.--Graduation Recital, Department of Music

2:00 p. m.--Commencement Exercises; Address by Dr. Charles Merle D'Aubigne

4:00 p. m.--Base Ball Game

8:00 p. m.--Concert by College Glee Club

9:30 p. m.--President's Reception, at the Hillside

The class this year numbers 37 and the following are those who will receive degrees:

A. B. Mary E. Blevins, Henry L. Cleland, Wm. E. Cleland, Rob't. W. Cummings, Isabella Dight, Helen C. Duff, W. Lawrence Fife, J. B. Hoon, Luke H. Jamison, Sylvia G. Jamison, Mary E. Phillips, Maurine Shane.

B. S. Carl F. Allison, Harry G. Coulter, Raymond W. Kirkbride, Jas. S. Logan, John R. Manson, Helen J. Martin, Jasper R. Turnbull, Ira V. Wilson, Oscar Zischkau.

Ph. B. Clara E. Bartley, Inez A. Hope, Jean A. Lewis, Ada E. Martin, Florence Mercer, Lois E. Nevin, Gertrude M. Newlin, Malcolm M. Parrish, Claude W. Sankey, J. L. Stewart, John R. Thompson.

Music. Sarah B. Cunningham, Mabel E. King, Mary J. Shaffer, Frances K. Williams.

Oratory. Carrie Wilson.

Jim's Idea.

Jim Buliver was in love. Strange to say, however, Jim was the only person who seemed to take the matter seriously, for his mother and sister scoffed at the idea, and his father advised him to get a bank account before looking for a wife. But Jim didn't mind a little bit of teasing and every Wednesday and Sunday evening, having carefully shaved (a proceeding that evoked more jeers from his heartless relatives, who deemed the operation unnecessary) and having donned his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, he would traverse the well known road to Judge Randall's residence, ring the door bell, and timidly ask for Betty. And Betty, who, probably, had been anxiously watching for him from the window, would always, for politeness sake, keep him waiting a few minutes in the parlor before she came down. I do not know just how they were accustomed to spend the evenings, but Jim always seemed to have a good time at Randall's—at least, he was always very reluctant when the time came for him to leave. Betty's brother Jack once told me that it took them twenty minutes to say "goodnight."

One cold winter evening Jim sat

in his room, thinking of Betty, an occupation that was infinitely more pleasing to him than studying. There was an anxious look upon his usually merry face, for Jim was perplexed. "I've been going with Betty nearly six months now," he mused, "and I think its about time I show her how I feel. I—I might write some poetry." His face cleared at the thought, and, seizing paper and pencil, he set to work. But after ten minutes of hard thinking he gave up in disgust. "I'm no poet," muttered Jim, "and there is no use trying to pretend that I am. If I only knew what to do." He thought hard for a few minutes. "By George," he exclaimed suddenly, "I'll propose! I wonder why I never thought of it before?"

Pleased with his idea, Jim resolved to put it into execution immediately, so ten minutes later he was at Judge Randall's residence, trying to explain his reason for coming at that unusual time. The brilliancy of his idea had diminished as he had approached the home of his sweetheart, and by the time he stood in her presence he was wishing that he had remained at home. But there was no help for it now, and giving up the idea of proposing,—for the time being, at

least,—Jim, with Betty's aid, proceeded to enjoy himself.

The time passed all too quickly, and Jim was not even thinking of departure when the chimes of the hall clock reminded him that it was time to leave. Betty accompanied him to the door.

"Goodnight, Jim," she said extending her hand.

"Goodnight, Betty," he replied.

Then suddenly he remembered that he had come to propose to her, and he impulsively decided that a better opportunity for doing so could not have presented itself. (Perhaps the fact that he was holding her hand gave him courage.)

"Say, Betty," he stammered, "let's—let's get married."

Thunderstruck, Betty stared at him for a moment; then, seeing that he was serious, she answered, "Oh, Jim, don't be so foolish! You're too young!"

"I'm sixteen years old," said Jim, "and so are you. Please, Betty, do say 'yes.'"

Betty was silent. "Father will object," she said at length.

"You don't need to tell him," suggested Jim, rashly, "You may be sure I won't tell my dad—he'd have a fit." He grinned at the thought of the effect of the news upon his choleric father.

"That's right," Betty acquiesced,

"I wouldn't need to tell him. But, Jim, we couldn't!"

"Yes, we could, Betty, and I don't think it's very nice of you to tease me this way. Once for all, Betty, will you marry me?"

He assumed a tragic pose, and his face wore such a desperate expression that Betty was frightened.

"Of course I'll marry you, Jim," she said, "only don't do anything rash."

Jim was so overjoyed that he immediately kissed her, much to her embarrassment, and, it must be confessed, delight, although she endeavored to conceal the latter.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed.

"We're engaged now," answered Jack.

"Oh, that's so! But we can't get married for ever so long."

"Punk!" said Jim, "I want to get married tonight."

"Tonight! Why, Jim, you're silly. Of course we couldn't get married tonight."

"I'd like to know why not. Reverend Martin lives next door, and it will only take us a minute to go over and get tied up, and—Come on, Betty, it will be lots of fun."

Betty could not think of any good reason why they should not get married at once—to tell the truth, she rather liked the idea—and, accordingly, a few minutes later, the youthful sweethearts presented themselves

to Reverend Martin, and announced that they wished to get married.

The minister, remembering the time when he had been young, smiled. "You want to get married," he said, "You don't mean it."

"We do mean it," protested Jim, angrily.

"To be sure--to be sure," said the minister, soothingly, "I suppose you have a license."

Jim was so surprised he could not speak.

"I forgot all about a license," he finally ejaculated, "Can't you marry us without one?"

"No indeed," replied the clergyman, "and besides, you children couldn't get a license without your parents' consent."

"We're not children," snapped Betty, angrily, "It's a shame people can't get married when they want to."

"I didn't make the laws," explained the minister, "I'm sorry, but I can't marry you without the license." He followed Betty and Jim to the door, and, smiling, watched them go down the walk.

"That horrid man was laughing at us," remarked Betty.

Jim did not reply, and for a few minutes they walked on in silence.

"Well, we won't get married to-night, Jim," Betty said, rather wistfully, when they had reached home.

"I guess not, Betty," said Jim, "I suppose we will have to wait a few years."

And they did wait. W. G. '16.

THE HOLCAD

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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mrg.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson.

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

The recent activities of our Discipline Committee should be as "a word to the wise." A college should not have to be a reform school nor should the actions of the students be such as to necessitate even common school measures. When a young man or woman enters college there should be some definite aim as a guide for their life, something which should require serious thought. The average college student has a poor conception of the real character of life and rather ill constructed idea of a good time. Life should always be pleasant but not all pleasure

Even to take the rudest definition of pleasure "that it is the absence of pain" belies the idea of pleasure in some of the actions of our student body. Such will not be tolerated at Westminster. If students continue to break the rules it follows that they must bear their punishment, for truly "Whatsoever ye sow that shall ye also reap."



It is with feelings both of rejoicing and regret that the staff publishes this issue of the Holcad. Truly should we rejoice, we have successfully completed another years work and our Alma Mater has reached the highest point of prosperity yet touched in her history. Yet, when we realize that some who have been with us so long, are soon to leave us never to be a part of us again, there comes to us a feeling of regret. Because they have been successful? No, but because we are losing friends; because the class of 1913 which for four years has made its presence felt among us, goes out into the great world. To be lost? We think not for we have greater expectations than that but never again will it be the class of '13, they will never again be our classmates. However we will rejoice in their success and commend them to the tender care of the bustling world.



There are some activities in college

life that are universally conceded to student control. In fact the tendency at present seems to point toward even greater scope for student management. The control of athletics, glee clubs, and such activities have never been subjected to faculty supervision. Even of late years, by the adoption of the honor system, school government has been partially entrusted to the student. There is reason in this movement. The student is given a chance to meet conditions which require thought, a chance to gain a knowledge of management that is a training in itself. In other schools it has been a success; the student managers have proven efficient and trustworthy and the student gains to actual training of life under the eye of advisors. Why not at Westminster? Are our students inferior mentally or morally to those in other schools? If they are why should we encourage others to enter for further development? Or is the volume of business too great or the problems to be met and solved too complex for inexperienced minds? We hardly think that conditions are like this yet if one examines our system of control, they would wonder if the conditions were not that way. At the present time the Westminster student has a voice in the management of nothing. His athletics, the management of teams, arrangement of games and granting

of letters, their literary societies, and the other provinces, even class matters, that are universally left to student control, are entirely under faculty management. While such an arrangement may be perfectly satisfactory as far as efficiency is concerned, the student is deprived of the training that would be otherwise derived from their participation in the work. In writing this the editor does not speak in a spirit of knocking but as food for thought. If the fault lies with the student body they should walk up and show they are capable of carrying out the work. When this is shown the student body will have some argument for asserting themselves. These things are their province and they should assert themselves but as long as they carry on their work in such an indolent and careless manner there can be no complaint against faculty supervision.



The editor has been confronted by the question, Why not an Athletic Board for Control of our Sports? Such an arrangement should be a good thing and the idea is not a new one at Westminster. Some years ago there was such a board in our school. This was composed of two student members and three faculty members and its work was highly successful. In the larger schools systems of this nature are doing efficient work and have removed the stress and strain

of management from the shoulders of the faculty. In some schools the committee is composed of alumni and in others the students and faculty work together. In the University of Pittsburgh, the students are members of the Athletic committee as representatives elected from the different departments. While this cannot be the basis of regulation here, there are other plans. This plan has been suggested and it appears to have real merit. An Athletic Board composed of two members from the upper classes, elected in the spring of their Sophomore year, and serving until graduation, and three faculty members being seven in all. Let these seven men have the supervision of athletics, as a controlling board. They shall act on matters of intercollegiate relations, the auditing of managers' accounts, approving of schedules and selection of managers, retaining our present system of scrub managers.

Such a plan as this has many benefits. The managers will be chosen upon the merits of efficient service. They shall be chosen from the scrubs by seven men who know their character and should not make vital mistakes. Secondly, the manager would be given greater opportunity of showing his ability by arranging his schedule, and handling the funds entrusted to him. In the third place, it would bring the whole student

body into closer touch with the workings of athletics. They would elect the student members of the board and would feel the added responsibility; in the fourth place, it would be required that managers submit their accounts for audit and publication to the athletic board at the end of each year and thus do away with the corruption which caused the intervention of the faculty some years ago. We advise this further to remove the stigma from the Westminster student body, that they are so incompetent or corrupt as not to be trusted in the management of their own athletics.



LET US HAVE PEACE.

Certain phases of college life this spring have reminded us of the lines:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."

College activities of various kinds may be likened to the contents of the college caldron, and the fire—well the fire has been the childish spirit which says:—"If you don't play my way, I won't play at all." Some of the students, and some other persons also, have been chagrined to find that someone else was as capable as they were. It truly is a sad awakening when anyone finds that someone else is as capable of putting on a stunt as the one who makes it his business. We are reminded of the lines of Abe Martin, "A little

competition is all that it takes to show some fellows up."

We have already intimated that it was not the students alone who have been to blame for the turmoil. There has been a lack of public spirit among different departments, that is, there has been a rivalry that hinders that essential thing in college activities—"team-play." It is indeed strange that departments cannot be more willing to recognize that their contemporaries have rights also. Superior efficiency is all right in any organization, but there is also a need of courteous and broad-minded dealing with others. If the parts of a machine do not work in harmony, how can the whole run smoothly, so as to win the admiration of observers?

There is a little maxim uttered long ago in Palestine which applies exactly to this case. It has been called the "Golden Rule." At times our rule has been that of a tight fisted old German who said:—"I don't give, I gits."

After all, faculty and students, the cause of Westminster is the main thing. The particular show or entertainment you are putting on, may not be the only thing that would further our cause by pleasing the alumni and other visitors. There is even a possibility that by giving up generously to a "competitor" you might advance the general good

more than by doing your stunt. It is a shame that the word "competition" must be used in discussing Commencement arrangements. Let us cease to blow our own horns quite so much. Let us acquire a little of that biggness of mind which says: "I will do my part to forward this cause, but if anyone can do this work better than I, he may have the chance."



CONCERNING CRITICISM.

In these days we often hear the admonition, "If you can't boost, don't knock." This saying implies that if you are boosting you have a right to do a little judicious knocking here and there. The great danger is however, that we use our little hammer too much, once that we have learned how to handle it. We quit boosting and just knock, in the same manner that a boy with money in his pocket will stop working to fill up on ice cream sodas. The habit of constant criticism is one that grows fast. Most of our attention should be given to the boosting part.

Were you ever tempted to knock that you did not do it? If you have never resisted the temptation, just try it the next time that someone says that the team is playing poor ball. Remember that you are not even out for the team, that if all acted as you do there would be no team at all. After you have dwelt on that

thought for a moment you will say something like this possibly:—"Well they are doing pretty well for youngsters, and since I am not helping the team any I won't knock them." That is the proper attitude for you to take toward college activities.

Now do not understand that we want you to be a spineless lump of jellyfish. If you are not a drone in the hive there are times when you step out and deliver a drastic word of criticism that will do the community and you a lot of good. But you can never have these exquisite moments of real indignation unless you are a vitally-interested worker yourself.

Who are the worst critics on earth? The answer is "Bystanders." Someone remarked the other day that this school is the greatest place for sitting around that he ever saw. That is a fearful indictment of the college life we are living. Paradoxical as it may seem, these bystanders generally sit, and all belong to the same class—loafers. The greatest kickers of course are the loafers, as we have intimated, and the reason is they have the greatest capital for that purpose,—idle time.

Here is a little advice concerning criticism—If you work hard you may judiciously criticise that specific activity. If you do not aid any certain cause, don't criticise it. You have no right to. It would be better to

spend your time playing solitaire than to spend it in fastening the knocking habit on your mental life. In your dealings with people you will find no greater advantage than

that which comes through the habit of silence instead of babbling criticism. Criticism should be used for "specific purposes only."

Alumni Notes

'00 Rev. James M. Ferguson, pastor of the Bellevue Church, has been preaching in the Allegheny County jail (Pittsburg) in the afternoons of May Sabbaths.

Miss Margaret Alter who has been superintendent of the Hospital at Knoxville, Tenn. since January 1, 1912, has registered to take up private nursing. When she entered upon this work in the Hospital it was with the expectation of not continuing long in institutional work. She has managed the Hospital in a most thorough and business like manner and leaves it with friendship and best wishes of all her co-workers. She will take a trip abroad during the summer and on her return will take up work in line with her profession in private nursing.

'03 Dr. Reed Veazey, professor of Chemistry in the "Case School of Applied Science" of Cleveland, and wife and little daughter "Betty" enjoyed a weeks visit with Dr. and Mrs. Veazey, and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Mercer parents of Mrs. Veazey.

'04 The Christian Associations of Monmouth College have secured the Rev. Geo. Vincent of Washington, Pa., and a member of the class of '04 Westminster, to preach the annual sermon to the members of the two associations on Sabbath evening before Commencement. The students always heard Mr. Vincent with great pleasure

while he was the pastor of the Second Church in Monmouth.

Mr. Raymond Kistler of Houston, Pa., a student of the Pittsburg Theological Seminary, accompanied the party in charge of his father, Dr. J. C. Kistler '86 enroute to the General Assembly as far as Washington, D. C. From there he went to New York, and sailed for a trip abroad. He expects to attend the Worlds S. S. Convention at Zurich, Switzerland and visit several other continental countries before returning to America.

'65 Mrs. Mary A. Morrow, wife of T. G. Morrow died in Savannah, Ill., April 30, aged 70. Mrs. Morrow was a native of Westford, Pa., and a graduate of Westminster College. Her marriage with Mr. Morrow took place in 1866 and through all the years she has been an interested and active helper in the work of the churches. Her last sickness and death grew out of a sickness resulting from an accident suffered last October. She is survived by her husband Rev. T. G. Morrow of the class of '65 who is located near Savannah, Ill., three daughters, Mrs. Arthur Lewis of San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. H. W. Parker of Winnebago, Minn., Mrs. W. L. Hauson of Burlington, Ia., and Rev. C. G. Morrow of Oxford, Ohio, one brother, Rev. Wm. M. Story D. D., of the class of '77, and one sister Miss Ferzali Story of Westford, Pa., of Westminster '73.

Hillside Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Russell, according to their usual custom on May 30, entertained the old soldiers in the Hillside room. The Seniors took charge of each of the soldiers and under their care a very pleasant evening was passed. Miss Mary McCune presented to each of the veterans a box of candy. Then the Seniors in turn with Jean Lewis as their spokesman gave Mary and Walker McCune each a loving cup. Dr. Russell with fitting speeches introduced the orator of the evening,—Mr. Perkins, who presented in a very entertaining manner some of his reminiscences of war; Dr. Veazey, who spoke of the recent conference in Atlanta, Georgia. The dinner was finished with many hopes that there would be soldiers whom the Hillside might have the honor of entertaining for many years to come.

On Tuesday evening June 3, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet had as their guests at dinner Miss Morrison and Miss Bennett, who are home on a furlough from their missionary work in India. After dinner both of these women gave very interesting discussions of their work, at the usual Y. W. C. A. meeting.

One of the most prolonged and exciting events of the year was instigated by the announcement of the Freshmen girls that they were going to have what they termed a frolic all by themselves. From that time forth all the actions of this class were viewed with suspicion. One evening in particular will never be forgotten by any of the girls, for after a run taken part in by every one the Freshmen were all collected in two or three rooms and their doors securely tied. One young lady maddened by the actions of the inquisitive girls who were not her classmates, slid down a rope from a

second floor window, much to the hurt of her hands, hair and slippers. Then this demented maiden boldly braved the front door and hall of the august apartment of the Hillside, much to the horror of Miss Boak, who was entertaining guests in the "drawing room." Another feature of the occasion was the arrival of a neutral party, but one who was really in league with the besieged, who came upon the belligerents armed cap a pie with a paper knife and with strong right arm slashed the binding shackles in twain.

Both the foe and the Freshmen drew up rules for the fray, but the above mentioned neutral party came down like a wolf on the fold and with ill natured rapine removed the rules of the classes of '13 '14 '15 and '17. This was promptly repaid by one of the most accomplished snitchers calmly taking down the Freshmen rules.

Hostilities were then at an end for a time, each party under a flag of truce waiting for further operations to develop. All the plans for the frolic were skilfully arranged and carried out and great was the consternation of the foe when they discovered that only one lone Freshman was left in captivity. Owing, however, to the fact that she did not know of their plans, they out of kindness of their hearts allowed her to depart in peace. An indignation meeting was held immediately and plans were discussed by which the Freshmen would be made to suffer for their selfishness in the picnic. No better plan could be thought of than to remove all their shoes from their usual abode and hasten them to a hiding place which was deemed safe.

Needless to say the Freshmen were highly indignant over such outrageous and "entirely uncalled for" conduct, but they managed to conceal (?) all under a serene and placid

countenance. Numerous were the conjectures as to where and how their beloved footwear would be returned. While they were still wondering the Sophomores covered the town with posters referring to "garlic" and the great and sad loss of the Freshmen. The next night, after most all the posters had been removed from their lofty seats the shoes of the Freshmen arose like a phoenix from the ashes of the tears of the Freshmen (mercy how poetic!) As if this were not enough excitement for one morning, the Freshmen raised an effigy aloft on a tree, a Sophomore presumably for so it was labeled—otherwise it could not have been recognized, for the apparel was uncouthly that of some of the Freshmen. But some of the impudent Sophomores desecrated the chapel exercise by shooting this down and executing a war dance about the burning embers. But the worst of it was that there must have been some mistake after all, for the poor young man bore the undeniable marks of a Freshman, since he was too green to burn.

After this both the classes went about viewing each other with aversion and suspicion, and should one classmate be seen speaking to another it was immediately reported to the powers that be. Numerous small skirmishes have been held but no open warfare.

The climax of the whole matter was reached, when the sun rising brightly on the twenty-ninth of May, Nineteen hundred and thirteen saw the steeple of the Main Building adorned with the gold and black of 1915 floating to the breezes. Even Dr.

Russell himself was forced to admit that it was a coup d'etat, but requested that it be taken down in order that no one might be hurt.

Some of Mr. Duckwitz's most ardent admirers entertained him at dinner, Sunday, the first of June. He however, fully repaid their invitation, for they themselves were highly entertained by his jokes and stories. Sharing honors with Professor Duckwitz were the Misses Francis Williams and Mary Shaffer. The hostesses of the occasion were Misses Sarah Cunningham, Lucy Graham and Margaret Mardoch.

Recent visitors at the Hillside have included Dr. Snodgrass, Washington, Pa.; Mrs. Carnes and Mrs. Lemar of Sharpsville, Pa.; Miss McMurray, Miss Matthews, Canonsburg; Mrs. Nevin and daughters Sybil and Millicent, Elizabeth; Miss Gladys Elcessor, Pittsburgh; Miss Ruth Phelps, Youngstown, O.; Miss Margareta Smith, Coraopolis; Mrs. Saunders, Moundsville, W. Va.; Mrs. Gilfillan, Mt. Lebanon; Miss Gilson, Miss Dight, Grove City; Mrs. Whitmarsh, Rev. David Whitmarsh, New Castle; Miss McCune and Miss McCullough, Coraopolis Heights; Miss Floyd, New Castle; Mrs. Hintz, Toledo, O.; Mrs. Buchanan, Pittsburgh.

There were two visitors in town, also, were well received, welcomed, and especially one young man was bade a tender and most touching farewell. These honored visitors were Messrs. Paul Jordan and Roy Milliken.

Local Color

Prof. Moses, (calling on "Hubbard" Stewart immediately after Nora Kerr had recited) "Now Mr. Kerr will you please read."

We wonder why the biology class was so amused when Prof Mills invited Miss Carnes to go for a bird trip Monday afternoon.

Florence R. (after some difficulty finding her place in the dining room.) "Oh girls, I'll be so glad when we are all settled in life."

Munn (translating Greek) "She was my would be bride."

Student, "There are many of that kind."

Mary J. (speaking of limits) "Well, I'd rather have my pleasure spread out than all in one night."

Margaret M. (writing English theme) "Well, I'm up to the cypress now—oh, I mean crisis."

Jane R.—"What are you dreaming about, Mary Beth?"

Mary Beth—"What I'm thinking about these days—limits!"

Helen D.—"Believe me, you can't live on limits alone."

Mary Beth—"Well you can on limits and love."

M. Jewell (on recent bird trip) "What was that bird we saw with the white mark on the railroad track?"

Prof. Campbell—"What does hike mean?"
Patterson—"Beat it."

The morning after the night before—Prof. Campbell—"Class feeling still exists." How does he know?

Grundish (in English class) "There are many men who talk to themselves but very few of them who say good night to the Hillside."

Prof. Campbell (illustrating a point in socialism) "Why, how could I get Patterson to work in a coal mine?"

Voice in the rear, "Make the hole bigger."

Soph: "Come on in here to class meeting, 'Simmy!'"

"Simmy" (going toward Hillside) "Nothin' doin,' boy; I got to go and feed the 'chick-ens!'"

Garvin was hesitating to pronounce the stem of a Greek verb.

Prof. McElree, "Oh E"Α, don't be afraid of it."

Dr. C. (in history) "Oh yes, Schnable is great on romances."

A voice, "Not since 'Boston' left school."

Prof. McElree (in Greek), "is McLain a member of the glee club, ; ! ? —."

"Simmy" is a tenacious fellow on "dates!"

Moral

Qui vidit a thing,
Non si well known,
Est bene for him.
Relinqvi id alone.

—Livv. (with apologies.)

An Elegy to a Student.

Puer ez Westminstei,
Iens ad school,
Vedit in cornfield,
Infestum mule.
Ille approaches,
O magnus sorrow,
Puer it skyward,
Fumus ad morrow.

Prof. Shott (in Philos) Who is the greatest French Scientist?

Hoon (a Greek student) Gallileo.

McLain (translating Latin) "The beasts of burden were almost consumed by hunger."

"Gert," "O, I usually sit behind the post and then Miss Boak can't see me."

Fred M.: "How big is the post?"

Stranigan, ("at County Fair") "You won't see me goin' into any of them tents, I'm afraid I get 'sucked in.' I've been to such shows before, where they blow out the light and then pick your pockets."

Andrews (reading Greek): "When the fleet had been collected, it sailed through Europe."

Prof. Barr: "Aren't you a student of Latin, Mr. Fife?"

Fife: "Well—I'm in a Latin class."

McLain: "What is the nominative of the Pluperfect?"

Flora Seitz is wearing a silver medal. We wonder why she didn't get first place in running after Chauncy.

We would recommend Jimmy Logan as an advanced laboratory assistant for next year, since he has taken such an extensive study in the Miller.

Said the Freshmen to Miss Boak,
"What of Tinkem?"

Said Miss Boak then to the Freshmen,
"Wouldn't think o' 'em."

Ruth Jamison's favorite song:

"Be he ever so homely,
There's nothing like a man..'

What did Lind-say to Martha on the hay load?"

Did Mary Beth Se-bring Frank Andrews back or did Frank An-drew Mary Beth.

There are all kinds of perfume, but we wonder what Van-cent is. (Is it Garlic?)

A suggested Class Song for the Freshmen.
(To the tune of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.)

My Garlic lay safe in my clothes press,
My Garlic was snitched by the foe.
My Garlic was strung on a clothes line,
And stretchd up in row after row.

Cho.—Bring back, O bring back, O bring back
My Garlic to me, to me.
Bring back, O bring back, O bring back
My Garlic to me.

My Garlic lies high in the orchard
My Garlic hangs high in trees,
My Garlic smells sweeter than ever,
When flung to the sweet morning breeze.

Repeat Chorus.

Prof. Freeman (in Chem.) "This minium is used as a pigment. What else is it used for?"

Hoon: "Paint."

College World and Exchanges

There was once a prolific author of novels who when asked if he had read a certain book replied tartly, "I don't read books, I write 'em." The editor of this department has felt at times that it is not such a task to gather up sufficient material, it would assuredly be drudgery to read all the Exchanges that come to our notice. This is not a covert shot at those who exchange with us. Some of the papers are good all the time, and some of them part of the time, but they are not all readable all the time. The Exchanges especially seem weak in most cases, and real wit and humor are seldom found within the covers of these college papers. Of course there is a certain unconscious humor to be found in the efforts of editors to elevate the "masses" about them. There is humor when the editor bewails the lack of support accorded to his paper which, he assures us, reveals a sad lack of sympathy for his altruistic aims.

When the columns of the paper seem dull, let us remember that there are really only twenty seven jokes in the world, and all others are mere corruptions of these original ones. If anyone feels that it is a bore to read our Exchanges, we will not chide him for it. We grant others the same privileges that we ourselves enjoy.

"When I'm dead you'll find it hard,"

Said he,

"To ever find another man

Like me."

"What makes you think, as I suppose,

You do,

I'd ever want another man

Like you?"—E. W. Ware.

"He met his death in the electric chair."
"Shocking." —Penn Punchbowl.

I sat in the dentist's armchair;

He asked how it felt to be there;

"I feel bored," I explained,

"I may even say pained,

For your extractings distracting, I
swear." —Cornell Widow.

He took the maiden's hand and said,

May I the question pop?"

She covly bent her pretty head—

You'd better question Pop.

—Cornell Widow.

Do not ask a man if he has been through college: ask if a college has been through him.—Chapin.

"The Pragmatist," a monthly paper published by the Fifth District Missouri State Normal School, is an ably edited little magazine.

Cashier (apologizing for filthy money):
"I hope you are not afraid of microbes."

Teacher: "Not at all! I am sure no microbe could live on my salary."

The May issues of the Pitt Weekly are a credit to the editorial staff. The athletic news is exceptionally well written up. Mr. L. G. Boggs, a former Westminster student, has charge of this department.

The following lines from the Cornell Widow would seem to indicate that the undergraduate are not slow about expressing displeasure when things are not "up to snuff" around the University:

"The River Missouri is noted

For its mud and odors rank:

But I think I much prefer it

To our own gymnasium tank.

Squeeze a lemon over a synagogue and watch the juice run out.

—

First small gentleman of color: "Got any apples?"

Second small gentleman of color: "No I ain't."

First small gentleman of color: (Digustedly) "I didn't ast you ain't you ain't, I ast you ain't you is. Is you?"

—

We ask that those who exchange with us will be patient until the HOLCAD again becomes regular in its appearance. Difficulties incident to a change of management have caused the delays in the April and May issues.

—

Mr. Erasmus Wilson of the Gazette Times recently felt called upon to mention the HOLCAD in his column. "The Quiet Observer." Commenting upon some lines in a Princeton paper about a maid from Nantucket he said:—"You don't find anything like that in the Westminster Holcad, but then Westmister isn't Princeton you know, and that makes a difference."

We do not know whether Mr. Wilson thinks

we are behind the times or not, since we are not informed as to the maids from Nantucket. We do know however, that little remarks like those quoted above are known as comparisons, and are therefore odious. Not to become peeved however, we will merely give Mr. Wilson a little rhyme about Nantucket, hoping that he will be willing to give us at least a smile of pity.

Fair Nan from the Isle of Nantucket,
Whose father kept rocks in a bucket;
Fell in love with a Duke
Who was there with the fluke,
And as for the bucket Nantucket.

—

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are hung up so high,
That no presumptuous hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt,
That some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

—Anon.

—

"I dreamed I was a sonnet,
That typifies the age;
I find I'm but the little verse
That finishes the page."

Oratory

The annual Junior Contest will take place Friday June thirteenth. Eight speakers, who were chosen by the judges during Jan., will compete for two gold medals. The contestants are Jane Russell, Marie Stewart, Margaret Buchanan, Mary Wright, Ralph Miller, George Vincent, Fred Milligan and Frank Andrews. The Junior Contests are a traditional features of our college life, and are always interesting and exciting. The coming contest promises to be exception-

ally good, and will doubtless maintain the same high standards set previously in similar events.

One of the most important oratorical events of the year is the Tri-State Contest, held annually under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. On June eleventh a preliminary will be held, in which four men, two from each male society, will compete. From these one man

will be chosen to represent the College in the Tri-State Contest in 1914. The representatives of the Adelpic Society are Fred Milligan and Ralph Miller; Philomath's representatives are George Vincent and William Moore.

The annual Sophomore Public Speaking

Contest will be held Saturday, June fourteenth. Prof. Moses chose the contestants on the basis of the work done in class during the year. Those chosen to compete are Mary McAnlis, Mary McCalmont, Nora Kerr, Walter Braham, Clifton Scott and Lawrence Stewart.

Music Department

The following program was given by Miss Francis Williams as her graduation recital in Recital Hall Tuesday evening June 3:—

Sonata Op. 26	Beethoven, Ludwigvan
Grillin	Schumann, Robert
Pan	Godard, Benjamin
Barcarolle	Rubiustein, Anton
Sparks	Mosfcowski, Moritz
Capriccio Brilliant	Mendelssohn, Felix

(Second piano by Prof. W. E. Duckwitz.)

Miss Williams showed little nervousness and very good self-control. Her playing was brilliant and displayed her tallant well. Miss Williams deserves great credit for the commendable way in which she did credit to herself, her instructors and the Conservatory.

On Friday Evening June sixth Miss Mary Shaffer gave her graduation recital in Recital Hall. The program was a difficult one and Miss Shaffer played it exceptionally well. Her work showed remarkable technique and skill. Her self-command also was noticeable. Miss Shaffer deserves especial credit in consideration of the extra work work she has been carrying. The program follows:—

Beethoven, Ludwig	Souata Op. 10 No. 3
Bachmaninoff, Sergei	Prelude in C sharp minor
D'Albert, Eugen	Garotte and Musette
Nicode. Jean Louis	Elfin Dance
Tscharkowsky, Peter	Concert in B flat minor

(Second piano by Prof. W. E. Duckwitz.)

The musical program for May Day, in spite of all the difficulties of outdoor singing, was very good. Miss Shaffer was at the piano. The program follows:—

R. de Koren	Happy Day ("Robin Hood")
(Glee Club)	Drink to Me Only
	With Thine Eyes
C. M' von Wiber (Womens voices)	
	May Choruf ("Eoryanthe")
R. de Koren	Serenade ("The Fincing Master")
R. de Koren	Rustic Song ("Rob Roy")

On Monday night June sixteenth the college chorus will give Hadyn's oratorio "The Creation" in the Second United Presbyterian Church. The college orchestra will play the accompaniments.

Literary Societies

In the interest of the various Literary Societies, Prof. Moses called a meeting for the fourteenth of April. The purpose of meeting was to discuss ways and means of putting new life and vigor into the dying societies. Representatives from each of the societies spoke at length, many good plans being suggested. After such excitement as is usual to such meetings had prevailed for some time a motion was made and adopted that each society draw up such plans as it saw fit and present them in written form to

Prof. Moses. These resolutions were then to be considered in Faculty meeting.

Accordingly, little work was done in any society that night, but committees were appointed to consider the best plans. Each society agreed that membership should be optional and meeting's held every two weeks. Further plans were suggested by committees, but matters cannot be definitely settled until the Faculty sanctions our methods. Societies are for this reason, now practically at a standstill.

Christian Associations

The new officers for the Y. W. C. A. have been chosen and duly installed. These have entered upon their work with an eagerness and sincerity which gives every promise of a good and prosperous year. Jane Russell, President; Marie Stewart, Vice President; Helen Foote, Treasurer; Nora Kerr, Secretary;—these are the officers, who together with a willing and conscientious cabinet, have already made their power and influence known.

A country fair, the real old fashioned kind, was held on the seventeenth of May [moonlight by the way,] where many interesting "stunts were pulled off." This is designed, of course, for the fun of it, but primarily to make money for the Student Conference to be held at Eaglesmere, the latter part of June. Unusual interest is being shown in the annual conference and it is hoped that many girls will feel able to attend this year.

The new officers have been elected for the Y. M. C. A., but they do not have the privilege of taking their offices under the tutelage of the Seniors, but wait until the beginning of the school year. The officers who are going to work together next year are President, J. C. Fulton; Vice President, L. M. Stewart, Secretary, Ralph Miller; Treasurer, Walter Braham; Prayer Meeting Committee, Herbert Jamison; Missionary Committee, William Martin, Richard Johnston, F. W. Orr; Bible Study, W. C. Moore; Deputational Committee, D. E. Schnable, L. M. Stewart; Social Committee, D. H. McQuiston, James Veazey, C. R. Scott, Chas. Markle; Membership Committee, Fred Milligan, Frank Andrews, Earl Tallant, Hall Braham; Reporter, Leland Turnbull.

Delegates will be sent to the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Northfield, Mass. Those who will go are W. J. Martin, Herbert Jamison and David Schnable.

Locals

THE WESTMINSTER VOLUNTEER
ASSOCIATION

On Sabbath evening, June 1, 1913, there was organized the Westminster Volunteer Association, whose membership consists of all Alumni Missionary of Westminster, Alumni Volunteers, and the local Volunteer Band. There is a double object in the Association, first, an increase of consecrated missionary enthusiasm, and knowledge in Westminster; and an increase of prayer, both at home and abroad, for Westminster, and for our missionary representatives. It is the hope of the Band that there may be read at every Sabbath evening meeting, a letter from some one of the Missionary Alumni, in order that the Volunteers may know the field conditions better, and thus be better prepared for service and prayer. It is planned that beginning with Sabbath morning of this Commencement week there will be held annually a student's prayer meeting, at which some Missionary or Missionaries will speak, and the prayer service be devoted to the welfare of Missions and spiritual Westminster. This year the prayer meeting will be held at 9:30 a. m. Sabbath, June 15. The speakers and place will be announced later.

A great forward step has been taken by the citizens of our community in the starting of the Chautauqua movement in New Wilmington. The program this year is one of the most extensive that is usually attempted. The program this year covers forty two entertainments covering a period of seven days from Sept., 1 to 7 inclusive. The grounds secured for the Chautauqua are behind the music hall where a large canvas structure will be erected. The list of attractions this year includes such numbers

as the Ben Greet Players, Kryl's Band, Ex-Governor Jos. W. Folk, Isabel G. Beecher, the reader and Geo. L. McNulty the industrial expert. With this array of talent presented and the interest that is being taken by the townspeople the success of the movement is almost assured and we can hope for the Chautauqua as an annual treat.

On Thursday morning, May 29, an orange and black banner was seen waiving from the tower of Old Main. Anyone versed in college traditions could have guessed that the Sophs had been busy during the night. Soon, however, a motley band of Freshmen appeared upon the scene, prepared for the fray. But luckily for the "yellow rag" Dean Freeman appeared and drove the Freshies from the sacred halls of the building. Not to be outdone they fell upon the Sophs who were standing near, and rolled them in the dust. After this operation had been completed the dishevelled Sophs were tied to chairs and arranged upon the college porch, "ad speciem." The faculty however objected to such a show; so, with due reverence the "debrss" was cleared away, and everyone (?) "hiked" into chapel. In the meantime the "flag" was ignominiously lowered at a maximum expense. On the whole, though, it was a good stunt, and we admire the grit of the Sophs, but — Oh! you Caution Fee!

Monday morning, June 2, Edgar Stranigan '16, sustained a broken ankle while participating in a friendly tussle on the campus. The accident marred the pleasure of the Freshman picnic in the afternoon. "Eddie" has the sympathy of all in his misfortune, and we hope for the speedy recovery.

On the afternoon and evening of June 2,

the Freshman class had a hayride to Volant and a picnic supper on the banks of the Neshannock. This was the first "doings" the class has had, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Rev. Graham ably chaperoned the party. He is a first class "shap," and we recommend him to others.

MAY DAY FESTIVAL

Rain interfered with the May Day exercises this year, and the program was postponed until the morning of May 31. This delay was a serious disappointment to many out of town visitors who could not "stay over" until the next day. On this account the attendance was not so large as usual, yet, withal the program was not marred in the least. The costumes were dainty and becoming, and the performances were cleverly presented. Probably one of the prettiest features of the program was the processional from the Hillside to the college campus. The May Queen, attended by several little girls led the procession, and the other girls followed in order of their classes, while the boy's chorus brought up the rear. The march ended with the seating of the Queen in her bower, after which the various performances were carried out. The soldiers were the guests of the college upon this

occasion. The program presented was entitled "The Awakening of Spring."

Queen of the May Miss Jane Walker Russell
Guest of Honor Miss Mary McCune
Goddess of Liberty Miss Selina Whitia

The Program.

Greeting to the May Queen Attendants
Invocation Dr. Russell

Address of Welcome Miss Gertrude Newlin

1 The Dance of the Leaves The Folk Song
2 Chorus, "Country Dance" "Robin Hood"
3 Shepardesses

4 Song, "Drink to Me Only With Thine
Eyes" Glee Club

5 Crowning of the May Queen

"Sweet May, sweet May,
Bring roses fair,
And roses crown
The maiden's hair,
Then hail, O hail,
The Queen of May,
The Queen of May."

6 Rainbow Drill

7 Chorus, Serenade [The Fencing Master]

8 Winding of the May Pole Senior Girls

9 Chorus, Rustic Song Rob Roy

10 Presentations Miss Jean Lewis

11 Address to the Grand Army of the

Republic Dr. R. G. Ramsey, Sharon
Singing of "America."

Athletics

On the home field, Map 3, the protoges of "Mays" Edmundson, the old Westminster star, met defeat from Westminster, 7-8. This was our first real game of the season. The contest was close and exciting to the end. The score was a tie in the ninth inning with Coulter on third base, when "Ken" Igo's timely hit to right center brought in the winning run. Pitt used three pitchers but our boys hit them all hard. Coulter

allowed six men to walk but otherwise pitched a fine game. Coleman's sensational catch in right field, Logan's base running and "Ken" Igo's hitting were features of the game. "Jack" McCnoahy, the former Westminster short stop played that position for Pitt. Without a doubt the game was the best that has been played on the home field this year. It was one of those games you have heard talked about in which everyone

seemed at his best. The boys were filled with the spirit of the game, everybody hit. Had the boys kept on playing the same kind of ball we would have very few defeats chalked up against us.

The score.

Univ. of P'g'h.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Schenck 3b.....	3	1	0	0	1	1
McConahy s. s.....	3	2	0	3	4	0
Wilson c. f. p.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Herenski r. f. p.....	4	2	0	0	0	1
McKeon 1b.....	3	2	2	12	0	0
Gaw c.....	2	0	0	9	2	0
Honaker l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Biddle 2b.....	4	0	1	1	3	0
Giles r. f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Heincr p. c. f.....	2	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	30	7	3	25*	13	3

Westminster.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Fair C. F.....	5	1	1	2	0	0
K. Igo 2b.....	5	1	3	2	1	2
Cummings S. S.....	4	1	1	2	0	1
Parrish 1b.....	3	0	1	10	0	0
Coleman R. F.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Kirkbride C.....	3	0	0	8	2	2
H. Igo 3b.....	3	1	0	1	0	0
Logan L. F.....	1	1	1	1	0	0
Coulter P.....	3	2	2	0	5	1
Totals	31	8	10	27	8	6

*One out when winning run was scored.

Home run—Coulter; Three base hit K. Igo; Two base hits—Parrish, Logan, McKeown, 2. First base on balls off Coulter 6, off Harenski 1, off Heiner 2, off Wilson 1. Struck out by Coulter 9, Harenski 2, Hiner 4, Wilson 1. Stolen bases, Logan 2, Coleman, Coulter Biddle, McKeown, Harenski. Passed balls Gaw 3. Sacrifice hits, Logan, Parrish, Kirkbride, Schenck. Hit by pitcher McConahy. Umpire W. W. Campbell.

At home, May 8, Hiram lost to Westminster by errors in fielding. Hiram got ten hits from Coulter. In the ninth inning Cook made a single,

Fram a home run, while McGaffic walked. Jamison went in to pitch and prevented Hiram from further scoring. The game was well played although the boys did not have the confidence and spirit shown in the "Pitt" game.

The score.

Westminster	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Fair C. F.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
K. Igo 2b.....	5	2	0	1	2	0
Logan 3b.....	3	1	0	1	3	0
Parrish 1b.....	4	2	0	10	0	0
Coleman R. F.....	4	2	3	1	0	0
Cummings S. S.....	5	1	1	2	1	3
H. Igo 3b.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
McQuiston C.....	5	1	0	9	2	1
Coulter P.....	4	2	1	1	2	0
Jamison P.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	13	6	27	10	4

Hiram—10	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Nintern ss.....	5	1	3	2	2	3
Schwartz 3b.....	4	1	2	2	2	0
Braund 2b.....	5	1	1	1	2	0
Cook c.....	5	1	2	7	0	1
Fram c f.....	5	2	2	1	1	1
McGaffic p.....	4	0	0	0	2	1
Hum r f.....	5	0	0	1	0	0
Benedict 1b.....	2	3	1	10	1	4
Gettys lf.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,...	40	10	12	24	10	10

Home run—Fram; Three base hits Coulter, Gettys; Two base hit—Mintern. Struck out by Coulter 9, Jamison 1, McGaffic 8. Wild pitch McGaffic. Base on balls off Coulter 3, McGaffic 4. Passed balls Cook 2. Hit by pitcher Benedict. Sacrifice hit Schwartz. Stolen bases Fram 3, Schwartz 2, Braund, Benedict 2, Fair, K. Igo, Logan, Coleman, Cummings, H. Igo, McQuiston, Coulter. Umpire Carl Smith.

At home May 10, Westminster lost an eleven inning contest to Duquesne on one of the coldest days ever experienced on the local field. Jamison

pitched a magnificent game for Westminster and kept the hits well scattered until the fatal eleventh when Smiths three bagger cinched the game for Duquesne. Meehan allowed Westminster one two bagger but was not supported well by his catcher.

Duquesne—4	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Gracy 3b	5	0	1	2	4	3
Morrow ss	5	1	1	0	3	0
Gallagher 1b	5	0	1	17	0	1
McDonnell c f	5	1	2	0	0	0
Cartwright l f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Heinrich r f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Smith 2b	5	0	1	1	2	0
Laur c	5	0	3	12	5	0
Meehan p	3	0	0	0	6	0
McDonough l f	1	1	1	0	0	0
Cusick r f	1	1	0	0	0	0

Totals	43	4	10	33	20	4
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Westminster—2	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Coulter c f	5	1	0	2	0	0
K. Igo 2b	4	1	1	2	2	0
Logan 3b	3	0	0	2	3	1
Parrish 1b	5	0	0	11	0	0
Coleman r f	5	0	0	3	0	1
Cummings ss	4	0	0	3	4	0
H Igo l f	5	0	0	1	0	0
McQuiston c	3	0	0	8	4	0
Jamison p	4	0	0	1	5	0

Totals	38	2	2	33	18	4
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Three base hit—Smith; Two base hits—K. Igo, Gallagher; Struck out by Meehan 14, by Jamison 10. Base on balls off Meehan 3. Hit by pitcher K. Igo, McQuiston. Passed balls McQuiston 3 Laur 2. Double play Gracy to Smith. Sacrifice hit Meehan. Stolen bases McDonnell 3, Gracy, Morrow, Logan, Parrish, Cummings 2. Umpire Carl Smith.

On May 12, Grove City beat us on our own field. Westminster was beaten before she went on the field. For some unknown reason our boys were very much scared of Veach as well as the whole team. All during the game they were rattled and ner-

vous and consequently played very poorly. Score 10-2.

On May 17 Westminster defeated Volant 6-2. The game was loosely played. We tried out four pitchers against our opponents who batted fairly well. Graham pitched a good game for Volant and deserved better support.

On May 10, Westminster lost to Pitt by a score of 2-1. The game was well played by both teams and resembled the game played against the same team on our own grounds on May 3, although our boys did not bat as well as formerly. It looked like we would win several time but we were unable to get away with it although we still had hopes until McConahy knocked a two bagger in the ninth and scored the run which ended the game.

Westminster lost to Duquesne by a score of 5-4 on May 20. The game was well played by both teams. We scored two runs in the first inning and things looked pretty promising for us, but Duquesne soon tightened up. We had as many chances of winning the game as they did bat at these critical points our opponents seemed to be able to play just a little better ball than we could.

It may seem strange when you see that New Castle High School beat the varsity 7-6 on May 24. This was a practice game, however, in which the coach was trying out our only "south paw" pitcher, Wilson, and was also trying out men in new positions, consequently Wilson did not get the backing he deserved. The "Scrubs" were playing in Youngstown on the same day leaving us only nine men and when Phythyon was compelled

to leave we were forced to call on the bleachers for a man. Mr. Sankey responded and played a good game getting two hits. We had no intention of loosing the game but by mistake let things go too far before tightening up.

In a well played game Westminster defeated Fredonia Institute by a score of 5-4 on June 3. The score was 3-0 in favor of Fredonia until the eighth inning, when Kirkbride by a two bagger and two sacrifices scored. In this inning our opponents also scored one run. In the ninth Coulter led off with a single and was scored by Parrish's home run, McQuiston and Cummings got on base safely and were scored by Kirkbride, who was left on base. The only error by Westminster was made by Coulter who dropped a fly because of a too liberal application of slippery elm by pitcher Jamison.

On May 24, the Reserves were defeated 12-8 by South High of Youngstown, Ohio. E. Mercer and C. McQuiston were the battery for the Reserves.

The Freshmen won the Annual Field Day meet with 58½ points. E. V. Buckley '19 was field champion scoring 20 points. Houston '16 broke the college record in the two mile.

100 yd. dash-11 sec. Buckley '16, Milligan '12, Turnbull '16, Wilson '14, 220 yd. dash-25 2-5 sec. Buckley '16, Turnbull '16, Milligan '12, Wilson '14, 440 yd dash-60 sec. Braham '15, Alterman '16, Grandish '16, Braham '17, 880 yd. run-2min. 19 sec. Milligan '12, Osterling '16, Braham '17, Enlow '17, Mile run-5 min, 42 4-5 sec. Zahnizer '17, Houston '17, J. Mercer '16, Stranagan '16. Two mile run-12 min.

491-5 sec. Houston '17, McCormic '17, Stranagan '16, Fife '13 and Orr '15, tied. 120 yd. hurdles-18 2-5 sec. Buckley '16, Tilton '14, Milligan '12, Orr '15. 220 yd. hurdles-29 2-5 sec. Buckley '16, Culp '17, Andrews '14, Tallant '14. Shot put-36 ft, Vincent '14 Cannon '14, Parrish '13, Davis '17. Discus throw-104 ft. 3 in. Parrish '13, Vincent '14, McQuiston '15, McLaughery '15. Hammer throw-106 ft. 7 in. Vincent '14, Canon '16, McQuiston '15, Davis '17. Pole vault-9 ft. Parrish '13, and Culp '17, tied for first place, Tilton '14, and Turnbull '16, tied for third place. Broad jump-20 ft. 1½ in. Coulter '14, Canon '16, Vincent '14, Milligan '12. High jump-5ft. 2in. Canon '16, Coulter '14, Culp '17, Wilson '14. Mile relay-4 min. 6 2-5 sec. Freshmen, Preps, Sophomores.

At the Eighth Annual University of Pittsburg Invitation Meet, May 25, at Schenly Oval, Pittsburg, Pa. Pennsylvania State, 75, Allegheny, 28, W. & J. 22, "Pitt" 17, Westminster, 9½ Geneva, 2. Coulter '14, won the broad jump 21 ft. 1½ in. Canon '16, tied for third in the high jump. Vincent '14, got third in the shot put and fourth in the discus.

Intercollegiate meet at New Wilmington, May 31.

Carnegie Tech, 52 points, Geneva, 41 points, Westminster, 31 points, Grove City, 11 points. Canon '16, broke Westminster's high jump record.

100 yd. dash-10 2-5 sec. Quay, G., Marks, C. T., Buckley, W. 220 yd. dash-23 2-5 sec. Quay, G., Mayer, C. T., Turnbull, W. 440 yd. dash-53 sec. Quay, G., Mayer, C. T., Wert G. C. 880 yd. run-2 min 10 sec. Todd, G., Walroth, C. T. Poyntz, C. T. Mile

run-4 min. 55 sec. Hazeltine. C. T. Bell G. C., Hollister, C. T. Two mile run-11 min. 20 sec. Simpson, C. T., Hazeltine, C. T., Bell, G. C. 120 yd. hurdles-17 2-5 sec. Crawford C. T., Buckley, W., Patterson, G., 220 yd. hurdles- Crawford, C. T., Buckley, W., and Dinsmore, G., tied. Broad jump-21 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Coulter, W., Vincent, W., Cannon, W. High jump-5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Cannon, W., Murphy, C. T., and Wright, C. T., tied. Pole vault-11 ft. Patterson, G., and Wright, C. T., tied. Downie, G. Shot put-34 ft. 7 in. Vincent, W., Patterson, G., Cannon, W. Hammer throw-125 ft. 4 in. Clair, C. T., V. Veach, G. C., Vincent, W. Discus throw-106 ft. 9 in. Patterson, G., Parrish, W., Vincent, W. Mile Relay-3 min 46 sec. Geneva, Grove City, Westminster.

Results of the Interschloastic Meet held at the same time.

Rayen H. S. of Youngstown, O., won the meet with 52 1-6 points, Grove City H. S. 23 11-30 points, South Youngstown 12 points, New Castle H. S. 9 1-6 points, Charleroi 7 8-15 points, Kinsman Special 6 2-5 points, Johnston H. S. 5 1-5 points, Beaver 5 points, Hartford H. S. 4 points,

Woodlawn 1 point, Veron 1-6 point. Beaver broke the relay record in 3 min. 46 sec. Nevin, South H. S. Youngstown made a record in the 880 and mile. Fairgrieve, of Grove City H. S. made a record in the high and low hurdles. Dillon, of Rayan H. S. made a record in the broad jump and also scored 17 points. Jennings of Hartford H. S. and Hughes of Charleroi H. S. made a record in the pole vault of 10 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Thompson of Grove City H. S. made a record in the 12 lb. hammer throw of 134 ft. 1 in.

At the meeting of the Track Team on Tuesday, June 3 1913, Andrew S. Coulter, '14, was elected to captain the team for the next year. This year but three men secured letters, Miller, Vincent and Coulter. The track season while short and not marked by any great victories was a success. We had the satisfaction of competing with some of the strongest Schools in Western Pennsylvania and with a green team gave a good account of ourselves. Only one man, Parrish is lost by graduation leaving a number of good men as a nucleus for 1914.

Students' Directory

SENIORS

R. W. Cummings	President
Gertrude Newlin	Vice President
Lois Nevin	Secretary
Claude Sankey	Treasurer
John Manson	Basketball Captain

JUNIORS

R. M. Christie	President
Ruth Houston	Vice President
Dorcas Schoeller.....	Secretary
Andrew Coulter.....	Treasurer
Frank Andrews	Basketball Captain

SOPHOMORES

D. H. McQuiston	President
Mary Jamison	Vice President
Janet McCalmont	Secretary
Charles Wick	Treasurer
C. O. Markle	Basketball Captain

FRESHMEN

David Schnable.....	President
Mary B. Sebring.....	Vice President
Marian Kitch.....	Secretary
W. A. Lindsay.....	Treasurer
Earl E. Mercer.....	Basketball Captain

ATHLETICS--W. H. Gildersleeve, Director and Coach

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Earl Tallant, President; Raymond Kirkbride, Secretary

FOOTBALL—D. O. McLaughry.... Captain BASEBALL—Malcom Parrish . . .Captain
R. M. Christie.....Manager James Veazey.....Manager

TRACK—George Vincent, Captain; R. R. Miller, Manager; J. H. Johnston, Ass't Manager

CLUBS

VAN—Malcom Parrish.... . President VARSITY—Earl Tallant..... . President
John Manson, Secretary-Treas.
CRESCENT—J. L. Stewart, President; David Schnable, Secretary-Treasurer

GLEE CLUB

Raymond Kirkbride, Manager; A. S. Coulter, 1st Ass't Manager
John Mansou, Secr'y-Treas.; D. H. McQuiston, 2d Ass't Manager

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Y. M. C. A.—J. R. Turnbull President	Y. W. . . A.—Ada Martin President
Robert Cummings, Vice-Pres.	Maurine Shane, Vice President
Walter Braham Secretary	Jane Russell Secretary
John Manson Treasurer	Helen Martin Treasurer

Public Speaking and Debating Association

J. R. Turnbull, President; Marie Stewart, Vice President; J. L. Stewart, Secretary-Treasurer

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS—

Hall Braham	President
Marie Stewart	Vice President
Isabella Young	Secretary
Walter Hart	Treasurer

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN—

Earl Tallant	President
Elinor Elcessor	Vice President
Tamar McMurray,	Secretary
W. J. Martin	Treasurer

THE HOLCAD

VOL. XXXIV

New Wilmington, Pa., September 1913.

No. 1

The Holcad



The Holcad with this issue enters its twenty ninth year, the first issue appearing in 1884. The character of the paper has remained the same from the first, that of a monthly magazine, with the exception of a short time when it was published as a weekly.

The paper being the official organ of the student body and a representative of the literary ability of the school, the aim has been, and should remain so, to fill the columns of the Holcad not with mere words but with productions of literary merit and notes of interest both to student alumni and faculty.

In the choice of the staff, and it is upon the staff that the work of production lies, literary ability has been the one qualification upon which greatest stress has been laid. For some time the manner of choice was without system and many times students of high literary ability were overlooked when the choice of staff

was made and with each year came an entirely new and unorganized staff. This was the condition until March 17, 1911, when, as a remedy for these evils, the following regulations based upon a competitive system of literary ability were adopted:

The Holcad shall be edited and published by a staff consisting of: an editor-in-chief, who shall be a Senior; two associate editors, who shall be Juniors; four reporters, chosen from the Sophomore class; an alumni editor, a Senior; an athletic editor, who may be either a Junior or a Senior; a business manager, a Senior; and an assistant business manager, who shall be a Junior.

The manner of choosing the members of the staff shall be as follows: At the beginning of each school year a contest for places on the Holcad reportorial staff, open to all members of the Freshmen class, shall be announced. This contest shall continue from October 1st to the follow-

ing March 1st. The four Freshmen who contribute the greatest amount of material which is actually printed during this period shall be appointed reporters, to serve from April 1st of their Freshmen year to April 1st. of their Sophomore year.

From these four reporters two shall be chosen, on the basis of contributions published during their year of service as reporters, to continue from April 1st of their Sophomore year to April 1st of their Junior year as associate editors.

The amount of original material contributed by these two associate editors shall determine which one of them shall continue from April 1st of his Junior year to April 1st of his Senior year as editor-in-chief.

The unsuccessful candidate in the contest for editor-in-chief shall be given an opportunity to continue as a member of the staff as either alumni editor or athletics editor.

The alumni editor and athletics editor shall be appointed by the editor in chief; this appointment being subject to the approval of the Faculty committee on publications.

The business manager and assistant business manager shall be appointed by the Faculty committee on publications until such time as a method for competitive selection shall be devised.

The editor-in-chief shall have general supervision and control of the paper.

Each of the associate editors serve for five months as exchange editor, and during the other five months of his term in office shall read proof.

One of the reporters shall "cover" Music and Art; another shall be assigned to Oratory and the Hillside; while the other two shall have as their special territory the rest of the college.

The editor-in-chief shall keep a marked file indicating the authorship of each article in every number of the paper; and this file shall be open for inspection by the associate editors or reporters at any time.

In consideration of the work done by the Editor-in-Chief, a credit of three hours shall be given in the Department of English. A credit of two hours shall likewise be given the Business Manager in such Department of work as may be designated by the Faculty.

In making arrangements for the publication of the Periodical the General Manager shall receive sealed bids from firms disposed to compete for the work. These shall be opened in the presence of the Faculty Committee on Publications, or a Committee therefrom.

The Faculty committee on publications shall have the authority to interpret, modify, or revise these regulations at any time.

Since the adoption of these regulations, the contests for a place upon

the Editorial Staff and for promotion towards the position of editor-in-chief have been responsible for an increased interest in the Holcad and a decided advancement in its literary quality.

It is to the Freshmen class that the Holcad looks for its future editors and business managers and it is in this class that competition should be the keenest. To be chosen as one of four representatives from a class of eighty or ninety is a mark of literary

ability that should be regarded by the student as an honor worth while and one for which all should strive.

The editor publishes this article in order to make clear to the new students the manner of choosing the editorial staff and with the hope that the contributions from the classes will not only be numerous but of such literary worth that the Holcad will be a worthy representative of our ability and an advertisement for our Alma Mater.

To the Freshmen



Last year in our first issue we published a number of timely suggestions which the Freshmen found very helpful. Almost any of that class now will tell you he has the nicest class in school, so we want to give you some hints and have another 'nicest' class.

For the Girls.

Decorate your rooms with as many "den dabs" and "fol-de-rols" as possible. It's so convenient on cleaning day.

Be rather untidy. Too much neatness is the sign of an old maid.

Enumerate all your room-mate's faults. She'll be glad to remedy them for your sake.

Be sure too, to mention all your

pleasing traits. Then she'll have a good pattern from which to model herself.

Insist on telling of your many conquests at home. It will insure great popularity here.

Tell everyone how nice everything is at home compared with here. A little homesick pang is good for us.

Keep your feet well curled up around the chairs. The Dean likes you to be ladylike—if possible.

Decide to have all your fun during study hour. College really isn't intended for study.

Be blue most of the time. It helps others to be cheerful.

For the Boys

Talk as loudly as possible. Every-

body will be obliged to listen to you then.

Swear diligently. It shows good breeding.

Brag incessantly. Everyone is glad to hear of your prowess.

Smoke all you want to. That old promise doesn't amount to anything, anyhow.

Destroy everything you can, just so it isn't yours.

Skip all your classes. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Eat everything in sight. Of course, nobody else is as hungry as you.

Waste plenty of time. Your parents wouldn't want to overwork.

Shirk all college activities. People otherwise will think you are trying to run everything.

Always act a clown. Too much dignity is not becoming in a Freshman.

Talk back to the Professors. They like you to have a will of your own.

Loiter about the halls. The discipline committee doesn't mind at all.

Loaf in the library. The librarian likes to be cheered up once in a while.

Try to be rough and boisterous. It makes you popular with the girls.

A Letter Just Received by the Youngest Freshman

Dear Son:—

We were so glad to hear that you find New Wilmington a pleasant little town. You mentioned having such a long

walk from the station, and we think that the next time you had better go on the street car. Perhaps you could buy street car tickets, then you could save a few pennies.

Have you decided yet which club you wish to join? You told us how popular you were for every body wanted you to join his crowd. That will cease as soon as you give them your decision, and then you will find your true friends.

I don't want to make this letter all advice, but I do want to caution you against too much visiting of the moving picture shows and the theater. It is not only a costly habit but a waste of time and energy.

At your reception—"Who is Who," I believe you called it—you must have enjoyed meeting your fellow students, and they would welcome you with more than usual pleasure on account of your being a Mayflower descendant. I hope you didn't neglect to tell them that, for it will be a great aid in winning friends.

That business of putting of green posters "in honor of 1917" is very vulgar. I never want to hear of your engaging in any such tricks.

So some of your Sophomore friends promised to take you snipe hunting? My, that reminds me of the fun I used to have in that sport! I hope you had a good time and brought back a fine catch. Its well you have a friend in that class, for it may not be long before they attempt hazing you.

I never dreamed there was such a place as an insane asylum in the town. I had heard of the Overlook, but I judged it was a sanitarium. Hope you will come to no danger from it.

Mother tells me to ask you what the "Hillside is, for you mentioned it vaguely as a nice place to visit. I thought it was probably the hotel but she says, "No there's a girl in it somewhere."

We'll expect to hear from you soon and know your plans more definitely.

With love, FATHER.

A Word to the Wise is---



Be natural, be true to your standards.

Self reliance is an attribute of greatness, the impelling force that carries new ideas into being. It is the power whose presence in individuals has, with mighty movements, lifted humanity at various stages of the worlds history to heights of progress and civilization and whose absence has kept nations with millions of subjects bowing at the alter of ignorance and superstition. Self reliance must be seperated in conception from the perverted state of mind that allows conceit, vanity and an exaggerated sense of self importance to sway the action of the brain and body to attempt an impossible task. The impossible is to the self relying man no more possible than to the braggard. Confidence merely transforms work into play while conceit would make the simple task appear difficult. The advancement of thought and material progress of the world have been wrought by men whose actions were founded in springs of self reliance and the work they have left behind them stands forth as eternal monuments to a glorious principle.

What then is the secret of this unconquerable force? What begets it? It is the consciousness of power, the exhilarating sense that man is a creation of an Almighty Being with whom all things are possible. It is the realization of affinity to the Deity though brotherhood with the Nazarene—knowledge that humanity is placed on earth for a purpose and with power to accomplish its end. Self reliance knows no failures. It is the full understanding of ability—of mastery. It is not inherent: it is an acquisition that comes with a mature conception of life and its responsibilities and will dwell only in the souls of men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions and their own duties in the face and see them as they are.

The power to rely on self in any emergency grows with use just as physical strength comes to the athlete through exercise. Confidence breeds confidence until finally the power is developed to such proportions that no problems will appear beyond solution. Grave question are faced and decided with a precision that works success and inspires in others a feeling bordering on adoration.

With the self reliant man the wish is father to the will: the will begets the action; action accomplishes the object and an admiring world applauds. The fortunate possessor of this faculty, as each succeeding effort is crowned with success, seeks new worlds to conquer. In him energy now reigns. He knows himself. He is not dependent on his fellows and in his sublime moment of triumph he inhales for his own the breath of freedom and enjoys unbounded liberty. He has fought his battle and a discerning world proclaims him the victor.

Throughout the ages Great things were accomplished by no other agency so much as by men who relied on self and who had faith in self. Eliminate from history the men who dared attempt things outside the usual and common place and to-day Christianity would give way to barbarism and savagery: education be uprooted and ignorance hold sway: the doctrine of equal rights to all trodden under foot while "might makes right" enslaves the weak: eliminate self reliant men from history and 70 centuries of progress will be supplanted by the primitive ages

where brother made war on brother and the child was sold in slavery by its parent.

Upon self reliance depends an individual's success, his own mastery, his freedom and liberty or his failure, his dependency, his slavery and enthrallment. No problem is consequently unsolvable because it still remains unsolved and his be the praise who for himself works out the solution. Things unseen exist and can be found if they are not sought through another's eyes: the child discovers the sun after the cloud rolls by and knows the sun exists when obscured by a second mist.

"The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats
dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their
way with nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once en-
rage

The gentle Thelis. and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark thro' liquid
mountains cut.

Like Perseus' horse: where's then
the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimbered sides but
even now.

Co-rivalled greatness?"

A Lesson in Prudence



The little city of Milton, Indiana, sweltered under the burning sun of a July afternoon. The hot brick pavements of the "Public Square," threw back the sun's rays until the thermometer at Cosley's hardware store registered 98 degrees. The streets were almost deserted, for it was Sunday, and even the town loafers had disappeared to haunts unknown.

It was in such a place and such a temperature that Dick Love, college student, and for the time being, hardware clerk, found himself on this hot afternoon. He was thoroughly disgusted with all Indiana in general, and Milton in particular. As he walked from a boiled dinner at the "Carver House," to the house of his boss and brother-in-law where he made his home, there was a bitterness in his heart that could not be explained by hot weather or a boiled dinner. He was thoroughly angry, not over anything that a college man would be proud to be angry about, but over a combination of trifling circumstances.

Dick had been invited to spend the summer with his brother-in-law, Howard Cosley, the proprietor of the city hardware store, who was mar-

ried to Dick's sister Mabel. This promise of employment had been fulfilled, but Dick found that whenever the family wanted to leave home for a few hours, he was always left behind to take care of the two-year-old baby boy. He liked this all right for awhile, but in a few weeks he began to feel that he was being imposed on. It happened that on this particular afternoon the rest were away on a picnic, while goodnatured Dick remained at home.

In no pleasant humor Dick tiptoed into the parlor so as not to wake the baby, who lay sleep in a back room. He had left the youngster asleep while he snatched a hasty meal at the hotel. He threw off his coat and sat down to write a letter to his sister Mary. Mary always understood, and she was the one in whom he always confided. This is what he wrote:

"My dear Mary:

I am here alone keeping the baby while the rest of the family are away on a picnic. I don't want to be at a picnic today, for it is against my principles, but it makes me mighty sore to be imposed on so much in keeping the kid: I want to say to you that Mabel is a mutt. Cosley certainly is the worst stung man that ever got a wife. He is

merely a combined meal ticket and cash register for an extravagant girl. She is the most horrible cook that ever was raised, and a complete failure as a wife. I tell you this to relieve my mind.

Disgustedly yours, DICK.

As he signed his name with a flourish, in walked Gladys Prince, Mabel's chum, and a girl in whom Dick was somewhat interested.

"Well, you are a sore looking bird for sure," said Gladys, looking at Dick's disgruntled face. "Did somebody hurt you, little boy?"

"Ah, you should worry," returned Dick, as he pushed a chair toward Gladys. "The folks are all away and I am keeping the kid."

"Oh, I see why you are so grouchy, its because you have to stay at home for once," said Gladys, declining the proffered chair.

"Say, Gladys," said Dick, cheering up suddenly, "Let's go to the hotel for dinner tonight. The baby will be quiet here."

"All right," replied Gladys, lightly, "I'll give him a bottle of milk. I know where Mabel keeps the bottles and things."

While Gladys got the bottle, Dick tore up the letter he had written, and threw it in the waste basket. "Too mean to send," he said.

Several days passed and Dick had forgotten his letter. One evening as he was strolling with Gladys, he noticed that she was unusually quiet.

Dick was puzzled, and he voiced his feelings in a characteristic way.

"Well Miss Prince, why so pensive? Are you angry, or just a little peeved?"

"Dick, don't ever write any more letters and tear them up. Mabel pieced that letter of yours together, and read every word of it. She is as mad as a hornet, and if you don't make amends she will make life miserable for you and Mr. Cosley both. You burn your letters next time."

Dick looked as though he had been hit with a brick, and said he felt like it.

"Well I'm a bonehead, right," he answered, "I thought that when I tore that old letter up, the matter would be ended."

"You surely were a mutt to write such a letter as that, and it hurts Mabel worse because it is partly true," returned Gladys.

"What can I do about it," said Dick helplessly, "I wouldn't offend Mr. Cosley for anything. As for 'Sis,' I doubt whether she has any more feelings than a toad anyhow, the way she treats her husband."

Gladys was thoughtful a moment. "I'll tell you," she said presently, "You sweep all those rugs that Mabel asked you to, put on all the screen doors that are off, and mend the kitchen sink. Then make an apology for that letter which you wrote in a grouchy mood, and present your

good deeds as a peace offering. If that isn't the best policy to follow, then my name is mutt."

A week later Gladys and Dick were again in conference. "Did my plan pan out all right, Dick?" asked Gladys?

"Pan out?" said Dick, "Why it pann-ed out great. I worked my head off for four days around that house, and did all the odd jobs from attic to cellar, beside mowing the front yard. After I had everything done Mabel and I had a long, serious talk. I told her I was sorry for what I had said, but I did not say that it was not true. And what do you think she said?"

"I haven't the slightest idea." returned Gladys, looking out into space,

"Well," she said, "What you said about me is true, Dick. I have made my husband a kind of meal ticket and cash register, but now I will show you that I am worth something as a homekeeper. Please run over and get a chicken at the butcher

shop.' That is the first time I ever knew her to say please."

Dick had expected hearty approval of his cleverness, but Gladys was severe, "Dick Love, I hope you have learned a lesson. I have been pleading with that girl all week to let you off easy, and if you ever get into another scrape of the kind you may expect no sympathy from me. I have told fibs until I was black in the face about what a good hearted and helpful boy you were. After this I want you to behave yourself."

Some weeks after Dick returned to college he received a post card which bore the inscription, 'Let that which thou seeist in the house of thy friend be as though it were not.'

"Mighty good advice," muttered Dick, as he stuck the card in his pocket. "That little high school girl has taught me a good lesson. I thought I was the whole push."

ANONYMOUS.

THE HOLCAD

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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mrg.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson,

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

Owing to the excitement and confusion which marks the opening of a new year, the Staff of the Holcad got away to a bad start, with the result, that this issue will reach the hands of the student body almost a month late. It will be the aim of the Staff in the future to have the paper in circulation on or about the fifteenth of each month.

With such a properous outlook as has not opened before Westminster for years, we will not be suprised at any attainment short of a miracle.

||

For years the aim of Westminster in regard to the student body has been quality but now that quality has been attained, quantity seems to

be in progress of achievement without effort.

|| ||

In one of our exchanges we notice this slogan: "A circulation of one thousand for 1913-14." Can we not equal it.

|| ||

Where shall we stop? Shall we limit the honor of being students of Westminster or shall we be democratic and administer to as many as come?

|| ||

We wish to point the attention of the students, especially those in the Sub Freshman and Freshman classes to the article on the Holcad and particularly to the regulations for appointment of staff reporters. Read them and get into the race.

|| ||

Make your aim in all work quality not quantity. When quality is attained the quantity will come of its own accord.

|| ||

Whatever else a college education may be, it is surely a training in democracy. The poor boy or girl and the children of wealthy parents stand on exactly the same footing. The only requirement of college is that they shall "make good" in the department of college activity in which they enter. The boy who can play a good game of football and maintain a creditable record in the classroom

commands the admiration of his fellows, whatever his name, race, or previous environment.

Not all of the students who enter college appreciate the democratic spirit. Some think that a fine record at high school, or perhaps their mental ability or personal appearance gives them rank above their fellows. Presently these misguided persons learn that, "That the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." The college judges its students according to their works, and those who are ambitious should realize this fact. Let us cultivate a friendly spirit that shall extend beyond the confines of the club and class and clique. Within us lie great possibilities for nobleness in the little things of life. Be broadminded and just.

|| ||

CONCENTRATION.

"If I had read as many books as most men, I would not know any more than they do," said Herbert Spencer. It is only by our mental effort that we can gather knowledge and wisdom. Mental growth does not correspond to the number of books we read, but depends upon the concentration and perseverance we show in dealing with the problems of daily life.

As college students we should be intensive in study rather than extensive. Give yourself wholly to the

thing in hand, whether it be a lesson, a game of foot ball, or a social lark. The "live wire" is "live" because he puts himself vigorously into all his undertakings.

Department of Music

The school year 1912-13 for Westminster's Department of music was an exceedingly successful one. The conservatory lost a number of students in the class graduated the previous June, but a large number of new students enrolled in the fall, making the Department as large as before. That these new students, as well as the old-timers who came back, were diligent in practise and not slothful in well doing goes without saying. Five minutes spent in front of the Conservatory listening to the medly of sounds issuing there-from would prove that conclusively to the most sceptical resident in Missouri. This diligence was no doubt due to the inspiring instruction of the musical faculty. They outdid themselves in making 1912-13 a banner year for good pupils and faculty-recitals as well as fine talent for the artists-recital and the oratorio.

The various musical organizations, the College Chorus, the Chapel Choir, the Men's Glee Club, and the College Quartette not only made good their existence but were an excellent representative for the demonstration of the worth of our school.

Credit is certainly due all those who made possible the undoubted success of the year past, and the bright future for the new term.

We are looking for great things. There is no reason why this department might not grow and flourish. In these days of equalizing standards why might we not hope for a Mixed Quartette and a Girls Glee Club as well? It would certainly add to the girls interest in the welfare of the Department, and do it no harm. Girls, get busy!

The Glee Club has been organized for the season of 1913-14 and are at work developing a repertoire for the coming concert tours. Manager Coulter has two promising trips in course of completion but has not completed them sufficiently for publication.

To aid the students in passing their time on Wednesday evening Sept. 17, the opening day, the Music Dep't gave an interesting recital in the College Chapel. Misses Nona Yantis and Mary Douthett of the Piano Dep't and Prof. Edward Kurtz, Professor of Violin gave an interesting program. The courtesy of the Department in filling an evening which would otherwise have been open for homesick thoughts was highly appreciated by the student body.

Alumni Notes

On August 4, we note the marriage of Miss Ethel Finney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Finney, to Mr. Henry S. Lybarger, of Coshocton, O.

Rev. J. Allan Barr '06, was released on June 26th from Hopewell Congregation, Big Spring Presbytery, and is now preaching at Russelton, Pa.

John S. Millholland '09, has accepted a call to Harmarville, Pa.

Raymond Bryan '10 will attend Princeton this winter, and Emmet Alter will attend Pittsburgh Seminary.

Married June 19, 1913, Mr. Chas. H. Baldwin '02 and Miss Regina May Clark, both of New Castle, Pa. Mr. Baldwin spent three years in Assuit, Egypt, teaching in the college.

Rev. James E. Walker '94, gave one of the important addresses at the recent Waterloo convention. It is published in booklet form with the title, "Young People at Work." He is pastor of the 1st U. P. Church at Chicago, Ill.

Dr. and Mrs. E. N. McElree spent some time with their son, Rev. H. B. McElree at Keokuk, Iowa. The latter entered on his work there, Aug' 1st.

Rev. J. H. Veazey, after 20 years of very faithful service, as Financial agent of Westminster College, recently resigned. Later in the season he will seek a return of health at a western health resort.

Born August 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Clark, nee Hazel Hines, Stoneboro, a daughter.

Rev. Paul H. Yourd '03, has accepted a call to Greeley, Col.

Rev. Chas. D. Fulton '95, has accepted a call from Canonsburg to Beaver, Pa., and will soon enter on his new field.

Rev. Jos. M. McCalmont '03, with his wife (Anna Park '03) have gone from Connoquenessing to Alison Park and connections.

Dr. John McNaugher '80, had the Bible hour at the Pa. Y. M. C. A. Annual convention, and also at the Muskingum Missionary Conference this summer.

Department of Public Speaking

Prof. Moses, Dean of the Department during this summer filled fourteen weeks of engagements on the Chautauqua circuit in the east. It is with pleasure we are hearing reports of his success. Prof. Moses is a forceful speaker, a pleasing reader and an instructive interpreter of literature.

On Friday evening Sept. 19, Prof. Moses delighted the students with a rendition of poetry and prose. The closing number was

a reading "Keeping up with Lizzie." The evening was such a success that it is hoped Prof. Moses will again favor the students with such an evening of entertainment and instruction.

—
The class in Dramatic Expression for their work this Semester will study Shakespeares tragedy "Macbeth" with the view of reproducing it sometime during the Semester.

Miscellaneous

THE STATUS OF THE GERM.

With the advance of time and science, the problem of life and living has become so complex that we almost despair of health. With each year are found two germs where one existed before. From the days of home remedies to the present system of professional specialism, is a short span of years, but in the manner of diagnosis and number of diseases is a vastly different proportion. That we are carrying our ailments and the dangers of contracting them to a ridiculous extreme is shown by the following editorial clipped from the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph:

"Before the people of this broad land could recover from the shock following the denunciation of the public drinking cup, the public towel, and even 'the moss covered bucket which hung in the well,' as the abiding place of deadly bacteria they are brought face to face with a new peril. The latest discovery is the result of an investigation into the cause of a typhoid fever outbreak in St. Louis. Of the 64 cases investigated by an official of the health department 18 per cent are attributed to the frequenting of either public or private swimming pools which, it developed, are infested with bacteria of a dangerous type.

"As the water used in the swimming pools comes from the same sources as that used in the home, it requires but little consideration to realize that this new peril is a menace to cleanliness as well as to health. Heretofore it has been believed that the microbes had to be swallowed before fever infection could start, but here we have fever microbes from bathing—absorption of microbes through the pores. This being the case with the swimming pool, then the household bath tub is equally dangerous,

and thus the populace is confronted with the necessity of going unwashed or running the risk of contracting a serious illness. For years the hobo has been the target for jests because of his fear of taking a bath, but in the light of this discovery at St. Louis it is easy to see that the hobo has the laugh on the other fellow.

"The situation, however, is not altogether hopeless. When water is contaminated by disease germs, or is suspected of being so, the health experts advise and urge that it be boiled before being used in drinking or in cooking. This having proved effective, why not apply the same method to purifying the water in the swimming pools and bath rooms in St. Louis and elsewhere? It is worth a trial anyhow, and health departments should add to their warning notices this new one: Boil the water before bathing."

On reading the foregoing, the writer had about given up hope of a prolonged existence when the following poem, the product of the pen of our exchange editor, reached the Holcad desk:

WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

When earth's last house fly has fainted,
And the fly paper's twisted and dried,
When the oldest fly specks have faded
And the youngest of bedbugs has died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it,
We'll have peace for a decade or two,
Till science and doctors shall tell us
Of some other bug we're to shoo.

And those who have fussed shall be happy,
They shall sit in peace on their chairs;
There'll be no more microbes to scare them,
And no more bugs in their hair;

There'll be no germs on the salad,
 No baccilli shall bother the milk,
 The once hopeless victim of microbes
 Shall be strong as the tooth of an elk,

And no one shall ever be sorry,
 And no one shall ever be blamed,
 Because of the ill-fated housefly,
 That swatters and tanglefoot tamed.
 But maybe some starving physician,
 Who never finds any more ills,
 Will wail in accents despairing,
 "Oh bring back the housefly that kills."

—
 "LEST WE FORGET"

Written for the first anniversary of the disappearance of some personal property which "icft" very suddenly and mysteriously one night last year. A very sad loss indeed, of dignity and self respect by the part of the conspirators. An action to be regretted and a disgrace to Westminster.

[With Apologies to The Burial of ———]

By an old and stately mansion
 Near Neshannock's gentle wave,
 On a hillside back of Science Hall,
 There stands a lonely grave.
 And few men know that sepulchre,
 Of a rooster brave but sair;
 For without a sound they raised the
 mound,
 And buried his offals there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth:
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
 Grows into the great sun;—

Noiselessly as the Springtime
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;

So without sound of music
 Or voice of them that wept,
 More silent than sad, from Science Hall
 "lab,"

The gorged procession swept.

Perchance the timid hoot-owl
 From old Main's sheltering height,
 Out of his lonely eyrie
 Looked on the wondrous sigh,
 Perchance the Tom-cat prowling
 Still shuns that hallowed spot,
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

Apart from the noblest of his kind
 They laid the bird to rest,
 Ah, in a deep, secluded place,
 With cedar shingle drest;
 In night's transcendent transept,
 Where gentle moonbeams fall,
 And tall trees moan and bull frogs groan
 Through God's celestial hall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever whetted spur:
 This the lustiest crower
 That e'er did pinions whirr.
 And ne'er did Neshannock's orator
 With per-fervid silvery tone
 His pupil's sway in such masterly way
 As did this cock rule his "run."

And had he not high honor?
 The hillside for a pall;
 To lie in state at night so late,
 With stars for tapers tall,
 And the dark rock-pines like tossing
 plumes
 Over his bier to wave,
 And a Freshman's hand in that lonely
 land,
 To lay him in the grave.

O lonely grave near the Sharpsville's
 trail!
 O safe secluded hill!
 Speak to the owner's curious heart,

And bid him to be still
 Searching out some clue or trace
 Which may perchance him tell,
 Who broke the sleep of his favorite
 "peep,"
 The one which crowed so well.

What's a Man?

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink, and smoke, and swear, but they don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men."—Inland Printer.

From Examination Papers.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum,"
 Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

Algebraic symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

An Equinox is a man who lives near the north pole.

The five great powers of Europe are water power, steam power, electricity, horses and camels.

The battle of Cowpens was a battle fought in the stockyards during the Civil War,

Mrs. Baye: "She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house."

"How does she get along with her family?"
 "Oh; even her relations are strained."
 —Tit-Bits.

Willie: Pa!
 Pa: Yes?
 Willie; Teacher says we're here to help others.
 Pa; Of course we are.
 Willie; Well, what are the others here for?

A traveler in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveler approached and asked, solicitously;

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I know of."

"Is he balky?"

"Nc. But he is so danged 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."—Current Literature.

A Scotchman visiting in America stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached.

"That was a great and good man, Sandy," said the American; "a lie never passed his lips."

"Weel," said the Scot, "I praysume he talked through his nose like the rest of ye."
 —Ladies' Home Journal.

"Getting business is just like courting a girl—you have to present the right kind of goods and keep on calling,"

It is not work that kills man, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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THE HOLCAD

VOL. XXIV

New Wilmington, Pa., October 1913.

No. 2

Echoes From the Student Conferences

NORTHFIELD

Twenty-five years ago, Dwight L. Moody called, to Northfield, student representatives from all the colleges and universities in the eastern states, for the purpose of discussing the great problems of life-work and world service that concern college men. This was the first Student Conference of its kind ever held in America. Since that time twenty large conferences have been organized, but the Northfield Conference has continued to grow in popularity and power, until today its influence is felt even across the seas. At this last Conference (June 20-29) were gathered 670 students from thirty-three principal countries of the world. It forcibly suggested the great "brotherhood of man" in the vast problem of world righteousness.

To the four of us whose great privilege it was to represent Westminster in this remarkable assembly of young men, came impressions and

inspirations that will stay with us. First of all, there was the broad basis of good fellowship in a normal life-work, recreation, and good fun, all combined. There was no special strenuousness to mar any of the great privileges and opportunities that were ours. There was time for thought, time for personal friendship, time to live. We had the leadership of strong men who had faced the problems of individual life and of the world, and who had weighed them in the light of their eternal significance. These men were successes in the highest sense of the word. We attended their meeting and enrolled in their classes, but the greatest privilege was meeting them personally and discussing privately our own problems.

There were little groups for informal talks, where the religion of Jesus Christ as an individual faith and as a saving power in the world was freely

and vitally discussed. Each evening the whole body of students assembled on the famous Round Top, a high, grassy knoll overlooking the beautiful Connecticut Valley. Here, in open air meetings were the various questions of life-work fully discussed by the ablest speakers obtainable. These meetings were supplementary to those of the auditorium, where all the great world needs were impressed upon our minds. Foreign speakers told us of the religious destitution of their respective lands. These countries have various religions, it is true, but in them was nothing vital. The universal plea was for the pure religion of Jesus Christ with its power to cleanse lives and purify nations.

There was, then, at Northfield a chance to solve the vital questions of life-work that concerns every earnest college man who is anxious to take his proper place of leadership in the modern world. The spirit was positive. We realized as never before that the religion of Jesus Christ offers to a man at once a vast power for service and a definite field for that service. We were impressed by the fact that upon the shoulders of college men rests the great responsibility of meeting the world's needs through the richness of their own lives in Jesus Christ. There came to us the ringing challenge that the great work of the world demands our

best men, men who are strong, men of character, men of resolve. Never before has the world needed such a powerful force as it does today. As young men we need not fear that God's work will not require all our talents or test our greatest ability. Much of the world's evil is entrenched behind the culture and tradition of centuries, and for its destruction will require all the faith and strength with which mortal man can be endowed.

As delegates, we were instructed to take back with us to our fellow students this challenge of the world. We trust that the men of Westminster will hear the call, and consecrate their lives to the service of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

EAGLESMERE

The East Central Student Conference was held at Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, from June 24 to July 3, with an attendance of 464 as against 420 last year. Eight countries were represented, Norway, Russia, Switzerland, Great Britain, Germany, the Netherlands, Finland and Hungary.

Among the delegates of American students, Swarthmore stood first with twenty-seven. Other large delegations were sent by Cornell and Goucher, but with them and one or two other exceptions it was a conference of small delegations, a great many of them, good fellowship reigning supreme.

Eagles Mere is an ideal spot for such conferences, tucked away among the mountains of central Pennsylvania and as we wound our way up the narrow gauge railroad that leads from Sonestown to Eagles Mere and drew near the end of our journey the first thing that greeted our eye rising high above every surrounding object, 2200 feet above the sea was "The Crestmont Inn." Here Westminster's little delegation spent the ten days of the conference and from that admirable site we gazed over hill and valley for a distance of sixty miles and nothing could be more restful and satisfying than to gaze at those distant mountains as the clouds cast their shadows on the beautiful little Lake Eagles Mere shining below. Upon the bank of this little lake of the Eagles grow giant trees and dense shrubs, and the pink and white blossoms of the laurel and the rhododendron added a fitting contrast to the endless shades of green. At one end of the lake extended a shelving beach of white sand out in deep water was a well equipped

pier with high and low diving boards and here the college "water sports" were given with other forms of aquatic sports.

Although nature around us seemed to breathe the very spirit of love and goodness and one was often tempted to slip quietly away and study the beauties of the forest. Scenery was not all, for the Bible and mission study classes followed one another just as in all other conferences. One will always remember the vesper service by the lake, as three hundred girls gathered themselves together out in the cool of the evening when God seemed so close to every heart as they accepted the invitation "Come apart a while and rest."

After ten such days together we realized we had not gone merely because we desired a good time but because God was leading us to the place where we could see the very heart of God himself and that the meaning of membership in the association meant nothing less than to know Jesus and allow Him to rule our lives in a new and deeper way.

The Harder Way

"A way which can be trod only by the foot of a man."

No one knew just how it had happened. No unusual noise had been heard during the night. But when Simmons went to the bank in the morning he found the night watchman lying dead upon the floor, and the safe rifled of its contents. The robber had left no trace by means of which he could be trailed, and the sheriff, who was called to the scene immediately, had to content himself with sending posses in every direction. These parties returned at nightfall, empty handed, and the affair was marked in the annals of Red Butte as a mystery.

The day after the robbery the man who had caused all the trouble rode along the old, unused, emigrant trail which leads out upon the desert. Far behind him lay the ridges of the Paragonah Mountains, veiled in pearl-gray mist, and over-topped by the minarets and domes of Mt. Shoshone's triple crest. On either side were hummocky ridges, overgrown with thick shrubs and tough bear grass. Before him stretched the broad expanse of the desert. Both horse and rider were gray with dust, and both seemed tired and jaded, the man however, had no intention

of resting, and for several hours he urged the horse over mile after mile at a steady trot. Finally he stopped and looked about him. It was noon. There was no longer any sign of a trail, and all vegetation had been left far behind. The hot sun blazed down pitilessly upon interminable stretches of alkali plain. As far as the eye could see were rolling ridges and illimitable levels of glistening sand, dotted here and there with piles of whitened bones. To the south and west the shimmering shadows seemed to reach out to all infinity. To the north an inverted mirage hung above Bitter Lake. The burnished sky above and the long reaches of desolation below made the place well worthy of its Indian name Quijotaa, the Habitation of the Dead.

"Gosh it's hot," murmured the man, removing his sombrero, and wiping his face with a red bandana.

Then he slowly dismounted, and rubbed his hands, and stamped his feet, for his limbs had been numbed by the long, wearisome ride. Unslinging his canteen he carefully washed the face and nostrils of his horse; that done, he himself drank sparingly.

"I'll have to go easy on this water," he said, anxiously, "There ain't a single drop extra."

Then he threw off the blanket, the high horned Mexican saddle, and the well filled saddle bags, and gave the animal its freedom. With his bare hands he dug a shallow hole in the ground, and over it, by means of the blanket and some bones, he erected a rude shelter. When the work was done he stood erect and looked out lazily over the Desert. He was a man of admirable proportions, not so tall as powerful. He was clad in a coarse flannel shirt and worn Khaki trousers, with buckskin moccasins on his feet. About his waist was fastened a cartridge belt, and a holster, from which protruded the nicked grip of a Colt revolver. His face, which was tanned by exposure to sun and wind, was the face of a fighter, hard and set, but its sternness was relieved by his laughing blue eyes, which gazed almost wistfully in the direction of the distant mountains. There was about him that air of restful, yet watchful repose that is a characteristic of those who live their lives in the midst of dangers. For a long time he looked out over the wastes, seemingly oblivious to his surroundings. At length he turned away, and his mouth curled into a smile.

"No one would think of looking for me here," he said.

He crawled into the rude tent and stretched himself upon the ground. In spite of the intense heat he was soon fast asleep. For several hours the man lay there, while the sun sank lower and lower in the sky, and a gentle breeze alleviated the heat of the day. Finally he was awakened by a noise outside of the tent. For several minutes he lay still, collecting his wits. Then as he realized his position, he grasped the revolver and peered cautiously through the opening. "What in hell!" he exclaimed.

Before the tent stood a girl. Her riding habit was covered with dust and her face was sweaty and streaked with grime. In spite of his surprise, however, the man noticed that her features were regular, and that she had soft brown eyes that reminded him of someone he had known back East. He covertly slipped the weapon into the holster, and rose to his feet.

"I beg your pardon" said the girl, "but I'm lost."

"Lost?" He had not yet recovered from his surprise.

"Yes," she replied, "You see, I went for a ride yesterday evening, and before I realized it I was out on the Desert, and didn't know which way to go."

"You don't mean to say that you were alone on the Desert all night!"

She nodded slowly.

"And your horse-?"

"I don't know where he is now. He shied at a rattler about noon, and threw me, and before I could get up he had run away. I've been walking ever since, and oh, but I'm thirsty."

He unslung his canteen and handed it to her. She drank eagerly, "My but that tastes good," she said.

The man did not reply for a little; he was trying to think.

"You look awfully tired, Miss," he said at length, "Go into the tent and try to get some sleep. I'll get you out of here all right."

The girl obeyed like a child, she was too tired to do otherwise. The man stood gazing at the distant mountains. In spite of his confident words he was greatly worried. This is the devil of a fix, he thought, two people in the middle of a desert, with only one horse and a few drops of water. True there was a chance that they could make their way back to Red Butte, but for him that course would mean certain death, for in the days of the Vigilance Committees men were accustomed to take the law into their own hands. And before them stretched untold miles of brazen sands, the crossing of which, with their limited resources, would be an impossibility. It was indeed a situation to try the strongest heart, and as is the case in every great crisis, the man had to face it alone and

unaided. He must get the girl out some-way, he told himself. At the thought of her the lines on his face softened. With her came a memory which for many years he had held sacred, but which he had lost in the rough associations of his new life. For a long time he stood still, thinking hard. "It's the only way," he decided at last. He rummaged through his pockets until he found the stump of a pencil and an old envelope. Resting the paper on a flat stone he wrote a short note. This he fastened to the blanket in such a position that the girl could not help seeing it. On the ground before the tent he placed the canteen, a small compass, a box of matches, and the revolver. Then he walked swiftly away in the direction of the setting sun.

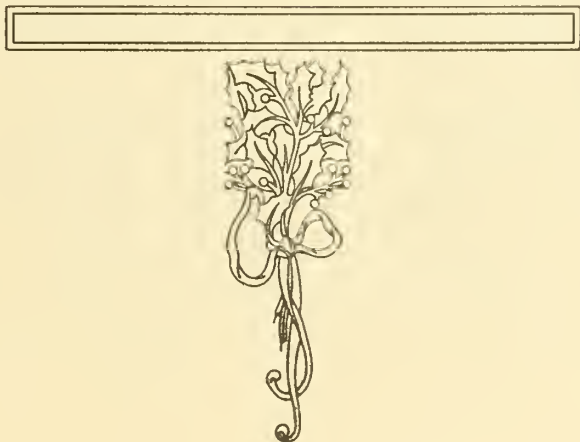
The sun sank slowly below the western horizon, and the long twilight deepened into night. The mountain range in the distance changed from gray to a matchless purple, and finally disappeared in the vague shadows. The night wind whispered softly across the yellow silences. The girl awoke with a start and looked about her. Almost immediately her attention was drawn to the note fastened to the blanket above her. With difficulty, for it was almost dark, she read the message. Then as its full significance dawned upon her she rushed out of the tent.

In the western sky the last ray of daylight was trembling away. The vast and desolate reaches of the Desert were veiled by the friendly darkness; above, the heavens were flecked with stars. The girl shouted again and again, but there was no answer except an empty echo. At last she sat down on a boulder, and cried softly.

* * * * *

The last echo drifted and died among the rolling sand dunes, and a great hush rested on the Desert. The stars paled as if in obeisance to a Higher Power. The distant peak of Mt. Shoshone reappeared, bathed in a soft illumination. Then every ridge and hollow was silvered by the wondrous splendor of the rising moon.

W. I. G. '16



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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson,

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

There are some activities in college life that are universally conceded to student control. In fact the tendency at present seems to point toward even greater scope for student management. The control of athletics, glee clubs, and such activities have never been subjected to faculty supervision. Even of late years, by the adoption of the honor system, school government has been partially entrusted to the student. There is reason in this movement. The student is given a chance to meet conditions which require thought, a chance to gain a knowledge of management that is a training in itself. In other schools it has been a success; the student managers have proven efficient and trustworthy and

the student gains to actual training of life under the eye of advisors. Why not at Westminster? Are our students inferior mentally or morally to those in other schools? If they are why should we encourage others to enter for further development? Or is the volume of business too great or the problems to be met and solved too complex for inexperienced minds? We hardly think that conditions are like this, yet if one examines our system of control, they would wonder if the conditions were not that way. At the present time the Westminster student has a voice in the management of nothing. His athletics, the management of teams, arrangement of games and granting of letters, their literary societies, and the other provinces, even class matters, that are universally left to student control, are entirely under faculty management. While such an arrangement may be perfectly satisfactory as far as efficiency is concerned, the student is deprived of the training that would be otherwise derived from their participation in the work. In writing this the editor does not speak in a spirit of knocking but as food for thought. If the fault lies with the student body they should wake up and show they are capable of carrying out the work. When this is shown the student body will have some argument for asserting themselves. These things are

their province and they should assert themselves but as long as they carry on their work in such an indolent and careless manner there can be no complaint against faculty supervision.

|| ||

The editor has been confronted by the question, Why not an Athletic Board for Control of our Sports? Such an arrangement should be a good thing and the idea is not a new one at Westminster. Some years ago there was such a board in our school. This was composed of two student members and three faculty members and its work was highly successful. In the larger schools systems of this nature are doing efficient work and have removed the stress and strain of management from the shoulders of the faculty. In some schools the committee is composed of alumni and in others the students and faculty work together. In the University of Pittsburgh, the students are members of Athletic committee as representatives elected from the different departments. While this cannot be the basis of regulation here, there are other plans. This plan has been suggested and it appears to have real merit. An Athletic Board composed of two members from the upper classes, elected in the spring of their Sophomore year, and serving until graduation, and three faculty members being

seven in all. Let these seven men have the supervision of athletics, as a controlling board. They shall act on matters of intercollegiate relations, the auditing of managers' accounts, approving of schedules and selection of managers, retaining our present system of scrub managers.

Such a plan as this has many benefits. The managers will be chosen upon the merits of efficient service. They shall be chosen from the scrubs by seven men who know their character and should not make vital mistakes. Secondly, the manager would be given greater opportunity of showing his ability by arranging his schedule, and handling the funds entrusted to him. In the third place, it would bring the whole student body into closer touch with the workings of athletics. They would elect the student members of the board and would feel the added responsibility; in the fourth place, it would be required that managers submit their accounts for audit and publication to the athletic board at the end of each year and thus do away with the corruption which caused the intervention of the faculty some years ago. We advise this further to remove the stigma from the Westminster student body, that they are so incompetent or corrupt as not to be trusted in the management of their own athletics.

Now that we have become settled and have a chance to look for new worlds to conquer, why not think seriously of an Honor System; a real student control of the much despised system of "cribbing." Think about it.

|| ||

Remember the columns of the Holcad are open for your contributions, large or small. If you see something that needs to be brought to the student body, write it up and hand it to one of the Holcad staff.

|| ||

As you look over this issue you may notice the scarcity or meagerness of our literary productions. When you have noticed this deficiency, stop and consider that your school is gauged partly by its publications. Then decide whether you should send us that last story you wrote or hide your ability.

|| ||

A PURPOSE NECESSARY.

Education has well been called "preparation for complete living." A better definition of such truth could scarcely be found. Few college students are really indifferent as to what course in life they will follow, however careless they may seem. Deep in the hearts of all there is a nobility that may sleep, but which never dies. "Complete living" may sound like a dry and dusty phrase to the rollicking college boy or girl,

but after all, that should be our aim. We have only one life to live, and every day should show some progress in our task of "making a life."

But the fact that we are earnest about our ambitions to be somebody in the outside world, should not make us appear too serious. Even so strenuous a man as Theodore Roosevelt advises us to "have as much fun as possible." The golden mean lies in the proper balancing of good times and work.

The repartee and the wit of the club-room degenerate into flippancy if indulged in all day long. Yet without the rollicking hours with your chums, life would be dull indeed.

There is room for all types of students in this as any other school if they possess the germs of earnest ambition. We must not expect perfection, but we must demand that those who desire our respect must be willing to 'make good' in some line of college activity.



THE STEWART STEPS.

Too much can hardly be said in praise of the spirit of the alumnus who recently visited Westminster, and saw something that he was willing to fix. There have been members of the alumni body who have not sought to do anything but talk about the things that ought to be fixed. Mr. Stewart saw that we needed new steps on the south side

of the building, and provided for their construction.

Now that we are able to enter the building by these handsome cement steps, we can more easily laugh about the old ones. Think of those small precipitous steps one fourteen inches, another eleven, and another nine! It took a firm resolve of the will, and a grim physical struggle to ascend those Alpine cliffs. Bodily fatigue and high nervous tension always ensued upon reaching the summit.

Mr. Stewart is a true benefactor, and a true type of Westminster alumni. While his new entrance may have given a black eye to mountain climbing, it certainly is an aid to those who are pursuing knowledge of books, and of nature in its less severe aspects. No more must we say when entering by the south doors "Over the Alps lies Italy" Now we can calmly enter the building even while meditating on the odes of Horace or the binominal theorem.



THAT SMALL HUNTER.

Running hither and thither about a co-ed school there is always the little god named Cupid. Nowhere else is the little fellow quite so subtle or so deceitful as in a school where young men and maidens pursue the liberal arts on one and the same campus. Few escape at least a slight wound from his deftly aimed

darts. Many are wounded severely, and lacerated hearts fairly drown the winged boy in the bloody deluge which follows after him. Truly, reflection about him is terrible.

One bit of comfort comes to those who have been besieged. The passing of time brings a certain immunity to Cupid. The boy or the girl (for those terms are the proper ones) finds that it is "as a watch in the night when it is past." Friendships once regarded as serious often become better friendships later because not regarded seriously. Most young men who have been victims of the arrow, will come to say with the poet,

"My only books
Were woman's looks
And folly's all they've taught me."

Cupid has returned to college this fall, and hopes for a good hunting season. Those who are shot by him will receive no sympathy from others. Fate is the moving force in the college "case." Warnings have been issued, and when Cupid makes anyone his quarry, that one must merely accept his fate.

|| ||

MEN WANTED FOR FOOTBALL,

An urgent call for more men to play football has been issued by our coaches. Gridiron material has been of a pretty good quality thus far but there have not been enough men out to insure a winning team. The

spirit and grit of Westminster teams is the heritage of the student body, but no aggregation of courageous players can win games without plenty of practice against husky scrub teams.

The average student who has decided not to play football pays little attention to the appeal of the coaches. Some of the fellows have valid reasons for refusing to don the togs. Lack of muscle or too much work are good reasons for staying out of the game; laziness however accounts for some not being out on the field in the afternoon. For such as these the remedy needed is just a little manly "pep."

No student should allow himself to become either a bookworm or a dray horse. There are many lessons to be learned from what has been called "virile contact with young men."

Former Coach Gildersleeve in past times has emphasized the danger of allowing one's head to become the only part of the body that is active. Every fellow should earnestly consider football as a valuable side issue of his college life. The team needs you, whether you have played before or not.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Westminster's team will not be handicapped by able-bodied men who lack the manly spirit to come out for the game of brains and muscle.

Department of Public Speaking

Debating prospects seem brighter this year than ever before in Westminster's history. Out of the six members of last year's varsity teams, five (Miller, Braham, Grundish, Milligan, and D. McQuiston) are still in school, J. K. Stewart being the only man lost by graduation. With these men, and also Orr and Scott who were alternates last year, Prof. Moses will have a nucleus about which he will be able to develop teams that will do even better than those of former years. Secretary Braham of the Debating Association is at present working on an attractive schedule, which will probably include debates with Geneva, Grove City, and Swarthmore. Negotiations have been opened with Juniata. In order to carry out such a schedule three and probably four varsity teams will be needed,—that means that at least thirty-five men should be out, for each varsity team should have a scrub team. There is a mighty good chance for the new fellows this year, and every one that is at all interested should be out for the team. The team needs you, and you need the training and coaching that every candidate gets. Many men high in public favor ascribe their ability as public speakers to the training they received on their college or university debating team. So come out, and help the school to win the debates.

The enrollment in the Department of

Public Speaking is the largest in the history of the Department at this time of the year.

James K. Stewart, '12 and advanced student '13 was elected as Professor of Public Speaking in Emporia College, Emporia, Kansas.

Carrie Wilson '13 gave as her commencement number "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Miss Wilson has been requested to repeat this reading some time during the present school year.

Professor E. R. Moses, Dean, gave fourteen weeks during the Summer to Chautauqua work. He was Platform Superintendent, and conducted the Educational hour, rendering a Personality Program each day. He was affiliated with the Pennsylvania Chautauqua Association, with headquarters at Philadelphia and was under the direction of Dr. Paul M. Pearson, a former teacher.

The Class in Dramatic Expression will study and present the tragedy of "Macbeth." Other Shakespearian plays which have been staged by the Dramatic Expression class are, "The Tempest," "Othello," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice."

Raymond Kistler, '13 at present a mid-dler in the Pittsburg Theological Seminary gave more than thirty entertainments in about Pittsburg last year. He reported a most excellent hearing.

Department of Music

On Wednesday evening September seventeenth the Instrumental Department of the College of Music gave a recital in the College Chapel. The students showed their appre-

ciation of the work this department is doing by turning out in full. This recital was the first appearance of Miss Yantis since her return after a year's leave of absence. We

extend to her a hearty "Welcome Home."
The program of the recital follows:—

Waltz Op. 64-1 Rosenthal-Chopin
Hungarian Rhapsodie No 12 Franz Liszt

Miss Douthett

Second Polonaise Henri Wieniawski
Mr. Kurtz

Scherzo, Op. 31 Frederic Chopin
Etude, Op. 36 No. 13 Anton Arensley

Miss Yantis

Romance Peter Tschaikowsky
Mr. Kurtz

On Wednesday evening October eight, Mr. Marion Green, Basso-Cantante, gave a recital in the College Chapel. His wonderful work in the Oratorio last Commencement established for him a reputation here which his recital in no way diminished. His voice and his choice of selections both gave great pleasure to his audience. The program was:—

Recit. At Last the Bountious Sun

(Seasons) Haydn

Aria. With Joy the Impatient Husbandman
Bercense (Louise) Carpentier

The Legend of the Sage (Juggler of
Notre Dame) Massinet

Drinking Song (Paolo and Francisca) Pitt
Go, Lovely Rose Carpentier

In Tyme of Old (Jester Cycle) Bantock
Don't Ceare Carpenter

She rested by the Broken Brook
Colerige-Taylor

Anverguat Goodheart

A Banjo Song Homer

Uncle Rome Homer

Let Miss Lindy Pass Rogers

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

Old English

When I Was Page (Falstaff) Verdi

Killiekrankie Wetzler

Irish Names Turvey

Farewell Scotch

The College Chorus, Glee Club and Orchestra have again started work. The year promises to be a good one for all these organizations since many of the new students have proved of valuable assistance. The Chorus is preparing to give "The Messiah" this year. Although this work is a difficult one, yet under Prof. Campbell's excellent directorship we feel no hesitancy in undertaking it. The Glee Club is preparing a number of excellent selections which promise to give pleasure to any audience. A trip through New York is being considered for Christmas week.

College World and Exchanges

Random Shots.

I shot an arrow in the air; it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half.

I bought some poison to slay some rats and a neighbor swore it killed his cats; and rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents. One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; and the

candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And this is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot. And the joke you spring that you think is smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Ex.

An irritated roomter called up the janitor with "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this wire?"

"Not this end, sir."—Punch.

"Are you married?"

"Nope. I was engaged once but it didn't take."—Ex.

"Say, how do you tell the age of a chicken?"

"By the teeth."

"Gowan, a chicken hasn't any teeth."

"No, but I have."—Ex.

One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is, to think over some subject, before you read upon it; and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master. You will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and in what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question.—Sydney Smith.

"Great Scott, woman! Are you trying to ruin me?"

"Why Harry! you don't even know what I paid for the gown,"

"I know that any gown that looks as bad as that one costs more than I can afford to pay."—London Opinion.

"I have always wondered," said the newly arrived missionary, "what became of my predecessor,"

"Oh, he," smiled the genial cannibal, "has gone to the interior."—Ex.

"Dad, let me go to the circus."

"What! circus! Why only last month you went up to the back pasture to see an eclipse of the moon. Remember that life is not one continuous round of pleasure."—Ex.

Jones—James, I heard you using profanity to the horses this forenoon.

Coachman—No. suh; no, suh! I'se very careful ob de horssis, suh! I was talking to my wife.—Ex.

A lamp that's run by kerosene

Is not the best of lights;

The reason is a common one—

It smokes and goes out nights.—Ex

Each year Monmouth college has an increased number of students who are earning their own way, either in whole or in part. It is no easy thing to do the work that is required of one in the class rooms and in addition work several hours outside to earn the "board and keep." Students who do this are to be congratulated. They show that they are after the real education the college affords and not merely a good time.—Monmouth Oracle.

A gentleman of faultless habits and some capacity for revealing his inner life in verse recently achieved the following little expression of the soul struggle going on within himself:

Get thee behind me Satan!

I'm tempted to the core

To break away from rectitude

And revel evermore.

My wayward heart is calling;

Right gladly would I yield,

And hie me forth from dull restraint

To pleasures sought afield.

But at the crucial moment

Stern conscience bids me stay;

And lo! I'm powerless to move

When conscience bars the way,

Instead, I halt, and hesitate,

And beat about the bush,

Get thee behind me, Satan, then;

Get thee behind—and push.

The Chicago Post, in which these lines appeared, makes the comment that while the sentiment may be deplorable from the point of view of law and order, the words are at least sincere. Roosevelt said of Kipling's "Stalky and Company," that it should

never have been written. The Colonel enjoyed the story, and suffered no ill results. We hope that these lines will have no evil influence upon any one.

"Student killed; twenty-five injured in class scrap," were the headlines which announced the results of a class fight at Purdue University. The fight was the annual contest between the Jnniors and Seniors as to which class should paint its numerals on a tank near town. It is said that this contest will never occur again.

An Italian fruit vender and seller of coconuts was much worried because buyers insisted on feeling the fruit, to see if it were ripe. Peace came to his troubled soul when he hung out this sign:—"If you must pinch, pincha de cocoanut!"

A stranger in a large city suddenly remembered that John Smith an old college chum lived in that city. The hour was late when the bewildered stranger reached his friend's home and called out, "Is this where John Smith lives?"

"Yes, carry him in," came the answer.

We shall do so much in the year to come,

But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what did we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak with words of love and cheer,

But what have we done to-day?

LOCALS

On the evening of September 19th the annual "Who's Who" party was held in Philo hall. Practically the entire student body was present and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Incidentally a few new "cases" started.

"E. G. Smiths Collossal Shows," invaded our town on Sept. 20th, and pitched their tents on the Fair Grounds. About noon a large parade rolled through the streets, furnishing vast amusement for the Freshmen and other children. Although the animals, with one exception, consisted of lop-eared beasts of the genus mule, the show was a fine exhibition.

The Van Club had a pig roast on Furnace Hill, Saturday evening September 27th. Messrs. Tinkham and Park acted as chaperons. A pleasureable time was reported by all present.

The Crescent Club held a "doings" in Adelphic Hall on Saturday evening, September 27th. About twenty-five couples

were present. The evening entertainment consisted of games and various "stunts" after which an elaborate feed was served. The Misses Dickson and Kickhoefer acted as chaperons.

On Wednesday morning, October, 1st, a memorable flag rush was held on the College Athletic field. During the previous night the warriors of 1917 had bolted a sheet iron "flag" to one end of a telephone pole and sunk the other end some ten or twelve feet into the ground. At the appointed hour the Sophs appeared to give battle. A committee of upper classmen had the rush in charge, and permitted the Sophs to make three rushes of five, seven, and ten minutes duration respectively, with five minutes intermission between "assaults."

The flag was guarded by a motley horde of Freshies, about thirty-five in all, while the attacking party numbered only about twenty. At a given signal the "glee" began

the first rush, however, being rather "tame." In the second rush the Sophs displayed more "pep" and made things lively for awhile, but superior numbers prevailed in the end. The last rush had scarcely begun when a deluge of rain checked the strife and the Freshies were declared the winners. Several of the warriors "fed the fishes" and others received minor injuries during the struggle. However all are alive and happy at the present writing.

On Thursday evening, October 2nd, the Y. P. C. U. of the First Church held a social at the home of G. H. Getty. The evening was spent in games and social pastimes, after which a delightful lunch was served.

The Westminster Lecture course dates for the season of 1913-4 have been arranged as follows:—

Nov. 5. Benjamin Chapin, ("Lincoln")

Dec. 4. Kaffir Boy Choir of Africa.

Dec. 16. The Floyds, (Magicians)

Jan. 8. Sylvester A. Long,

Feb. 13. Captain Richard P. Hobson.

Mar. 2. McInnes Neilson.

Owing to an inability to put the lecture course on a paying basis the literary societies have given up the management. This year the course will be under the supervision of Moore and Hoon and we must commend them for their efforts to put out a good course. The attractions for this year are of a high order and the course deserves support from students and townspeople. Here's hoping the new system success.

Local Color

Prof. McElree (to Johnston translating Latin.) "Don't call her 'his tender wife;' she may have been tough for all we know."

"Tuss" (exasperated with the referee at St. Bonaventure.) "Why that guy don't know as much football as my baby does."

"Simmy:" "Well Hubbard, are you going to freeze onto your old flame again this year?"

"Hubbard," (on the return trip from Olean, after three long days' absence.) "I'm coming back to woo."

Margaret Brown—"Oh, girls, I had some of the best apples at Jewel's today!"

Interested Senior—"Did you get them out of an orchard?"

M. B.—"No, I got them out of a dish."

Clara Miller (one warm evening in the dining room.) "Oh, but it's hot in here, I wish they'd pay."

Ruth Beatty and Neva Stewart are going out for track in the Spring. They run races now, on the third floor, for practice.

Elizabeth McMurray:—"Kate, what is love?"

Kate Barr.—"Why, I think Love is Varsity."

Margaret Murdoch (after Miller's heroism at the Slippery Rock game.) "Clara, is Ralph Miller any relative of yours?"

Clara Miller,—"No, but I think I'll ask him if he doesn't want to be."

Mildred Jewell (speaking of strolling.)
"You know we all live in hope."

Heard in Biology: Arthur Jewell conversing with his pickled grasshopper

New Student: "I don't see how I am going to fix up my schedule, I have so many confusions."

Athletics

83-75-89-32-whistle

91-33-87-94-whistle

Yes we are hard at it again on the old gridiron. You may talk about the good old days but they have nothing on the present. Things certainly are lively with coaches Tinkham and Park whipping the boys into shape. Maybe some of you alumni don't know Tinkham. We will tell you how to recognize him if you happen round at practice one of these fine autumn days. He is a tall six foot yankee very much tanned, with an earnest expression on his face, which seems to say, if you want to know who is running things around here start something. You all know "Buck" Park who was our star fullback not so many years ago. He certainly needs no introduction to any of you. We also had "Jack" McKay here for a couple of days before the W. & J. game. He just came on a little visit but was out on the field in full uniform teaching the boys tricks that were used when he was a gridiron warrior himself. We certainly like the alumni to drop in and visit us at old Westminster once in a while. Don't go to the hotel, that is no place for a loyal alumnus. The boys at the club will be glad to see you. The latch string is always out at your Alma Mater. We are getting a little off the subject, so we will return to the breezy athletic field and see what is going on. We have about thirty of as nerry young chaps as you will see anywhere. There isn't a yellow streak to be found in them the coaches say. They are not all big but they are all there and take the poundings of the first team manfully.

The first game of the season was rather a puzzle to us as we knew absolutely nothing

about St. Bonaventure's team. They were wholly new to us. When our team got home from the game they looked like they had accidentally gotten into a corn shredding machine or had been run thru a briar patch. There were many nice shiners that made you think of an Irish wedding. The train was late and the team did not reach Olean, N. Y. until eleven o'clock Friday night, which did not leave the boys any too much time for sleep. Saturday was an excellent day for the game, which was called at three o'clock. McLaughry won the toss and Westminster received the kickoff. It was easy picking from the first. Our men played straight football, McLaughry and "Dan" McQuiston making big gains through the line. McLaughry went around the left tackle for a touchdown but it was not allowed as the referee blamed him for crawling. "Tuss" didn't seem to be crawling the last time he was seen. Westminster was penalized fifteen yards for this. Five yards is the usual penalty for this offence but they just wanted to show their generosity and good will so they made us a present of ten more. At the end of the first quarter the score was 0-0. In the second quarter Buckley missed an easy drop-kick. St. Bonaventure punted out Westminster took the ball near the center of the field and carried it across for a touchdown by a series of line plunges. The score was 7-0 at the end of the half. The third quarter consisted mainly of good hard football, neither side being able to score, although our opponents managed to add a few beauty spots to the faces of some of our men. In the fourth quarter Buckley recieved a punt on Westminster's twenty yard line and came very near getting away

for a touchdown but was stopped on St. Bonaventure's thirty-five yard line. The ball was then worked in to position and a pretty little drop kick was made with two minutes yet to play. The game was characterized by clean hard tackling, excellent line plunging by McLaughry and "Dan" McQuiston and by Buckley's running. Coach Tinkham says the showing of the line and back field was very encouraging although he feels that the scores should have been larger. The lineup was as follows:—

McNaugher	left end	Leataylor
J. McLaughry	left tackle	Murphy
Tallant	left guard	Gormley
McQuiston	center	Estaue
Wilson	right guard	Prento
Cannon	right tackle	McNally
Wherry	right end	Phelbin
Buckley	quarter	Barry
D. McLaughry	full back	Michael
D. McQuiston	right half	Reyan
Martin	left half	Kownocki.

The team went to Washington Saturday morning knowing they would meet a foot ball team, a team which would play hard, clean and fast and found what they expected. In fact found Mr. Speigle so fast that three touchdowns were scored in ten minutes. The only excuse to be offered, seemingly, was a failure on the part of the entire team to properly appreciate Mr. Spiegles running ability, or perhaps an attack of stage

fright. Anyway in language of the coach, "The first ten minutes of the game was worse than rotten." With a score of 21-0 against them the boys bucked up, the Old Westminster spirit came to their aid, and they settled down to give W. & J. a real football game. The Pittsburg papers said that we outplayed our opponents from this time on. In the latter part of the third quarter came the climax from Westminster's point of view. Buckley picked up the ball fumbled by Spiegel on our twenty yard line and made an eighty yard run for a touchdown, which event smeared a great big black blot on W. & J. hopes for a clean goal line. W. & J. came back in the early stages of the last quarter and scored again. This was the only touchdown of the game made on good straight football. We did not expect to win and are fairly well satisfied with the score as it stands, but it gives us a feeling of real pride to have a team come back with a score of 21-0 in one quarter and then play a team like W. & J. to a standstill for three full fifteen minute quarters.

There were no particular stars. Every man played the game. It was necessarily a defensive game. W. & J. was entirely unable to gain at all consistently through the line. Practically all the gains were made via Mr. Spiegel's end run. Buckley and "Tuss" did good work in carry-

ing the ball and our line men opened several good holes for the backs to make substantial gains. We certainly missed the presence of "Dan" McQuiston and "Bill" Kastin who were layed up with minor injuries. The line up was as follows—

W. & J.		Westminster.
Bovill	l. e.	McNaugher
Schwab	l. t.	Tallant
McKean	l. g.	Stewart
Cruikshank	c.	McQuiston
Young	r. g.	Hart
Cornwell	r. t.	Wilson
Braden	r. e.	Cannon
Goodwin	q. b.	Buckley
Martin	l. h. b.	Wherry
Fleming	r. h. b.	J. McLaughry
Spiegel	f. b.	D. McLaughry

On Monday Oct. 6. the Reserves played and lost the first game of their schedule, with Slippery-Rock Normal. Although outweighed considerably the scrubs put up a clean scrappy game. The first half ended with the score 6 0 in favor of the Reserves but in the second half the

weight of the visitors began to tell and at the end the score stood 13-7. Lineup—

Slippery Rock	Position	Reserves
Shakely	l. e.	H. Patton & Miller
Barrow	l. t.	E. Patton
Myer	l. g.	H. Patton McCune
Woods	c.	Mercer & Johnston
Stevenson	r. g.	Hart
McGesseau	r. t.	Stewart
Stoops	r. e.	Braham
Wilson	q.	Strathern
Boyce	l. h.	Grundish
Albright	r. h.	Gillingham
Blakely	f. b.	Kirkbride

Football Schedule ABROAD.

Oct. 4. St. Bonaventure, Olean, N. Y.
Oct. 11 W. & J. at Washington.
Oct. 25 Thiel at Greenville.
Nov. 1. Carnegie Tech, Pittsburg.
Nov. 8. Geneva at Beaver Falls.

AT HOME.

Oct. 18. Hiram at New Wilmington.
Nov. 15. Duquesne New Wilmington
Nov. 22. Grove City New Wilmington

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The Rescue of a Poem



No one ever expected Billy Randolph to fall in love. Such an event seemed to be beyond the wildest flights of imagination, for of all shy, bashful, shrinking young men, Billy was certainly the worst ever! I ought to know, for we have been room-mates for nearly seven years,—we were Freshmen at Exeter when we met and we are Juniors in college now—and I do not think he spoke to more than two girls during that time. Why he actually pretended to be sick during Commencement week so he would not have to meet any of the fair visitors. I never thought that Billy would have the nerve to *speak* to a girl, much less *fall in love* with one! So perhaps you can imagine how surprised I was when Billy returned to school this fall as deeply in love as a fellow of twenty years could possibly be. I never expect to see such a bad case again in all my life. Whenever I wanted to

study, Billy would begin to tell me all about Helen, and instead of studying himself he would write seemingly endless letters. Every night, before going to bed, he would kiss her picture, and he would never appear in public without the pink and white tie she had knitted for him. He even had a lock of her hair secreted in the back of his watch case. Billy was in love with a vengeance.

Of course all this foolishness annoyed me, but I liked Billy too much to say anything about it, and I did not utter a single complaint until one night he wanted me to listen to some mushy poetry he had written. Then I balked.

"I don't want to hear your old poetry, Billy," I said, "can't you see that I'm busy?"

"I know Jim, but this is about Helen. It begins—"

"I don't care how it begins! For

heaven's sake, Bill, keep quiet,—I want to study this psychology."

Billy looked surprised. He seemed to think that I ought to be anxious to hear a poem about Helen.

"Why Jim, he said "It will take just a minute. "Oh, Helen, fairest of the"—

"Billy Randolph," I shouted, slamming down my book in disgust," "I don't want to hear that poem. And moreover, there's going to be trouble around here if you persist in reading it. I'm tired of your darned nonsense! It would be a lot better for you if you would forget that girl, and get to work."

"Forget that girl," snapped Billy, thoroughly aroused, "Well, I should say not! And it would be a lot better for you, Jim Murray, if you would mind your own business."

I sprang to my feet in anger, and for a time it looked as if we were going to have our first real quarrel. But Pete Gleason came into the room at the crucial moment, and the trouble was averted.

"Hello, fellows," drawled Pete, "What's the matter?"

Billy quickly slipped the offending poem into a book that was lying on the desk.

"Nothing at all," I replied, pushing forward a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

"I can't stay," he answered, I just came in to borrow Billy's Latin book, —can't find my own anywhere. I

have to go back to entertain my dad."

"I didn't know your father was here," remarked Billy, as he handed Pete the Latin book.

"He just arrived this afternoon, and he doesn't like to be left alone. A pickpocket lifted his watch in New York yesterday, und dad has been rather scary ever since. He bought a new automatic revolver this afternoon. I laughed when he told me, but he said he wasn't going to be robbed twice. Well, I must be going Thanks for the book, Billy."

"You're welcome, said Billy, but Pete had already left the room. I reopened my psychology book, and began to wade through a maze of arguments on habit formation. Suddenly I was aroused by an exclamation from Billy.

"Great grief!" he almost shouted, "I'm a fool."

"I've known it for a long time, Billy," I said laughingly, "How did you find it out?"

"This is no joke, Jim; it's about the worst fix I was ever in! I put that poem into my Latin book, and then gave the book to Pete,"

"What!" I ejaculated, staring at him in amazement, "You are a fool, Billy!"

"If it was any other fellow I wouldn't mind," continued Billy, "But Pete is editor of the "Weekly" and he will publish the poem as sure as fate, and I'll be the laughing stock of the whole school."

"Perhaps he wont if you speak to him," I suggested, rather doubtfully, to be sure. "Besides he might not see it."

"He can't help seeing it," said Billy mournfully, "and money couldn't bribe him not to print it. You know that as well as I do, Jim. I'm in an awful hole."

I felt that was right. Pete would never let such good "Weekly" material slip through his hands. For a while I sat in silence. Although I did not approve of Billy's foolish love affair, yet I did not want him made the laughing stock of the entire school. We simply had to get that poem back some way.

"What can we do Jim?" wailed Billy, pacing wildly to and fro, "If that poem is published I'll be disgraced forever."

"Don't worry so much, Billy," I said, "there must be some way. We -we might break into Pete's room to-night and get it."

Billy brightened up immediately. His hopeful nature never permitted him to be despondent for any length of time, and in my plan he saw the way out of his trouble. There was even a ghost of a smile on his face as we sat together before the fire, and discussed ways and means. Billy wanted to start at once, but I persuaded him to wait a couple of hours, in order to give Pete a chance to fall

asleep. But about one o'clock Billy declared that he would not wait a minute longer, so, after putting on our oldest clothes and tennis shoes, we started. I took with me an electric flashlight; Billy wanted to carry a revolver but I refused to permit that. We walked rapidly across the campus to the Phi Delta house, where Pete had a front room on the second floor. As luck would have it, we found the window that looked out over the roof of the porch open. I was in favor of climbing to the roof by means of the rain-spout, but Billy objected to that plan on the ground that we would make too much noise.

"Wait a minute," he whispered, "I'll get a ladder."

He tiptoed around the corner of the house. In a few minutes he reappeared, bearing a short ladder. We leaned this against the roof, and cautiously climbed it.

"I'll go in first," whispered Billy, after looking carefully around to make sure that no one was watching, and he crawled through the window. As soon as he was safely inside I followed him. If we had known what trouble we were getting into I do not think that either of us would have the nerve to enter that room. I know I was never so frightened in my life as-but I am getting ahead of my story.

Pete's study was dark as the proverbial night, but by means of the

flashlight we found the Latin book without much trouble, although we were startled several times by noises from the adjoining bedroom. Once I thought I heard the bed creak as if someone was getting out, and my heart was in my mouth for a moment. But as the minutes fled by without us being disturbed, we began to feel more confident.

"Let's write Pete a note to let him know what we have done," whispered Billy, as he tucked the poem into his pocket.

As usual, I allowed him to have his own way. If we had left immediately—but there is no use crying over spilt milk. Billy found a pencil and a sheet of paper on the table and began to write, chuckling softly to himself the while. I held the flashlight so he could see. Suddenly without any warning whatever, the electric lights flashed on, and a strange voice ordered us to put up our hands! Talk about surprised! I would venture to say that I jumped half way across the room—I was never so scared in all my life. It was several minutes before I was cool enough to look for the owner of the voice. He stood in the doorway leading to the bedroom, a tall and rather stout man, clad in blue pajamas. In his right hand he held a revolver which was pointed straight at my heart. (Billy says the gun was pointed at him but he must be mis-

take) I was too surprised to say a word, but Billy broke the painful silence.

"Pardon us," he said politely, "we are looking for Pete—"

"You can't bluff me," interrupted the gentleman in the doorway, leveling the revolver in an ominous manner, "Put up your hands."

We put them up; it seemed safer to do so. I could not imagine what the man was doing in Pete's room. Then I remembered that Pete had mentioned the fact that his father was visiting him. That gave me some inkling as to what had happened. Pete had probably seen his father safely in bed, and had then gone off to have a good time. (I have done the same thing myself.) We had in some way awakened the old gentleman, who being on the lookout for burglars since his experience with the pick-pocket, had climbed out of bed, seized his revolver, and surprised us. It surely was an awful fix to be in. I tried to tell Mr. Gleason who we were, but he evidently did not believe a word. I said.

"You young fellows can thank your lucky stars that none of the boys are here tonight," he remarked as he marched us downstairs to the telephone. "I'm afraid they would use you rather roughly. They don't care much for burglars."

He kept the revolver pointed in

our direction while he telephoned to the police station, and Billy and I had to resign ourselves to our fate. In a few minutes a couple of officers arrived, and we were unceremoniously bundled from the house, and into the patrol wagon. At the station the sleepy sergeant refused to listen to our explanations, and after we had given false names, we were led away to a cell to spend the remainder of the night. I saw that we could not do anything to help ourselves until the next morning, so I decided to make the best of a bad bargain. Rolling up my coat for a pillow, I lay down on the hard, wooden bench, and tried to sleep. For a long time I tossed about lying first in one position and then in another, in a vain endeavor to be com-

fortable. Finally, however, I fell into a troubled sleep. But it was not long before Billy wakened me.

"Say Jim," he called.

"What? I asked, sleepily."

"Do you know I've got the poem all right, Helen will be"—

I sprang to my feet in anger.

"Billy Randolph," I hissed, "if you ever mention that poem or that girl to me again, I'll punch your face!"

Several evenings later, when the trouble was all settled, and the fellows were becoming tired of teasing us, Billy remarked, "I got a letter from Helen today, and she thinks that poem was—"

No I did not punch his face. To tell the truth, I am beginning to pity Billy.

W. I. G. '16

A Sunday Episode

"Bill, there goes a man who has been drunk for twenty years," said a friend to me as we stood in front of our boarding house in an eastern city one Sunday afternoon. He goes past here every Sunday, heading for the same blind tiger, I suppose."

"There's a good chance to prosecute some dealer."

"Yes, I've often thought that I'd follow that man sometime."

"I'm game to do it right now." I

answered, as I started after the shuffling figure of the drunkard.

"All right if you want to do it," said Tom. But take care of yourself for there are some tough joints in this town."

I took the opposite side of the street and began to "shadow" my man. He ambled along in a careless fashion, but turned corners as though he had a definite course before him. His degraded condition made me

think of Gordon Buckley, a college chum of my brother's a man who, though only thirty years of age was almost in the gutter, thanks to John Barleycorn.

An abrupt turn in the course brought me suddenly out of my meditations. We were approaching "Nigger Hollow," one of the worst parts of the city. Our course now lay toward the river-bottom, through a narrow street or lane, bordered on either side with squalid huts. There were negroes of all ages in this little African colony, and they stared at me with ill-concealed malice. I reflected that nothing short of necessity would cause me to pass through such a place at night.

Presently we passed through the negro colony and walked down a hill to the river. There were no houses now, but to our right lay a sloping hill with trees, and to the left a deep ravine.

From the distance of a hundred yards I saw my bibulous friend enter what appeared to be a little two-story barn, built over the edge of the ravine. A sort of gangway led from the road to the left of the barn.

As the man entered the loft, I felt that I had reached my objective point. I was now at the blind tiger. With some caution I neared the barn, for I saw that the road had become a mere path, doubtless made by other pilgrims to this shrine of Bacchus.

Sounds of breaking glass issued from within, someone asked where Pete was, and there came the answer,

"Aw he's too infernal drunk to git here."

As I came up even with the gangway, there loomed in the doorway of the loft a huge red-faced man, ill-clothed and wretched looking. In his eyes was that half-insane glint with which the eye of an inebriate glows when he has drank heavily.

With a leering expression on his face the man lumbered across the gangway and placed himself directly in my path. He put his mouth close to my ear and muttered in a thick voice, "You kin git a drink in yonder, but don't let them blasted officers git wise to it." And here he laughed and he slapped me on the shoulder.

"I must get back to the city," I answered, and would have turned back. But the drunkard had me by the arm. A moment later, in spite of my football muscle he was dragging me across the gangway.

"You're comin' in to see the boys," he panted as he shoved me into the doorway with his mighty arms.

"Just as you say," I panted in return, for good humor seemed by this time to be the better part of valor.

"Here's a chap after a little fire-water," said my captor thickly. As we stood there breathless in the

doorway, I saw that the place was an improvised saloon. There were perhaps a dozen of rough fellows sitting around in a disorderly way on old boxes and benches; a heavy odor of whiskey pervaded the air. I had broken in upon a game of poker at which those who were sober enough had been engaged. A little man who seemed to be the dispenser, approached me with a glass of whiskey hastily poured by him at the command of the red-faced fellow. My escort stood with his powerful arm linked in mine. He took the glass and handed it to me.

"No thanks, I don't care for it," I said and would have left the place but for the mighty arm which restrained me.

A brutal looking fellow emerged from a corner of the room.

"Don't drink, you damn little fool," and with that he dealt me a stinging blow in the face.

I recoiled at the blow, and my captor let go of my arm. As I recovered my balance, I glanced at the door for a way of escape if the conflict became too hot but the red-faced man stood in the doorway. My adversary had backed off a step or two, and stood eyeing me as if awaiting an attack.

"That's it Mike, batter 'im up," said a voice in the corner. A shuffling sound in another corner of the room broke the intense silence of the mo-

ment, and a half-drunken man shuffled over to get a better view of the fight, if there should be one. Something in that almost boyish form seemed familiar to me. He gave a quick shrug of his shoulders and my heart gave a great leap. That man was Gordon Buckley! No other man could shrug his shoulders in that peculiar manner. I looked at the face, and there, in spite of the ten years of reckless dissipation I could discern the still handsome features of my brother's college chum. Impulsively I stepped forward and grasped his hand.

"Buckley old man," I said, giving him the college fraternity grip. "Do you remember Jack Bradley's kid brother? He was your chum at Butler college you know."

But Buckley eyed me stupidly. I seized his hand, and as I felt a slight responsive pressure, I tried once more the old Sigma Rho grip. A smile lit up his face. "And you're young Bill are you? he said first, and then in his old boyish way, "Well I swan!"

"Let's get out of this and go home," I said.

Buckley turned to the others who had watched the episode in drunken amazement, and quietly said:

"Boys, this is an old friend of mine and we're going up to the city."

And with that we started for the door. No word was spoken, and no one barred our way. We passed up

the road toward the city as rapidly as my somewhat wobbly friend could travel. Two hours later I had taken Buckley to his room; and was again the boarding house.

"What did you find," asked my friend.

"One speakeasy, one black eye, and a frat brother," I answered.



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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson.

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

Josh Billings says, "Enny man kan beat me out ov munny, and my opinyuns, ezy enuff, but no man kan beat me out ov mi faith."

|| ||

To recall those words of Riley's poem, "Knee deep in June," is hardly appropriate with a couple of feet of snow on the ground yet the "knee deep" part would fit admirably.

With Hiram, Tech and Geneva defeated and a touchdown registered on W. and J., we are pushing for a good crowd and victory over our other opponents. Let our motto be "Play hard but clean."

|| ||

Of course ita was lamentable occurrence that it should snow so much as to prevent strolling, yet

stop and consider what a relief it may have been for the other party.

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The Monday Morning Research Association has again started its regular weekly meetings. The association is of course co-educational and is drawing good crowds.

|| ||

What about our Caution Fee? Now to be truthful do any of you know what became of it? For years the Caution Fee has been a standing joke among the students. Despite this fact, the Fee is a good thing, if it is run right. However the Caution fee, like many other systems instituted to prevent crime, falls most heavily upon the innocent. If any student misappropriates school property his fellow students pay share equal with him for it; yet the advantage lies with him in possessing the property at one two-hundredth of its cost. Now my fellow students, can you with a sense of justice permit yourself to be robbed, not openly but indirectly, without raising a hand?

No! above all don't be a squealer. If there is anything more despicable than a tattler, the writer has not encountered it. However if the student body instead of encouraging would discourage destruction and misappropriation of college property the habit would soon cease to bother us.

It would be a fine thing for the sake of publicity, to have the caution fee account published. If the student knew small thefts were shown upon a printed statement and placed before the public, don't you think they would stop and consider? Let us think over it. Publicity of the Caution Fee account as a reminder that all students cannot resist temptation, not even at Westminster.

|| ||

In some of our exchanges we notice a tendency toward condemning that once honored custom of showing a "fresh" man his place. There is nothing so disgusting and at the same time amusing as a new man to enter school and take immediate steps to assume control of various activities. The question arises, Is it better to wound his pride and hurt his feelings by rebuffs or insults than to give him enough outside work to do until he sees what he has undertaken and allow him to awake to a true realization of what is expected of him? The sight of strange rural scenery by starlight, or the cooling sensation of the "ole swimmin hole" and that pleasant recalling of boyhood days when peach limbs, and slippers made such lasting impressions on—on the mind have been responsible for a change for the better in many a young man's life. Truly Holmes was correct when he said "Send your son to college and the boys will educate him."

Organizations

The Y. W. C. A. is living up to its good beginning in the meetings and enthusiasm for the work. An informal mass meeting in which the girls brought up a number of puzzling and helpful topics took the place of one of the regular meetings. Topics for some the other meetings have been "Ministering our Trusts and "When we are at our Best." It is really remarkable the amount of ideas the girls get from the subject and the prompt informal manner in which they respond. Many of the girls have spoken of help and inspiration they derive from its weekly half hour devotional meetings. Mission student classes are arranged now so that the eight weeks required may be managed before Christmas. These classes are just for the girls, for it has seemed impossible to get a suitable time when the boys and girls could meet together to study missions. The cabinet with the help of the other girls is planning to have a bazar just before the holidays, and they also hope to have a satisfactory school calendar which the students will be interested in for themselves and their friends.

The Y. M. C. A. under the leadership of Mr. Fulton and his able cabinet are doing all in their power to make their society a live wire in col-

lege activities. Their meetings and topics have been interesting, for they always have questions of importance to student life. Foot ball practice keeps down the attendance somewhat and especially, now that French and German societies have started. The boys will have to make time and material count. The boys too are planning to start mission study classes. These will assuredly interest the boys, when they know that they are to be under the organization of Mr. Tinkham.

The College Girls Bible Class is now started under its new name and in its new class room. The officers chosen were,—Agnes McKay, president; Dorcas Schoeler, treasurer; Mary Jameson, secretary; and Mary McAnlis chairman of Membership committee. Dr. Fergusson is still the teacher, and the girls are all looking forward to a pleasant winter together as they study the Bible lessons.

We find that the mere mention of literary societies start a chorus of dissent and dissatisfaction. No one is satisfied with their present standard, but seemingly no one is fired with enough ambition and enthusiasm to start them on a new basis. Were all the societies to meet together to discuss ways and means of

bettering their condition, perhaps we could come to some understanding of what we are trying to do. Almost every one realizes that a literary society properly conducted, and with all members in the right spirit toward it, is a helpful factor in student life. As matters stand now however the members are going through their forced performances and deriving as little benefit as possible from them. We feel though as if the time had come when the trouble must cease. Either some radical change will be made or literary societies will be a thing of the past. Perhaps it would be better not to have them compulsory, but only for those who are sufficiently interested to make them a success. Let us each one try to do our best part toward making our society the best we know how, and let us all feel that it is a practical as well as enjoyable part of our school life.

Chrestomath society in its meeting for the entertainment of the new girls produced an unusually fine program. Then the following week some amusing and interesting stunts were discussed under the general subject of "Initiation." New officers have been elected for the next month—Margaret Dickson, president; Isabelle Young, vice-president; and Mary Wright, secretary. A good number of new members were proposed, so that the society will have

no lack of members to accomplish anything which they attempt.

Leagorean society had as its guests all the new girls at the beginning of the month. Declamations, impromptu talks, a poem, an original short story and comical debate, were features of the program. Elizabeth Hunter gave two piano selections. Special topics of the other meetings have been "Athletics" and "Social Reform." The girls are to have programs which will be of interest and are exceedingly hopeful for a good year together.

The programs given by Adelphic society have been given special interest in an endeavor to make them of importance to the members. They, the members, are working now to try to get more men out to their meetings, and to arouse more enthusiasm. The only meeting held, the night of November the third, was held in Adelphic Hall, for all other societies did not have enough members at home to venture to have a meeting. The joint meeting with Leagorean was granted by everyone to be a success. In spite of absence of the second team, enough boys turned out so that there could be "cases" for the walk around New Castle Street. No program was arranged, but by means of games, everyone managed to keep amused until time for refreshments. It seems peculiar that it is impossible to have

as good a crowd at our regular meetings, as we do at joint meetings.

Philomath society is managing to get along without very many prepared programs, but they are deriving a great deal of good from their extemporaneous speeches. A joint meeting was held with Chresto, which was very enjoyable in spite of the "inclemency of the weather." Games were played, and a short program given in which Margaret Miller and Martha Vincent played, and W. C. Moore recited. After the coming of the refreshments, the couples all splashed home through the rain.

French and German societies started the fourth of November with a joint meeting. Roll call was responded to by French and German proverbs, after which the names of cities (cut in two) were matched, and partners for the evening selected. Miss Dixon, Prof. Troup, and Miss Kickhoeffer all gave talks. Groups were then formed, and very amusing

stories were invented by each one adding a sentence. Then of course, the usual walk home broke up the meeting and everyone was glad to get out in the clear night air.

A new society has been added to those already enrolled, The Old Maid's Club, which by the way, has quite a number of members now and many were willing to join. All girls are eligible who want to join, the only expense is five cents for each time any spinster has a gentleman escort. Some of the girls would have to be rich to belong; but others manage very well and hope to get in on a free "feed" at the end of the year, for that is how we are going to use our funds. The first annual ball held the twenty-fifth of October, was a decided success, and many "men" tipped their hats to the skill and management of the superannuated spinsters who made the affair possible.

LOCALS

The first number of the Westminster lecture course was given in the Second U. P. Church, Wednesday evening, November 5, by Benjamin Chapin. Mr. Chapin gave a dramatic monolog portrayal of his play "Lincoln," and his impersonations of that character were of a high order.

The lecture was well attended and the unusual character of the production gave the audience added interest.

The next number of the lecture course will be given on December 4, by the Kaffir Boy Choir of Africa. The Kaffir boys present a uniquely

interesting entertainment, and their appearance is eagerly anticipated by the student body.

Ghosts, clowns, spectres, witches, and people of every nationality were in evidence at the annual masquerade party, which was held at the Hillside, Friday evening, October 31. The students and faculty arrived "on the scene of the occasion" about eight o'clock and things were kept stirring until ten-thirty when the guests were obliged to take their departure. About nine o'clock a procession headed by the faculty marched into the dining-room where dainty refreshments were served.

On the evening or rather the night before the masquerade party some mischievous youths hung a huge sign over the Hillside drive. The sign read "Russell's Poultry Show, Everybody Welcome." The originators of this stunt deserve credit for "pulling" a good practical joke, but their efforts will be just as gratefully appreciated if in the future if they use their brains in writing up some good live article for the Holcad.

On Saturday evening, November 8, the first real bon-fire of the year was built on the Hillside lawn. After an interminably long time filled with scares by false reports, the news of the victory over Geneva was received. The boys at once collected

several "houses" filled them with straw, and piled them upon the site long since dedicated to such "sacred rites." Several gallons of kerosene were then "borrowed," and poured upon the doomed mass. When all was in readiness the torch was applied, and as long as the flames lasted the cheers of Old Westminster rent the air. Speeches were made by coach Tinkham, manager Christie Tallant, Strathern and C. McQuiston cheer leader. We tried to start a snake dance but everyone was too excited for such a performance. It was indeed a big "nite for 'twas a famous victory."

At an informal function following the Hiram game the Kelley club pleasantly entertained their co-ed friends and members of visiting teams. Owing to the sudden change in weather conditions the affair, which had been planned for the open air, as a chicken roast was necessarily transferred to Philo Hall where all were supplied with chicken and sandwiches. Coach Tinkham chaperoned the party which included besides the students, Misses Helen Duff '13, Margaret Coly, ex '15 Marion Davidson, Connelssville and Messrs. Geo. Phillips '11, Moore, Gettys, Hum, Root and Ward of Hiram College.

Alumni Notes

Mr. Robert Gracey of Newville, Pa. Class of 1871 died suddenly at his home during the past month. He was a great friend to his Alma Mater and was a generous contributor to the present Endowment Fund.

Two of our Alumni have recently branched into authorship. The Rev. W. E. Purvis of Grove City, Class of '88 has published an interesting discussion of "The Emigrants," while Dr. R. T. Campbell, President of Cooper College, Class of '86 has prepared a text book for schools and colleges on Old Testament History.

Congratulations are being received by Mr. and Mrs. John C. Heinrick over the arrival of a little daughter in their Pittsburgh home. Mr. Heinrick is of the Class of '09 and is completing his third year in the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. The new daughter should be a Westminster girl, Class of 1934.

Mr. Emmitt Alter, of '11 also student of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

The friends of Plaude Schenck, Class of 1911, will be glad to know that she is growing stronger again after a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Florence Hutchinson who was grad-

uated from the Art Department in 1911, and who is teaching in a girls college, Katro, Egypt, spent the past summer in Venice continuing her art studies. Miss Hutchinson will complete her three years of foreign service next summer and return to her home in this village.

Mr. Raymond Kistler had a bible stolen from his suit case while on his way to his home in Houston, Pa., from the Theological Seminary of Pittsburgh. An Italian was afterward arrested while trying to sell a bible which answered the description of Mr. Kistler's book. It is to be regretted that when an Italian steals a bible he should not read it rather than sell it.

Married: Ferver-Conway.

The marriage of Miss Bess Ferver of New Wilmington and George Conway took place at Youngstown, Ohio, on Saturday, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robert Jacobs. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Ferver of Hubbard, a brother of the bride, and was witnessed by members of the two families.

Following a luncheon the young couple left on a trip, and upon their return will reside in New Castle.

Hillside Notes

On Saturday evening October twenty-fifth, the organization of "superannuated spinsters" gave a reception and ball for their "bachelor" friends in the dining-room. At eight o'clock the Grand March began, led by Farmer Burns and his fair lady love. Then followed the usual program ending

in a "tag two step" and a "Paul Jones." There were varied comments when the "ball was over." Of course everybody had had a fine time, that was to be expected. Many a good smoke was enjoyed in the vestibule beyond the dancing floor, during intermissions when the "men" felt inclined to shed

coats and cool off. The effect of the beautiful night, especially the rain, and the cider made the day before (?) surely must have been terrific for one of the young men was heard to say, "I proposed to six girls to-night: I'm going to marry them tomorrow at twelve."

There is just one thing the girls would like explained. Why were the boys so anxious to gaze on the forbidden amusement, especially when they were supposed to be in bed while the girls wore their suits?

The Hallowe'en party on Friday evening October thirty-first, was a great success, despite the number who had left town for the Tech game. The costumes were original and effective, many of them rendering their wearers quite unrecognizable. The assemblage was the best costumed and most picturesque that has gathered in the Hillside for such a celebration in many years. The wholesome spirit of the occasion was so contagious that the evening was thoroughly enjoyable to all who attended, the sort that makes one wish Hallowe'en came twice a year.

Department of Music

A movement is on foot to organize a Girls Glee Club. This is an organization which, for the past few years, has dropped out of existence at Westminster. Time was when The Girls Glee Club was considered a necessity to the musical life here, but through lack of interest, perhaps, and for various other reasons it was discontinued. Now, however, we have an enthusiastic lot of girls who are about to take up the matter and push it hard. There is no reason whatever why these girls should not make their plan a success. Many of them have very good natural voices and are making good in their vocal studies. The organization while an old one is new to the present student body, which adds to the interest taken in it. Then, too, the strong feeling among the girls in their desire for this further activity in itself promises success.

The Men's Glee Club is fast gaining a repertoire for their Christmas vacation trip. Anyone who heard the concerts given by

the Club last year will realize the meaning of the statement "better than ever" as applied to the work. With a record such as it made last year, there is no doubt but that this year's Club will do wonderful things for Westminster.

The Chorus is getting a fine hold on the oratorio to be given next Commencement time. "The Messiah" is difficult in reading and rendition, but the thorough training given the Chorus each Thursday night assures a fine production as a result.

The Artist Recitals this year give a specially fine opportunity to the students of Westminster to have excellent music. The talent is of the best and should be given fine audiences. While those suitable, are given particularly for the music-students, there is no reason why those who appreciate and enjoy good music should not attend. Why not give a more thoroughly representative audience of the student body to these artists?

Department of Public Speaking

The greatest oratorical contest of the year is the promise of the eastern interstate oratorical contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. This contest which occurs on the afternoon of Nov. 11, at Columbus, Ohio, as one program in the Biennial Convention of the Anti-Saloon League, is interesting, not only because it is one advanced step in the great contest series of this association, but even more because of several special features of its own. A magnificent audience of 5,000 of the nation's leading anti-liquor workers, including governors, congressmen and senators, and orators of international fame, is expected to gather in Memorial Hall; the orators have had five extra months for preparation since the state contest; and the eastern section is anxious to pick a representative to carry away the honors of the Grand National Contest in 1914 and add a third successive national victory to its credit. Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Florida are the states to participate in this contest. \$100.00 in cash prizes will be awarded by the judges, among whom are expected to be Dr. H. L. Willett of Chicago University, Prof. Miller of Missouri University, Pres. Saunders of Washburn College, Senator Morris Shepherd of Texas, Rev. Dr. F. W. Tompkins of Philadelphia, and General Secretary Wm. Shaw of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. After the contest, a luncheon will be given in honor of the orators by the alum-

ni and members of the I. P. A., and the evening given over to reminiscence, plans for the future, and a general good time.

The Debating Association has held several important business sessions. A constitution has been drafted, and is ready to be voted upon. Plans for the admission of new members are being perfected. The present members are doing everything in their power to build up an organization that will keep Westminster in the high place she always occupied in debating circles. In this work they need the help and loyal support of the entire student body. The success of the debating team should be just as much a matter of vital interest as is the success of the foot-ball team. If you have any ability whatever along the line of public speaking you should respond when the call for candidates is issued,—the practice and coaching you will receive will be of inestimable value in after life. Above all, "if you can't, boost, don't knock." There is nothing quite so despicable as a fellow who finds fault with persons doing the work he is too lazy to attempt. We cannot have successful debating teams without the support of the united student body. Will you do your share?

Milligan and Jewel held an extemporaneous debate on "Materialism" in the library one evening. They led a small but appreciative audience through a maze of arguments the like of which will, in all probability, never be heard again.

College World and Exchanges

The Holcad wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges,—Monmouth Oracle, Hiram Advance, Knoxville Aurora, Washing-Jeffersonian, Tarkio Phoenix, Grove City, Collegian, Waynesburg Collegian, The Trinitarian, St. Bonaventure Laurel, P. C. W. Sorosis, and the Monitor from New Castle High School.

"So you heard the bullet whiz past you? asked the lawyer of a darkey.

"Yes sir, heard it twict."

"How's that?"

"Heard it whiz when it passed me, and heard it again when I passed it."

California is the second largest school in the country, its enrollment being exceeded only by Columbia with nearly nine thousand. Harvard has only four thousand and Princeton seventeen hundred.—Ex.

A tip is diagnosed by a witty Scottish writer as a small sum of money you give to somebody because you're afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.—Toronto Globe.

A Massachusetts minister was making his first visit to Kentucky several years ago. He had to spend the night in a small mountain town where fueds and moonshine stills abounded. Engaging in conversation with one of the natives, he said: "My friend, this is a very bibulous state I hear."

"Lord!" replied the man; "there hain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky. Argonaut.

The man who has enemies amounts to something. He is a live man. He is a fighter. People don't kick a corpse. A live

man can swim against the current; a corpse floats down without hindrance. God bless our enemies. They make life worth living.—Ex.

Little grains of humor,
Little bits of bluff
Make the little Freshmen
Think they're just the stuff—Ex.

Willie "Pa, when does a wan have horse sense?"

Pa—"When he can say nay, my son."—Ex.

Bee-master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which stung him—Ah! you shouldn't do that; the bee will die now. You should have helped her to extract her sting, which is spirally barbed, by gently turning her round and round.

Pupil—All very well for you, but how do I know which way she unscrews.—Punch.

A little Scotch boy on being rescued by a bystander from a dock into which he had fallen, expressed his gratitude saying, "I'm so glad you got me out, what a lickin' I wad have from mither if I had been drowned."

Lawyer: The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience?

Client: Six children,—Kansas City Star.

The freshman approached the postoffice stamp window.

"How much postage will this require?" he asked. "It is one of my manuscripts!"

"Two cents an ounce," smiled the clerk.
 "That's first class matter."

"Oh, thank you!"—Punch Bowl.

The Waynesburg Collegian contains literary material of no little merit.

The sweet young thing was being shown through the Baldwin Locomotive works.

"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with her dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested. "And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

A steam roller rolled on a stray canine,

And flattened him east and west;

He hadn't a chance to utter a whine,

But his pants, no doubt, were pressed.

—Cornell Widow.

Isn't it funny?

That we speak of wading through a dry book.

That the more people we get to help us keep a secret the sooner it gets away from us.

That the more we think of some people the less we think of them.

That a man may be in a girl's presence and still be "gone."—Ex.

Swift said that the reason a certain university in England was such a learned place was that most persons took some learning there and few brought any away with them, so it accumulates.—Ex.

The question for debate in the contest between Heidelberg, Muskingum, and Otterbein has been decided upon. It is stated as follows: "Resolved, that municipalities of the United States having a population of 25,000 or more should own and operate their own railway systems."—Ex.

Mt. Union-Scio College has applied for admission to the Ohio Conference. The teams made a good showing in Athletics last year and Coach Dawson claims the intercollegiate games were played according to conference rules. The matter will be taken up at the meeting to be held this month.—Ex.

There is a report that the Reserve Athletic Board proposes the uniting of Case and Reserve in all athletics under the name of The Cleveland University Athletic Association. It is also reported that Case men have a decided objection to such a union.—Ex.

"Over 100 colleges have given classes in the study of the liquor problem in the last three years with about 30 of them offering college credit," according to a recent bulletin issued by General Secretary Warner of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Westminster will offer a one hour course next semester.—G. P. A. New service.

"No wine at the Senior banquet," is the recent dictum of the Senior class of Cornell University by a vote of 295 to 213. By a second vote of 276 to 232, the class has voted to bar intoxicants from all the class functions save two—the Senior Boat ride and Senior Night. This action comes largely as the result of a persistent campaign of the University Prohibition League to abate student drinking customs.—G. P. A. News service.

Loca Color

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained no doubt,
For every time her lover came
The little lamp went out.

F. E. M. (after a tiresome afternoon in biology "lab") "That's my idea of hell, to have to sit up there all afternoon, and look through that old magnifying glass."

T. M. wishing to know the definition of "love" asked Kate Barr, who replied, "Love is a Kelly."

He flunked in Latin, failed in French;
We heard him fiercely hiss:

"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Father—"Prithee, tell me the reason why
In college you have not stayed,"

Son—"Because my train of thought was
Wrecked in pulling up my grade."

For information of some, calling hours at the "Hillside" are 7:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. As a word of caution, do not stay until 10:30 p. m.

Betty Long (to Prof. Mills) "Profeseor, I've lost my case."

Miss Hazlett (in prayer) "As our faces differ so do our cases."

Orr (in mass meeting) "Now we'll hear from Tallant, an old man."

Mabel Russell (at lunch on Monday) "Oh, dear. I just feel like taking a nice walk today."

A—stands for apple-butter,—makes our boys so hardy.

B—is for Chapel bell calling in the tardy.

C—stands for Christmas Vac. the time we long for now.

D—means a flunking grade, and with the folks a row.

E—is for energy, we all have lots of that.

F—is for failure which makes you feel quite flat.

G—is for "Greasy Grinds" of them we've quite a few.

H is for Hillside—a place for swains to woo

I—is for ink, of themes the bubbling course

J—is for journey, the long way home of course.

K—stands for cramming at examination time.

L—stands for Lecture course. It surely is quite prime.

M—is for music hall—a medly of sweet sound.

N—is for nothing, our heads contents we've found.

O—stands for oration. Ask a Junior and you'll see.

P—is for poet, which I'm not so don't blame me.

Q—is for "quiz" beloved by the Profs.

R—is for flag rush—alas, defeated Sophs!

S—is for Society which meets on Monday night.

T—stands for trouble, we've lots of that, all right.

U—means upper classmen. At that they're not so slow.

V—is for Val, whose resturant we well know.

W—is for Westminster—our Alma Mater dear.

X—is for "Xmas," we can't wait till they're here.

Y—is for yawn, after cramming until late.

Z—is for zero, the result at any rate.

Athletics

Westminster's Athletic career so far this season has been very satisfying to her supporters. She only lost one game, with W. and J. but to make up for this she has the honor of being the only team, so far, able to cross their goal line. When you consider that W. and J. held Yale to a nothing nothing score and defeated Penn State 17-0, you readily see what that means. All of the schools in this part of the country seem to be laying special stress on foot ball, and all, with few exceptions, have exceptionally good teams. The championship this season will mean something.

Grove City certainly made a bad break in allowing W. and J. to defeat them 100 to 0, something must certainly have gotten their "angora."

We had the satisfaction of defeating Hiram College 14-0 in a good clean game of foot ball here an Saturday, Oct. 18. The day was cold and wet but there was a good crowd of rooters on the side lines, Hiram seemed to have hard luck as their men were getting knocked out continually. Two of their men had to be taken out of the game on account of injuries about the head. This looks bad for Westminster but we can assure you that there was no inten-

tional "dirty work" on our part. As the ground was very muddy the game was characterized by fumbling on both sides. Hiram got the ball down to our five yard line several times but was unable to score, as our line seemed to forget the mud at such times and played like "Trojans" Our opponents tried place kicks twice but both went wild. We were able to punch the Hiram line full of holes and at times walked all over them but for some reason it seemed to do us very little good as we would loose the ball and thus be unable to score, both touch downs were made through the ability of the men to follow the ball. The first was made in the second quarter, when "Dan" McQuiston grabbed a Hiram forward pass and made a twenty five yard run for a touchdown.

In the third quarter Hiram kicked to "Jim" McLaughrey who succeeded in bringing the ball back about thirty yards. In a series of line plunges "Tuss" McLaughrey then carried the ball to the twenty five yard line. "Tus" was making an end run when the ball was knocked from under his arm, but Buckley recovered it and made a clean getaway past several Hiram men for the second touchdown. Buckley kicked both goals

successfully.

The fourth quarter was a succession of line plunges varied by a few forward passes. Neither team was able to get within scoring distance and the game ended with the ball on Hiram's 33 yard line.

Line up.

Westminster 14		Hiram 0
McNaugher	L. E.	Snow
Tallant	L. T.	Ward
Stewart	L. G.	Breisch
C. McQuiston	C.	Deemer
Wilson	R. G.	Coombs
J. McLaughrey	R. T.	Peden
Cannon	R. E.	Foltz
Buckley	Q. B.	Adams
D. McQuiston	R. H.	Gettys
McEcheron	L. H.	Hadsill
T. McLaughrey	F. B.	Hum

A veritable sea of mud is the only thing that saved Thiel from an overwhelming defeat at our hands on Saturday Oct. 25. They put up a strong defensive game but were very weak on the offense. Kishler was the only man who could make any headway through our line. But these gains at no time however became dangerous.

During the first quarter the ball stayed near the middle of the field although Westminster reached Thiels ten and five yard line at different times.

In the second quarter a series of line bucks carried the ball to Thiel's

five yard line where Captain McLaughry carried it across for the first touchdown. Buckley failed to kick goal.

In the third quarter neither team seemed able to do much as they were greatly baffled by the mud. Neither goal was threatened and both teams seemed to be contented with keeping the ball away from their own goal.

In the fourth quarter however Westminster bucked up and carried the ball to their opponents twenty yard line. Here Buckley got away for a touch-down. This time his attempt to kick goal was successful. The game ended with the score 13-0 in favor of the Blue and White.

The line up.

Thiel 0		Westminster 13
E. Kishler	L. E.	McNaugher
Miller	L. T.	Tallant
Baker	L. G.	Stewart
Doans	C.	C. McQuiston
Nelson	R. G.	Wilson
Smith	R. T.	J. McLaughrey
Eckert	R. E.	Cannon
Ger'd Beh'y	Q. B.	Buckley
Deimer	L. H.	Wh'ry McEch'n
Kirk	R. H.	D. McQuiston
Lynch	F. B.	T. McLaughrey

Westminster and Carnegie Tech battled to a scoreless tie in Pittsburg on Saturday Nov. 1, in the presence of a big crowd.

An enthusiastic delegation accom-

panied the boys from here and made their presence at the game known by much lusty cheering for the Blue and White.

Tech played a great defensive game, critics claim the best of the season, but lacked the punch to put the ball over for a score when the chance offered. They gained best on end runs and forward passes. Westminster worked the Minnesota shift for all it was worth and gained considerably on the play, especially in the first period.

Early in the first quarter Westminster attempted a field goal from placement from the thirty yard line, but owing to the mud Buckley's kick was weak, and Kesner caught the ball on his ten yard line and ran it back five yards. In the third period we carried the ball on shift plays, aided by a fumbled kick, to within seven yards of our opponents goal. There the Skibo's held the attack for three downs. On the fourth try a forward pass was called for. Buckley threw and Cannon fumbled, Burke caught the ball before it could hit the ground and thrown back of the line for a touchback. The pigskin was brought out to the twenty yard line and Clair kicked out of danger. This was the nearest either team came to scoring. Commenting on Westminster's play, The Pittsburg Dispatch says:

McLaughrey the fullback and cap-

tain, played the most consistent and sensational game for his team. His line plunges seldom failed to bring gains, and had his line equalled the back field he would have brought his eleven out ahead. The primary defense seemed unable to hold the Tech tacklers and the backs could seldom get started before a man would be on them. Buckley also did good work for the team with his running.

The line up.

Carnegie Tech. 0	Westminster 0
Lauer	L. E. J. McLaughrey
Fulmer	L. T. Tallant
Clair	L. G. Stewart
Hellstrom	C. C. McQuiston
Fletcher	R. G. Wilson
Welch	R. T. Vincent
Burke	R. E. Cannon
Kesner	Q. B. Buckley
Kreider	L. H. D. McQuiston
Balsinger	R. H. Wherry
McCaughy	F. B. D. McLaughrey

Westminster met Geneva in one of the hardest games of the season Saturday Nov. 8. Geneva certainly lived up to their reputation of having a very fast and well balanced team. As usual the field was very muddy thus keeping both from showing their best skill and compelling them to rely on straight football. Westminster kicked off and the mud began to fly. Our fellows had to be in the game for about a quarter be-

fore they got their noses bumped and began to realize where they were. During the first quarter they seemed to play as if they were afraid of breaking something, but after that they took off their gloves and waded in for a good old rough and tumble. From this point on they outplayed their opponents who put up a very fast game and did themselves ample justice.

Three times Westminster carried the ball within the ten yard zone but, owing to umpire Dowling, not to fumbling or any tricks of their opponents, were unable to score, yet in spite of it all Buckley succeeded in booting the pigskin between the goal posts giving us the three points necessary to win. The most encouraging development in team play was in the manner the boys handled their opponents forward passes.

Line up.

Westminster 3		Geneva 0
Vincent	L. E.	Martin
Tallant	L. T.	Parritt
Stewart	L. G.	R. Downie
C. McQuiston	C.	Fee
Wilson	R. G.	Milligan
J. McLaughrey	R. T.	J. Downie
Cannon	R. E.	McDaniels
Buckley	Q.	Park
D. McQuiston	L. H.	Clyde
Wherry	R. H.	Dodds
D. McLaughrey	F. B.	Eaton
Substitutions		Geneva, Johnson for
		McDaniels, Quay for Dodds. Martin

for Johnson, Johnson for Park. Westminster, McNaugher for Vincent, McEcheron for D. McQuiston, D. McQuiston for Wherry, Tormay for Stewart, Wherry for Cannon.

Referee Rafferty Princeton.

Umpire, Dowling. Tech.

Head Linesman, Smith, Geneva.

The Reserves went over to Slippery Rock on Oct 27 and as the saying goes got "cleaned up" the score being 20 to 0 in favor of Slippery Rock. They played a very good game however although their opponents called it a walk away. They certainly didn't walk very fast only strolled.

The line up was as follows.

Slippery Rock. 20		Reserves 0
Shakely	L. E.	Miller
Unger	L. T.	Dunlap
Louden	L. G.	McCune
Woods	C.	Johnson
Stevenson	R. G.	Vincent
French	R. T.	H. Patton
Stoops	R. E.	Braham
Wilson	Q.	Strathern
Boyle	L. H.	E. Patton
Richards	R. H.	Wherry
Blakley	F. B.	Gillingham

It is an utter impossibility to pick any stars for Westminster.

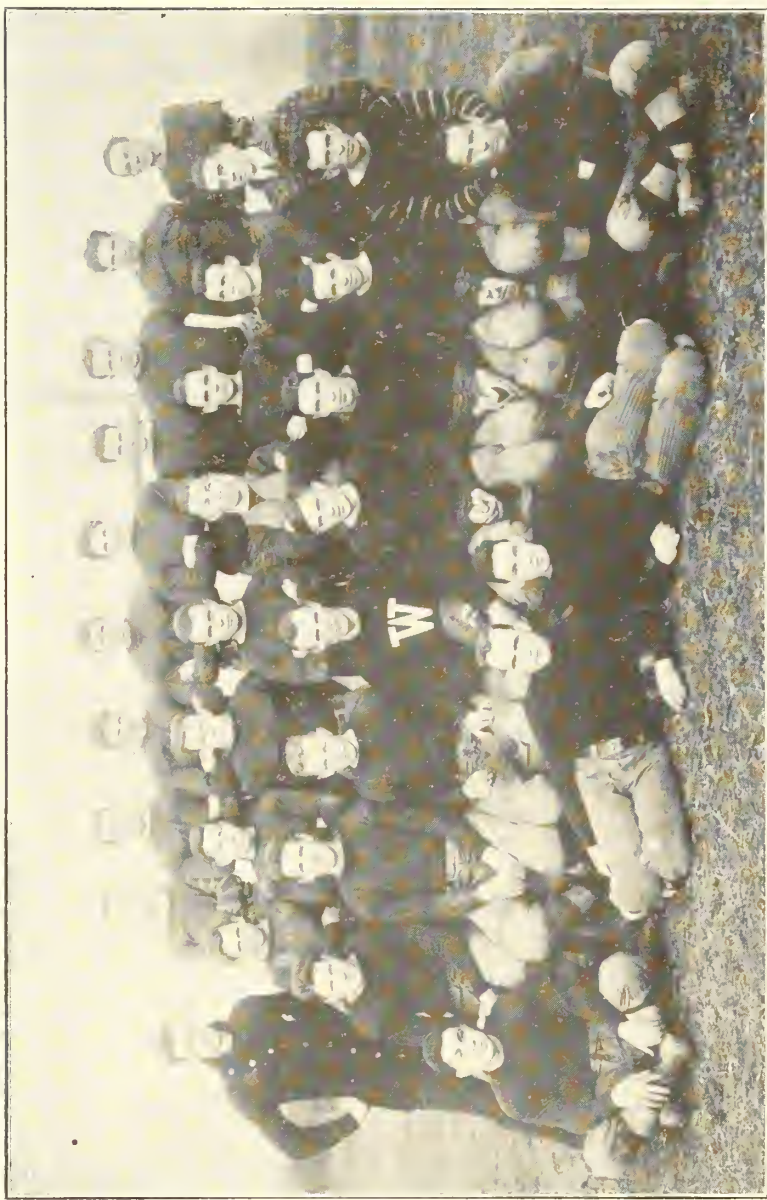
If you attempt that, you must take the whole team. They all play the game to the limit and put all they have into it. We have the scrappiest team we have had here in years. They are full of "pep" and running over, at least you would have thought

so had you seen some of our warriors out with snow shovels cleaning the streets, on Monday morning, of the foot of snow which fell on Sabbath, in preparation for a little co-education in the afternoon, something they are unaccustomed to on Mondays. The heavy snow has proved a handicap in practice but stiff there is that same sentiment "Down Grove City."

SOCIAL EVOLUTION,

A hundred years ago today
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out and got a deer.
But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on a different plan,
With powder on her cheek, the dear
Goes out and gets a man.

Earl Tallant	President
Elinor Elcessor	Vice President
Tamar McMurray	Secretary
W. J. Martin	Treasurer



Our Championship Squad



D. O. McLAUGHREY
Captain 1913.



R. M. CHRISTIE
Manager 1913



EDW. V. BUCKLEY
Captain 1914

THE HOLCAD

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THE OLD VIOLIN



THE room was a picture of poverty. Here and there on the bare walls, a break in the dirty white plaster exposed the skinny laths. A hole in the only window of the room was patched with a piece of newspaper, while a piece of burlap bag, stuffed under the door, kept out the cold blasts of the winter wind. The furniture consisted of a small, bare table, which occupied the center of the room, a rusty music stand, and a chair whose legs spread away from each other in a position which showed that they had "held their own" in long years of service.

An old man sat on the chair. His white hair was long enough to curl under the large black hat, which was pulled far down on his head. His stingy looking coat was drawn tightly about him and the collar was fastened with a large safety pin. In his faded blue eyes shone a look of hungry longing which might have been directed either to the empty milk

bottle on the table, or to an old-fashioned violin, which lay beside it. His thin lips were moving.

"Five hundred dollars! I wouldn't be hungry any more then. Why shouldn't I sell it; it's an old box of a thing anyway and really worn out. I——"

But the feeling of hunger left him for an instant and he saw the old violin as he had always seen it; for he loved it more than anything else in the world.

"Ah, I shouldn't have said that, my friend, my only friend. I was not myself then" he said to the ancient old fiddle. "Well do I remember," he continued, "how I first got you for my own. Your old master had had many offers to sell you, but he wanted to be sure someone, who would take care of you, would get you. He knew how I wanted you. Just before he died, he called me to him one day and said, 'My boy, take this, my good old Cremona of 1731. Guard

it as you would your mother.' I remember——"

But the old man growing weak, rested his head on his arms folded on the table. When he looked up that old gnawing hunger seized on him again. Snatching up the violin, he slipped it into its case and prepared to take it to the man, who had offered him five hundred dollars for it.

As he pulled at his hat, he half closed his eyes. The picture he saw then caused him to halt. He sat down again and opened the case.

"I remember," he said, "that evening in the opera house at Berlin. I was with old Cremona at the height of my fame then. You old friend, seemed to respond in feeling to my every desire. As I finished a number, a rose, thrown by a lady in a box, fell at my feet. When I picked it up, some of the petals loosened and dropped to the floor. 'Twas

then I played "The Last Rose of Summer." But that, in reality, was not the last rose; for her name was Rose, she had thrown it, and I grew to care for her. When she faded and died, she took with her the summer of life." His story ended in sobs and hot tears burned his withered cheeks.

For a long time he was silent. Then he rose to say good bye to his "Old Cremona." Picking up the bow he drew it over the strings. The music seemed to clutch at his very heart. but still he played on, ever more softly and slowly. When the murmuring strains of his violin were scarcely audible, he reeled. The old fiddle loosened from his grasp, fell under him. As he dropped to the floor, two lives had gone, but the music still continued, sweeter to him than any that ever he had heard; for he heard his "Last Rose of Summer" not played, but playing for him.

E. V. B. '16



THE AMBITION OF NAMA TANGA



NAMA TANGA was a Brahmin and a priest, descended from countless generations of Brahmin priests. It goes without saying, therefore, that he was shrewd in his dealings, wise in judgment, and fanatical in his religion. As a youth, however, Nama Tanga had not been satisfied with his priestly heritage of shrewdness and wisdom; he had longed to surpass in power, all those who had gone before him, and to establish his ancestral temple at Buckhars once again in its legendary place of supremacy. With this end in view he had betaken himself to an isolated valley shut in on all sides by the snowclad peaks of the Himalayas. There he had lived alone for twenty-four years, far removed from anything that would disturb his earnest meditations. By a tedious system of training he developed his will power until it was far greater than that of an ordinary human being. He would sit motionless for days at a time, his eyes staring fixedly at some distant peak. At other times he would kneel for hours before a little image of Brahma, muttering some strange formula over and over again in a monotonous undertone. He

wore no clothing, even on the coldest days; he subsisted on roots and berries, and on the flesh of the little animals he was able to trap.

When he emerged from this self-imposed exile, Nama Tanga had lost none of his shrewdness, wisdom, and fanaticism; he had, moreover, become an adept in the science of mental telepathy. He had so trained his mind to concentration that he could control the thoughts of those about him. His wonderful powers enabled him to read the heart secrets of the person with whom he conversed; he could make the impossible happen before the very eyes of his audience. Every afternoon, in the courtyard of the temple, he would display his marvelous powers to the assembled crowd of natives and tourists. First, in order to lead the minds of the spectators into one channel, he would take a shining, glittering jewel from his pouch, and raise it suddenly above his head. Once their attention was centered on the jewel, it was easy for Nama Tanga, with his developed mind, to control their thoughts. At times he would place a small seed on the bare ground, and the astonished onlook-

ers would see it sprout and grow slowly into a mighty tree, which disappeared at the Brahmin's command. At other times he would sway his body from side to side with a lithe, serpentine motion. And, as the spectators watched his undulating movements, the courtyard and temple would fade slowly from their view, and they would see only a narrow valley, hemmed in by towering, snowclad peaks. Day by day his fame spread throughout all India, and pilgrims began to flock to the temple at Bukhares, each bearing a gift to place before the great altar. The little heaps of gold and jewels in the treasure room rose higher and higher each day. But still Nama Tanga was not satisfied, and he conceived the plan of building a new temple, many times larger than the old one. He began to devote all his shrewdness and power to the raising of the money necessary for such a stupendous undertaking. Realizing that the magnificent temple he had planned could not be built in his lifetime if he depended solely upon the gifts of the pilgrims, he was ever on the lookout for an opportunity to secure sufficient funds by other means. He travelled to the wealthy cities on the seacoast, and there, before audiences of rich tourists and generous sailors, he performed tricks that only the peculiar genius of the East could devise. At last,

tempted by the offer of a princely salary, he signed a contract with the manager of an American circus, who had come to India for the purpose of recruiting new material. By the time he had travelled with the show for a season in the United States, Nama Tanga had become accustomed, even reconciled to his new life, although he never forgot his ambition to build a new temple, and carefully saved his money for that purpose. When the management decided to spend the next season touring the continent of Europe, Nama Tanga, after demanding a large salary, accompanied the show, for he knew that he could make more money with the circus than he could in India. In Europe he was hailed as a wonder, not so much on account of the tricks, which had pleased the sensation loving American public, as on account of his wonderfully developed mind, with which he was able to control the thoughts of the entire audience. After exhibiting in all the principal cities of Germany, the show crossed over into France. About the middle of August it reached Paris, and settled down for a two weeks stay. And during this stay the chance of a lifetime came to Nama Tango!

One evening after the performance, as the Brahmin sat in his dressing tent, the manager entered, accompanied by a stranger.

"Nama Tanga," said the showman, "This is Mr. Vincent Asgood of New York. He says he wants to speak to you on important business."

"Yes," spoke the Hindoo without the trace of an accent, looking intently at the visitor, "I can see that his business is urgent, and private."

He glanced at the manager, who bowed quickly, and left the tent.

"Now, sahib," went on Nama Tanga, "Tell me about the picture you wish me to get for you."

"It is one that I've been wanting for—Say, what—who told you about that picture?"

"No one, sahib," replied the Brahmin, "You forget that I can understand your thoughts as easily as your words."

Asgood shuddered. "It is a devilish power," he rejoined.

"No, Sahib, it is the gift of Brahma. But tell me about this picture."

"It is one that I need to complete my collection," began Asgood. "The French call it 'La Joconde;' it hangs in the long gallery of the Louvre. For years I have been trying to get it, and had almost given up in despair, when your performance this evening brought me a ray of hope. Only an artist and a connoisseur could know the desire I have for that painting—it has become a passion!"

Nama Tanga nodded slowly. He

himself knew what it was to long after what seemed unattainable.

"You say that you have tried to get it," he remarked.

"Yes,—in every possible way. I tried to bribe the guards, I hired men to steal it. I've tried everything I can think of. Last week I offered a million dollars for the painting, but the government refused to accept. Help me to get this picture, Nama Tanga, and I will give you five hundred thousand dollars in gold."

The Brahmin's eyes glittered like those of a hooded cobra. Five hundred thousand dollars! That would go a great way in the building of his temple. But, not wishing to appear too eager, he kept silent.

"Is that not enough?" continued the American, when he saw that the Brahmin hesitated, "Listen, Nama Tanga! The manager has told me about your plan for a new temple. Help me to get this picture, and I will build the temple for you."

Trembling with feeling he stood before the Brahmin.

"Think, Nama Tanga, how easy it would be! All you would have to do would be to control the thoughts of the guards while the workmen I have bribed remove the picture from the frame. Oh, everything would be so simple after that! Just think! Your life ambition realized in an hour, without toil, without danger, and I—I would have 'La Jo-

conde." And it is a masterpiece, Nama Tanga, a masterpiece."

"The undertaking would not be so easy as you picture it, sahib," said the Hindoo, "your thoughts tell me that there are dangers to brave, and difficulties to be overcome. But who can say that Nama Tanga ever shrank from difficulty or danger? Surely Brahma has brought us together, sahib, that each may help the other gain his heart's desire,"

"Then you will help me?"

"It is not for me to oppose the will of heaven," said Nama Tanga, rising and facing his visitor. "Some may say that it is wrong for a priest to do that which is unlawful, but it is clearly the purpose of Brahma, or he would not have brought us together from the opposite ends of the earth. I will help you sahib."

Asgood seized the Hindoo's hand, and shook it heartily.

"I'll see that your temple is built," he promised, "now let us arrange our plans for getting the picture. But first—do you want a written contract?"

"No, sahib, I am to do my part first, and you have no thought of deceiving me. There is no need for written promises. Now tell me what is to be done."

The men seated themselves beside a table, and Asgood began to outline his plan of campaign. The Brahmin listened intently, occasionally utter-

ing a few words of advice or criticism. For a long time they sat there, discussing one plan after another. Midnight was long past when Asgood finally rose to go.

"It is all settled then?" he asked, as he reached for his hat, "We are to make the attempt at nine o'clock tomorrow morning,"

"I will be ready," said Nama Tanga, pushing aside the flaps of the tent that the visitor might pass out, "good night, sahib."

Early the next morning Asgood called at the circus grounds for Nama Tanga, and together they proceeded to the Louvre, arriving there shortly after nine o'clock. Boldly they walked past the watchman at the entrance, and made their way to the long gallery as quickly as possible. A few minutes later a workman limped up the steps. He was a tall, thin man, rather poorly dressed. His rough, blue blouse was patched in several places; the legs of his trousers were extraordinarily wide. As he entered the building the watchman spoke to him.

"What is the matter, Francois? You are walking lame."

"I fell last night and hurt my knee," answered the workman, "My leg is as stiff as a board this marning. That is why I am so late."

"You fell?" said the watchman, laughingly, "You must have been celebrating last night, Francois."

Francois ignored the remark.

"I have no time to stand here talking," he said, as he painfully limped away, "I have a little job in the long gallery that must be finished this morning."

The two guards in the long gallery took no heed of Asgood as he wandered about the room,—to them he was only the first visitor of the day, Nama Tanga, however, seemed to be trying to attract their attention. He went to a corner, and began to wave his arms wildly. Thinking that he was going to injure some of the paintings, the guards rushed toward him. When they were about ten feet away, Nama Tanga reached suddenly into his pocket, and brought forth a shining glittering jewel, which he held high above his head. The guards stopped in their tracks, and stared at the gem, fascinated. Then the Hindoo's face became tense, hypnotic; his body began to sway from side to side with a lithe serpentine motion. And, as the guards watched his undulating movements, the form of the room began to change; the pictures slowly faded from the wall; the magnificent decorations disappeared; the walls seemed to slip back into illimitable levels of darkness. The guards no longer saw the long gallery of the Louvre; before their eyes rose the interior of the temple at Bukhares. Massive pillars appeared, reaching from the floor to

the vaulted ceiling; at one end there rose the gigantic image of a heathen deity, the eyes of which were shining, glittering jewels. And before the image was Nama Tanga, dancing the bajadere for the glory of Brahma. While the guards watched the Hindoo's lithe and sinuous movements, Francois limped into the gallery. At a sign from Asgood the limp disappeared. He went quickly to a small picture hanging on the side wall. Taking a diamond from the pocket of his blouse, he cut a large hole in the glass that covered the painting. Then, reaching his arm through the opening, with a sharp knife he carefully cut the canvas from the frame. The American seized the picture with a low exclamation of joy.

Now to get it out of here, Francois," he said.

The workman sat down upon the floor, and turned one of his wide trouser legs up above his knee. Asgood rolled the canvas tightly about the man's leg, and fastened it in place with rubber bands. Then Francois rose to his feet, and limped out of the room, followed, a few minutes later by Asgood.

"Say, Francois, where are you going?" demanded the watchman at the entrance.

"I forgot some of my tools," explained Francois, as he limped past, "I have to go home to get them."

As soon as Francois had left the building, Asgood returned to the long gallery and called to Nama Tanga. The bajadere dance stopped abruptly; the idol and the pillars disappeared; the pictures reappeared on the walls; the room assumed its normal form. The guards rubbed their eyes, and looked bewilderedly about them, like men awakening from a deep sleep. There was not a person to be seen in the gallery.

"What has happened to us?" exclaimed one, pressing his hands tightly against his forehead.

"I know not, Henri," replied the other, his face wearing a puzzled expression. Everything seems so queer. I thought I was in some strange building."

"Then you saw it too, Jean,—the idol and the jewels and the dance."

Jean nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said. "I saw it—or rather dreamed it, for it must have been a dream. But how real it was!"

"It was no dream," said Henri, shaking his head, "We were not asleep. Anyway, both of us would not have dreamed the same thing. Hark, what is that?"

There was a sound of approaching footsteps, and a man walked into the gallery. It was the Director making his daily round of inspection. He nodded carelessly to the guards, and began to walk slowly about the room.

Henri started toward him as if he wished to tell about the strange occurrence, but Jean grasped his arm.

"Don't tell him, -Henri," he whispered, "Perhaps it was only a dream. Besides, we might get into trouble,"

Henri hesitated.

"It was no dream," he persisted, "The cursed foreigner must have bewitched us. But why—"

He was interrupted by a loud cry. The Director stood in the center of the room, pointing at the empty frame.

"Look!" he shouted, "La Joconde" is gone!"

—

The new temple Bukhares is nearly finished now, and pilgrims are already beginning to come in ever increasing numbers to worship at its shrine. And sometimes, as Nama Tanga stands by the great copper gates and looks up at the mighty edifice rising tier upon tier before him, he thinks of the incidents that made the new temple a possibility. He remembers his meeting with Asgood, their daring theft of the picture, the hurried flight to their hiding place in Asgood's chateau, the secret embarkment on the American's private yacht. Not for his own advancement had he done all this, but for the glory of Brahma, whose divine gifts had enabled him to raise the temple. He thinks again how clearly the divine purpose was revealed in

his meeting with Asgood. And Na- at the result of his labors, and is
ma Tanga, Brahmin and priest, looks satisfied. W. G. '16

THE SEASON'S RESUME



WITHOUT a doubt the most widely discussed topic among school circles at the opening of any year is "What kind of a football team are we going to have?" The college courses may be changed, the faculty may be shaken up, but the question of questions still remains "Will we have a winning team?" To be sure Westminster is no exception to this rule and we found upon the opening of school this fall that things had not changed any and that the query was uppermost in the hearts of all. To be sure we had the nucleus of last year's team upon which to build but there was the same uncertainty regarding the abilities of the new material in school and the merits of a new coach.

Very early in the year however it became evident that we had a good live coach and one of the best squads ever seen on a Westminster gridiron and to further improve our chance for a winning team the services of Andrew Park, star full back of the '09 team, were secured to assist the coaching staff. In this connection it might be mentioned that the coach-

ing staff this year was of the very highest order. Park gave particular attention to the drilling of the second team, giving them plays used by the team which the varsity was to play the following Saturday. This method gave the varsity team valuable defensive practice and greatly assisted in the success of the team. Tinkham proved to be a success at handling the varsity squad, driving them hard each afternoon and thus developing a team capable of exerting themselves fully throughout a whole game and still withholding that reserve punch which is so necessary for a winning team.

The trip to Olean, N. Y., where we played our first game with Bonaventure College was made with some trepidation. St. Bonaventures team, on account of our inability to get a line on them, remained somewhat of an uncertainty. The varsity however proved their ability by playing the St. Bonaventure team, and officials as well, to a standstill, and winning handily, 10-0. Captain McLaughrey pushed the ball across in the first quarter for a touchdown but the offi-

cials called the play back, making the argument that McLaughrey had crawled across the goal line. By successive line bucking however, we were enabled to push the ball across again in the second quarter and Buckley kicked goal. With the blowing of the whistle for the end of the game, Buckley dropped a pretty one over from the twenty-two yard line and the game was over, 10-0. With efficient officiating we should have won by three or four touchdowns but as the game was won, we made no complaint.

Our next game was with W. & J, at Washington. It is admitted that W. & J. had perhaps one of the three greatest teams in the country this year, but the varsity met them with that "never say die" spirit which characterized their work all the season, with the result that we held that greatest of all scoring machines to four touchdowns, three of these coming in the first quarter and also scoring on them in the last quarter, the score being 27-7. Buckley recovered a fumble in the third quarter and ran about ninety yards for a touchdown, a feat that was not duplicated against W. & J. during the rest of the season by any team. In fact we were the only team to score against them till the Pitt-W. & J. game when Pitt scored on a fluke. The team and the student body were all highly elated over the results of the game.

That seemed to be the turning point in public opinion and from that time on everyone seemed to realize that Westminster had a team which would be able to successfully cope with the best teams in this end of the state. The game, though our first defeat was a decided victory in winning us the support of the public.

On October 18, we played the first home game with Hiram College, and had the satisfaction of seeing them go down to defeat 14-0. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the crowd was poor and fumbling was the order of the day among the players. Our heavy line cut the Hiram defense to shreds and we made repeated gains only to loose the ball on fumbles when we got in position to score. Hiram tried two placement kicks but both went wild. Our two touchdowns came as a result of that daily training of Tinkham's, to follow the ball. Dan McQuiston made the first after intercepting a forward pass on the twenty-five yard line. The second was made by Buckley recovering the ball after "Tuss" McLaughrey had fumbled in making an end run. Buckley kicked both goals, making the score 14-0.

On October 25 we met the Thiel team at Greenville and won 13-0. The condition of the field kept the score low as it was almost impossible to make gains through the heavy mud. Thiel put up a great defensive

game but their offensive playing was very poor, being unable to make any gain through our heavy line. "Tuss" McLaughrey scored for us in the second quarter and the score remained 6-0, Buckley having failed to kick goal, until well into the fourth quarter when Buckley carried the ball over after a pretty twenty yard run. He kicked goal and in a few minutes the game was over, the score being 13-0. The playing of Kishler, Theil's heady little end and captain is worthy of mention. He put up a defensive game and was the only Theil man who could make any gain for Theil on offense.

We, who had the privilege of seeing the team play Carnegie Tech at Pittsburg on November 1, saw one of the best exhibition of football witnessed this year. Here again a heavy field prevented scoring and the best we could do was play Tech to a scoreless tie. Several times we pushed the ball down close to the Tech goal line but it seemed impossible to put it over. Tech played a great defensive game, their line fighting like tigers when their goal line was endangered. Wherry and McLaughrey starred for Westminster while Kesner and Clair starred for the Plaid team. McLaughrey's line plunges were always productive of gains while Wherry showed good form in picking holes in the Tech defense. The game was rather a

disappointment as all scoreless ties are and without a doubt we would easily have scored on a dry field.

On November 8, the team accompanied by a large delegation of rooters journeyed to Beaver Falls, where they met and defeated the fast Geneva team 3-0. As usual the field was very muddy and open play was impossible. The first quarter was without a doubt Geneva's but the rest of the game was purely Westminster's. Three times Westminster carried the ball within Geneva's ten yard line only to be penalized by the officials. This was very disheartening to a team but in the last quarter Buckley succeeded in booting a pretty one between the goal posts and the game was ours 3-0. For weeks we had heard much of Geneva's ability to work the forward pass and it was very gratifying to see our men breaking up this play time after time.

After the Geneva game the attention of both coaches was directed to priming the men for the Grove City game. The game on Saturday, October 15, with Duquesne University was held a secondary consideration. The field was in poor condition as we had expected and the footing was very poor. We were highly elated when we saw the boys run up a score of 33-0 with apparent ease. The forward pass was worked successfully by Cannon and

Buckley, each making nice gains by this play, Buckley going over for a touchdown on one he received. They were both remarkable passes can were thrown over thirty yards by McQuiston. The game was a decided success in that the overwhelming score gave the team a great deal of confidence for the Grove City game which was to follow.

The climax of the season came on November 22 when we met and gloriously defeated our old rival, Grove City, by the overwhelming score of 27-6. Much could be written on this game but suffice it to say that it was a fitting climax to a successful season. Grove City kicked off to McLaughrey and from the first the opinion of an unbiased observer would have had to be that we were greatly superior to the much touted Grove City team. By the superior line plunging of Capt. McLaughrey, Wherry, and McQuiston, Westminster scored three touchdowns in the quarter which was surely a bitter dose for the Grove City supporters. Grove City played their best game in the third quarter and on a lucky block of a kick succeeded in scoring on us. It was a well played game

and every Westminster supporter was highly elated over the outcome of the game. A great celebration was held that night and it was well towards morning before our feelings could be calmed down sufficiently to induce sleep.

The season as a whole was a grand success in point of victories won. Only one game was lost, that to W. & J., and we in turn have the distinction of scoring on W. & J. Heavy muddy fields kept the scores low and without a doubt lost us a chance to beat Tech, but there is not a Westminster man who is not pleased with the outcome of the season. We were unable to arrange a game with Allegheny College but on Thanksgiving day Grove City defeated Allegheny, which without a doubt gives us the privilege of claiming the championship of the secondary colleges of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio. Too much praise can not be bestowed on our coaches, Tinkham and Parks, for the successful season, but above all, what made it successful was that old fighting spirit in the team which wins games not only on the gridiron but in all the walks of life.

RALPH M. CHRISTIE.



THE HOLCAD

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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson.

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

In this issue the Holcad must wish its readers both a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We regret to see the old year go for to Westminster she surely has been benificent; a completed endowment fund and a championship football team, all in one year. However we are progressive and have

faith in the future, following the motto "Be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

|| ||

Before our return to school "resolution time" will be history and the ruins of shattered dreams will serve as reminders of the weakness of our

wills. As a precaution against temptation, not of course that we have the fault to remedy, but merely as a matter of precaution, why not establish, not a resolution,—a live Honor system; a system that stands for something; a system to express the contempt of the student body for the system of cribbing. The system is a success when the students have once taken a stand against dishonest methods. The honor system must be a student organization, otherwise it is a blank failure as Westminster's experience will attest. If, however, the control is in the hands of a student senate the members of which be elected at the end of their Freshman year and serving until graduation, the feeling against the system could have no foundation whatever. Let each one of us solve for ourselves the question "Is the

Honor system worth while or can an honest man crib."

|| ||

There has been an occasional rumor of criticism of the editorial columns of the Holcad for being too radical. From the staff's point of view the columns have not been strong enough, a mere whisper to the voice that should have been heard. a voice uttered, not to condemn, but to waken from lethargy those who should be up and doing.

|| ||

This month's Holcad goes to press without the services of our associate editor and athletic editor "Jim" Veazey who succumbed to a tempting offer from the National Carbon Company of Cleveland, O. We are sorry to lose him from our staff, yet cannot but congratulate him and wish him success in his new field.

Organizations

There is one thing which is common to all societies,—it is difficult to detect any particular change in their work and aim from month to month. Every society which is organized with some special purpose has of course the tendency to keep one doing the same work in its way; but each society with any ambition at all, always aims to do better. So if we

find little change in the doings of each society, we must consider that each is doing its best under the circumstances, and has as its goal the purpose of doing better in the future.

The Y. W. C. A. is one of the most flourishing organizations of the school, with a membership of seventy-one girls. These girls are not

only members but are actively interested in the prosperity of the society and each one is doing her share toward making a better organization. Never before have such interesting meetings been held and so many girls come out to the weekly services who were willing to take part in an informal way. One week the girls had a question box, into which they put troublesome problems and questions, then at the regular meeting Mrs. McClure answered them in a sympathetic and truly helpful manner. The Y. W. C. A. felt exceedingly honored in having Mrs. McClure for this occasion, for she always gives such interesting reminiscences and accounts of her past experiences which inspire us onward to more noble ideals. The week of prayer this year, was especially good, for the girls seemed more earnest and zealous in their efforts to have true prayer and communion. All hands are busy now preparing for the bazaar to be held on the thirteenth. The calendars will be on sale at this time, in addition to Christmas fixings, and it is hoped that quite a large sum will be realized for use in conference funds. The society expects to send Miss Helen Martin as their representative in the Kansas City convention to be held the last of December and the first week in January. A mission study class was recently organized for the study of

Mormonism in America. Miss Hazlette as teacher, has made the work a most interesting study, and by her zeal has aroused quite a good many missionary workers on Wednesday evening each week. She expects to have the course of study completed by Christmas time, but everyone will be sorry when this work is finished.

The young men of the Sabbath morning Bible class cannot say too much in praise of the work done there. In their synthetic study they have almost completed the book of Exodus and are looking forward to many more pleasant meetings together. Although there are quite a number of men enrolled they are still trying to get more men to take an active interest in the work and receive the benefit which they are obtaining from the study and association together.

In their study of the international lessons under the tutelage of Dr. Furguson, the girls are assembling every Sabbath morning at ten o'clock. Dr. Furguson's intimate knowledge of the Bible and his interesting presentation of it, cannot help but create an interest among true lovers of Bible study.

Chrestomath society rightfully feels proud of the interest that is ta-

ken in her society. Twenty new members were initiated at a recent meeting, and received the "brand" of practice membership. This initiation was great sport to the old girls and even the new one enjoyed it to some extent, although they were not in a position to appreciate the funny part of it. A mock play "Sir Lochinvar" was one of the most original performances. A movement is now in the hands of committees for the purpose of giving a real play in the near future, in order to pay for the piano, which was secured last year. This will undoubtedly create quite a good deal of excitement, for the society containing some splendid talent from which to choose performers.

Leagorean society is planning to have its initiation of new members over soon, so that work for the coming year may be started in earnest. The members have very bright hopes for a good year together and are hoping that the interest the faculty are now taking, will even arouse more enthusiasm for the work. The girls realize the full importance of literary society work, but they also know that the best results cannot be obtained unless every one pulls together for the common end,—everybody doing her best to make the society best. Since the resignation of Margaret Cummings, new officers have been elected,—Margaret Buch-

anan, president, Dorothea Keast, vice president, Tamar McMurray, secretary; Nora Kerr, treasurer.

The boys societies are both sadly in need of some faculty encouragement. Although programs for the meetings are posted sometimes, these meetings never seem to take place, and old society halls of Adelpheic and Philomath are quiet now. The boys evidently do not have enough energy to come out, or else their lessons keep them closely confined. It is to be hoped that the close of the foot ball season will find them out again rousing their old members and stirring up new ones so that they rejuvenate some of the old spirit which characterized their meetings formerly.

Since the joint meeting of the two clubs, the Cercle Francais has had two gatherings together. At the latter meeting, some of the advanced students entertained the club by presenting part of a play, E. V. Buckley was chosen to fill the vacancy left by the retirement of Hall B. Braham from the presidency. Although the students sometimes hate the idea of going out to the meetings yet they don't regret the idea of having the drills in impromptu and conversation work.

Although a meeting of the Deutsche Verein was called for, it was obliged

to be postponed because of a mass meeting for the Grove City game. Everybody preferred the mass meeting to German, so Miss Kickhoefer kindly consented to let football spirit hold sway for that week. Perhaps it was just this act of kindness and the interest of an extra mass meeting which won for us our last game and the championship of Western Pennsylvania. At the last meeting of the club Hanivan Alderman was elected president and Miss Selina Whitla vice president for the year.

In pursuance of the policy of bringing the Y. M. C. A. very close to the men of Westminster, the chairman of the devotional committee has selected for the weekly meetings topics all bearing directly on the life of college men. This, at least as it appears to the cabinet, is the chief function of our association. It is true that in many cities the Y. M. C. A. has lost much of its original religious character and has become more of a social and athletic organization, but in the collegiate world there are

other factors ministering directly to the social needs of its members while the need of a religious roadstead is ever more imperative. Our meetings are nothing if they do not help men to live better, cleaner, more upright lives. This has been done. In the discussion of the problems considered there has been no egotism nor pendency. Those who speak have not done so from personal motives. New men, or old, who attend will not be "preached to." From the writer's personal experience there are few men in school either competent or disposed to do that. The discussion is open and fair. Both sides will be heard. If this is kept in mind there is no man in school who will not be strengthened by work with his fellows in the Y. M. C. A. Bible class and devotional meetings. One of the most enthusiastic discussions was developed upon the subject "Is the honor system worth while or will an honest man crib." A live Honor System should be one of its tangible results. W. W. BRAHAM.

LOCALS

During the week before the Grove City game mass meetings were held each evening and much enthusiasm was awakened. The last one, held on Friday evening was a memorable event, and lasted for nearly

two hours. Many former gridiron stars and other alumnae were present and made stirring speeches. The student body certainly deserved much credit for the victory because of the willingness with which it en-

tered into the spirit of the slogan, "Beat Grove City," and aid every thing in its power to make the event a success.

The last grand bon-fire of the year was built on the evening of November 22, after our great victory over the crimson. The supply of oil was rather limited, and the flames did not leap as high as on former occasions, but the "old Westminster spirit" filled the air, and everyone enjoyed the blaze to the fullest extent. Dr. Russell, and several alumni and members of the team made speeches on this occasion also. From that day we all have had a firmer belief in the old proverb, that says "Revenge is sweet."

Yes! Can you believe it? On Sabbath evening, November 16, a bona fide member of our own staid faculty violated one of said faculties superstrict coeducation rules, and strolled to the hall after chapel. It must have been a case where "ignorance was bliss."

On Thanksgiving morning the students who were not lucky enough to get home for the day assembled in the College chapel for a free service. On this occasion Dr. Campbell spoke on the political progress in the United States. Professor Mills next spoke on the recent discoveries in science, and then Dr. Russell closed the service with a few brief remarks on our national greatness.

Alumni Notes

We note the death of Miss Olive Porter, of the class of '87, at her home near New Wilmington. She completed the Scientific Course and shared the 2nd Honor with Miss Anna Dickson—now Mrs. Barcus. She had a good practical, earnest mind and was a useful member of the Church of Christ, furthering its Missionary interests especially. She suffered much in the last few months reaching a peaceful end, November 12, 1913. Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church—conducted by Rev. S. A. Kirkbride, her pastor, assisted by Rev. F. B. Shoemaker, a friend of the family in college days.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Booth of New York City to Mr. Frank Houston, of the class of '02, has been announced. Best wishes are extended.

We were glad to see so many alumni back at old Westminster for the Westminster-Grove City game. Never before did so many return or did such a spirit of enthu-

siasm ring out among both alumni and students. It would be impossible to name them all here, but over 1000 people were cheering the men in blue and white on to victory.

Miss Mabel Henderson, of Bellevue, has been a guest Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell for a few days.

Miss Helen Martin, Dean of Hillside, and a number of the class of '13 entertained over half of her class at a dinner given in the Hillside Friday at six o'clock.

Dr. Horace Byers a Westminster man of '90 has charge of the Chemistry Department of the University of Washington, Seattle.

Word has been received this afternoon of the death in Nichols, N. Y., of Rev. J. A. Anderson, aged 55, for years a resident of West Alexander, this county. Mr. Anderson was killed by a train. He graduated from Westminster College and from the Pittsburg Theological Seminary. His first charge was as pastor of the United Presby-

terian Church in Mansfield, Ohio. At the time of his death he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Nichols. His wife and three sons are left.

Andrew T. Park '09 and this year our assistant foot ball coach, on December 1, be-

gan his practice of law in Pittsburg. "Andy" finished his course in the Law Department of the University of Pittsburg in June of this year. We wish him success in his profession.

Department of Public Speaking

Prof. Moses has moved into his new office on the third floor of the Administration Building. His classes in public speaking are at present reciting in Adelphic Hall. Next year Prof. Moses hopes to have several rooms given over to the work of the College of Public Speaking.

"Nothing succeeds like success." In a period of less than twelve years Prof. Moses "has started and established three Departments of Public Speaking, and adapted and prepared six Personality Programs for the Platform, and during the past two years alone, he has superintended twenty Chautauquas and filled more than two hundred Chautauqua and Lyceum dates.

In addition to his work in the classroom, Prof. Moses devotes at least six weeks during the school year to his Platform work. He is perhaps the only man in the field today who gives six literary programs from memory. His series of Personality Programs is an entirely new idea. We quote the following from the "Personality Booklet":—"Personality Programs are nothing more or less than the presentation of a series of influencing Personality,—Personalities that live either for good or evil. If they represent the positive virtues we are inspired and uplifted; if negative, we should profit by the example of error and untruth. . . . Personality Programs teach through precept and example . . . Their aim is to leave character just a little strong-

er, and a community just a little better socially, morally, and religiously. "Judging from the unsolicited letters of commendation that come to Prof. Moses almost daily, his programs are achieving the desired result.

A large filing cabinet will soon be installed in the department office. In this cabinet will be placed the debate and oratorical records and material of former years. This should prove of untold value to future debaters and orators in their search for material.

Elbert R. Moses, Dean of the College of Public Speaking, gave a series of Personality Programs at McDonald, Pa., on November 24, 25 and 26.

Word has been received from Emporia College, Kansas, to the effect that J. K. Stewart '12, has been highly successful in his new position. President Henry Coe Culbertson, D. D. says that, as an Instructor of Public Speaking, he is a complete success.

"Macbeth" will be presented during the first week of February by the class of Dramatic Expression. The members of the class have been hard at work for some time, and hope to make the production one of the biggest events of the year.

College World and Exchanges

Syracuse students have commenced to plant 15000 young trees on the hillsides of Lafayette Road, at the Experiment Station of the New York State College of Forestry. It is expected that these trees which will eventually develop into a forest will prove a valuable investment for the University.
—Ex.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I suppose your daughter is happily married.

Mrs. Nagsby—Indeed she is. Why her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence—Princeton Tiger.
Itinerary for Mrs. Parkhurst.

Brickhaven, Virginia.

Busti, New York.

Breakabeen, New York.

Swatara, Pennsylvania,

Glassboro, New Jersey.

Rocks, Maryland.

Stoneham, Massachusetts.

Firebrick, Kentucky.

Burnthouse, West Virginia.

—
"See here young man," said the stern parent, "Why is it you are always behind in your studies?" "Because," explained the youngster, "if I was not behind I could not pursue them."
—

Among the 1250 Freshmen in the Academic department of the University of Pennsylvania, only 87 are physically perfect, according to recent tests. One third have defective eyesight. Round shoulders, flat chests, and flat feet are among the most common defects. Although the number of imperfect men seems large, the percentage of defectives is smaller than in any Freshman class previously examined.
—

Young Wife—That pudding I have just made for you is a poem.

Hubby—And I suppose I'm to be the waste basket.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"What are you going to call the new baby?"

"Reginald Claude," replied Mr. Bliggins.

"Isn't 'Reginald Claude' a rather affected name?"

"Yes. I want him to grow up to be a fighter, and I fancy that 'Reginald Claude' will start something every time he goes to a new school."

"A dyspeptic" once said "As I views it, My stomach won't let me abuse it,

My grammer ain't keen,

But you know what I mean,

I choose my food first, then I chews it."

—
Teacher: Now, children, can you tell me what are the national flowers of England?

Class: Roses;

Teacher: And France?

Class: Lillies.

Teacher: And Spain?

(Silence for a minute—then small voice at back of the schoolroom:)

"Bullrushes, ma'am."

—
College journalism is at present suffering from a lack of spicy humor. Genuine wit is needed to liven up the pages of even the most pretentious college paper. The joke-smith should get busy.

—
"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"Well, well, that's nothing to cry about."

"It ain't ain't it? He's just promised to give me five dollars to spend for Christmas, provided I raise a similar amount."—Life.

—
Merchant: Have you collected that bill of Smith's?

Collector: Have I collected it? I called at the house and found that seven Smiths

lived there. Six declared they owed nothing, and the seventh kicked me out of the house.

Merchant: That's the one. Go back and get the money.—Tit-Bits.

—
 "Why does Miss Screamditi always close her eyes when she sings?"

"Well, you know she is so tenderhearted that she can not bear to see any one suffer."
 —Philadelphia Ledger.

—
 I Love the Christmas-tide, and
 I notice this, each year I live;
 I always like the gifts I get,
 But how I love the gifts I give!—Life.

—
 When you have saved enough money to invest in doubtful mining stocks—buy an overcoat.—Chicago News.

—
 "Did you hear about the cliff?"

"No"

"Its all a bluff."

—
 It has been said of German university students that one third of them break down, one third of them go to the devil, and the

other third rule Europe. In American colleges the number of over-zealous or excessively dissipated students may be considered negligible. We might say that two thirds of American students achieve a moderate success in life, while the other third rise to lead the nation. A comparison of these epigrammatic statements is decidedly unfavorable to Germany. While we recognize the overstatement of the Germans' dissipation, we cannot but see that a similar remarks could not be made, even in the spirit of jest about American students. Our students may be dull or bright, wise or foolish, good or bad, but somehow they keep their heads, and in after life constitute the only aristocracy worthy of recognition in America, the aristocracy of intellect.

—
 "Does advertising pay? I lost a five dollar bill on the street."

"Well?"

"I advertised, and so far I have received three five dollar bills."

—
 Bess: Does George send you good Christmas presents?

Tess: The finest I ever exchanged.—Life.

THE HOLCAD

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No. 5

Old Scenes in New Eyes

FRESHMAN MUSINGS

The Needs of Westminster

What I don't know about Westminster and its needs is enough to guarantee my theme on that subject being properly stupid, as the title seems to imply that it should be. I must admit that the evidence of some of Westminster's needs is anything but stupid. For instance, the need of a new location for the pig pen. Now pigs are all right in their proper sphere and they may be beautiful, some of the Senior girls say so, but "pigs is pigs" and I can't say that I approve of their nearness to the southern end of the dormitory. It isn't so very near, to be sure, but pigs don't have to be very near. However, it's rather nice to have company when you don't go down to dinner, and music is nice with meals even with a very unusual orchestra. The weird squealing and

snorting effect is one which no artist can acquire. However, as I said before, "pigs is pigs" and they are much nicer at a distance.

Speaking of pigs, there are some boards in the corridor that screech and grumble worse than all the pigs in the universe. No matter how slight the pressure, they respond to slipperless feet as rapidly as to heavily shod ones. We need new boards in those places and we need them badly. The disorderliness and the disobedience of this dormitory simply cannot continue unless the defect is remedied. It's very annoying, to say the least, to have those boards act so inconsiderately when a person is dutifully returning to her room a half hour or so after light bell. It's absolutely outrageous and it's a good thing that we are at last given an opportunity to protest.

Then there's another thing. I

quite agree with those in authority that cracks in the plaster are both useful and ornamental; they make lovely places in which to stick pins and then, too, a nice large crack here and there breaks the monotony of the plain color of the walls. Don't think that the latter aren't artistically tinted with lighter shades of green where some recent patching up was done; there are lots of these delicate shadings. Don't think that there is nothing to relieve this sameness of color, the little splotches of white, where ornaments were posted up in years gone by do that. Don't think that the room in general is lacking in pictureque spots and smudges of black—there are plenty of those. As I say, I quite agree with the supervisors as to the advantages of these things, but for some reason or other, I can't quite appreciate the slipping, sliding, scraping, smashing effect of the loose plaster as it slides down between the walls. It has the most uncomfortable habit of awakening one at about two or three o'clock, to listen to the excellent imitations it can give of "darling little mice" gnawing the wall somewhere in the proximity of your left ear, or of a key grating in the lock of the door at the foot of your bed. Of course it takes imagination to hear all these sounds, but then imagination is never lacking at two o'clock in the morning. Yes it is perfectly evident

that we need the walls re-plastered

But perhaps you really do want to know what Westminster needs and for fear the others may have omitted some of the points which we laboriously collected, I shall mention a list of them. We need a new gymnasium and auditorium, new heat, light and water systems, a better football field and a boy's dormitory. Nobody really thinks that Westminster needs a boy's dormitory and everyone would be exceedingly indignant if the boys should even get such a thing, but every little bit helps and it fills in. Then, too, someone suggested the necessity for a greater variety of courses, for agricultural, engineering, and technical courses. There were other things, too, of which the older students who had managed to survive this theme in their Freshman year, pittingly informed us, but since the college was so inconsiderate as to supply a new entrance to the "Science Hall" and since some thoughtless alumnus has donated a new side entrance to "Old Main" and a new walk in front, we have not so many deficiencies to dwell upon.

I can't say that I like the idea of writing a theme, the exact duplicate of which everyone in the Freshman class has written and I wish to add to the pig, boards, and plaster necessities, that of a new topic in place of the "Needs of Westminster" for next year's students. I would re

commend all the needs mentioned as worthy of notice but this last need I would call most important. Having thus tortured ourselves to write this theme, I think it only fair that the above mentioned necessities receive immediate attention.

V. R. '17

How to Write a Theme

After the subject of the theme which is to be handed in on the following Saturday has been assigned and you have decided that it is absolutely impossible to write on that subject, dismiss it from your mind until Friday afternoon. Then you will realize with an awful feeling of "lostness" that that theme must be done to-day.

The subject happens to be one on which material may be secured in the library; so direct your anxious footsteps thither. Look for the "The Reader's Guide" and then search through your various text books until you find the place where you jotted down the subject. After finding it in the "Guide" look up all references and take down notes. When you have made a page or so of notes, you can take a walk with a clear conscience and a feeling of security in regard to the theme.

About nine o'clock in the evening the hateful thought comes back that the notes will have to be expanded before they can be handed in. Ask

your roommates if they couldn't study just as conveniently next door.

After they have departed sharpen two or three pencils and hunt some paper. Draw a chair to the table, and then decide that you can write just as conveniently on your knee and at the same time be more comfortable. Thereupon upholster a rocker with a couple of cushions. On the table beside you place a box of crackers and some chocolate. Now you are ready to begin in good earnest to write a piece of literature which will move people with various and deep emotions.

During the writing, if you forget how many "r's" there should be in a certain word, or what is the exact meaning of a word, or which word would be best to use in this particular sentence, go ask your roommates. They have had the same course and will be glad to lend a helping hand. Besides they will know their lessons better for having to go back over them to find the place after each interruption.

At last the theme is written. Run down to the end of the hall and see if your chum has hers finished yet. After a visit with her come back home and read the theme making corrections if necessary. The remainder of the process, copying on paper in ink, is the only easy part about it.

M. W. '17

A Deal in Steel

Bill Garland was as fine a looking man as you would meet in a life time. A six foot Apollo, with a smile and a handshake, which made you feel as tho it would be a privilege to be allowed to swear allegiance to him forever, and follow him to the very gates of destruction, if his course might lie in that direction. His whole poise reflected the very love, passion and honor of the Southland for he had been borne and raised in the little town of Graham, Va., coming north to secure the advantages of attending a large eastern University.

It had been five years since Bill had graduated from college to enter the brokerage business. He had studied the business from the bottom up and had acquired such a knowledge of the intricacies of the work as to secure for him a reputation as the best broker on the floor. He had chosen the business of a broker for a life calling, not because he was money mad, for he wasn't; but because, Fate, Environment, circumstance and that restless spirit, and love of conquest which had ruled him on the gridiron and diamond in college days, combined and bore him irresistably into the active life of an operator on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

Ministers, college professors, editors, merchants and men of all professions may publicly condemn the Stock exchange, but they have never known that delightful thrill of conquest which can be felt, only, on that great financial battlefield, The Stock Exchange.

One day, Bill went to the office of his business sponsor, Jim Keen, a man who had made history in the financial world, and said, "Jim, steel is selling for 110, and it is worth it. It is cheap. The stock is well distributed among investors, little of it floating round "the street." A big buying movement, well handled, would shoot it to 175 and keep it there. The tariff bill is up at Washington and if it goes thru steel will be cheap at 175 and further, "26 Broadway" and the steel people know whether it is going thru, for they control the Senate and House and know how to induce them to be kind."

It is history, in the world of finance, that when "26 Broadway," which is the vernacular of "the street" for "Standard Oil" and "the system," gives a secret command to the Washington boss, and he passes it out to the grafters, there is a quiet accumulation of the stock. The man, who first

knows when Washington begins to load up on certain stock is the fellow who should buy up quickly and boost it to the clouds. If he does it quickly the stock holders who now hold it, will get a juicy slice of the melon, the slice which otherwise would go to the grafting hypocrits at Washington, who are always loudly proclaiming their loyalty to the citizens whom they represent yet never tire of telling the men of Wall Street that *they* are not in politics for their health.

Bill Garland, blinded by his big hearted, Southern honesty and love of a square deal was bent on bearding the lion in his den. He intended to oppose those "grafting hypocrits" and the market in the interests of those unknown stockholders, who were about, for the hundred and steenth time, to be bled and robbed of profits rightfully theirs. He was going to set his fortune and honesty against the money scavengers of the world.

The next day steel was lively on Exchange, Bill gobbled everything in sight. When the closing gong struck, he had 50,000 shares which averaged 120, and the closing bid was 132 and in big demand. The day showed a profit of \$550,000 at the closing price. All the houses with a Washington wire were scrambling for steel as soon as it began to jump.

On the following morning steel opened with a wild rush, 25,000 from

140-152. That is the way it came on the tape. A minute before the opening gong struck, there were three hundred men squeezed around the Steel Pool; men with set, determined faces; men with their coats tightly buttoned and shoulders squared for the rush, to which, in comparison, that on a foot ball field is a game of "tiddly winks." Every man in that mob was a picked man. Each felt that upon his individual prowess to keep a clear head, to shout the loudest, and forget nothing, to keep on his feet and stick as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his "floor honor," his fortune, and what is always most important to him the fortune of his client.

Suddenly there pealed thru the big hall, the first sharp stroke of the gong and as an answering echo from three hundred throats burst the wild sound of the Stock Exchange yell. No other sound on this side of the eternal bonfire, or on the other side for that matter, can duplicate the yell of the New York Stock Exchange at an exciting opening. It fills the building, echoing and reechoing thru the halls, for the volume is terrific in the enclosed building. It has a "music all its own," coming from that questionable, "Here take mine if you can, I've got yours," and that turbed, wild answer, "You can't. You won't have your way," and that triumphant confident, "By God, I will."

Blended with these notes come the shrill scream of triumph and that echoing note of disappointment as the operator realizes his success or failure.

Bill's great bulk loomed up in this surging mass, as a huge oak before a storm.

"140 for any part of 10,000 steel," he shouted.

It was this daring bid that made the shivers run up and down the spines and struck terror to "bears" and filled the "bulls" with courage.

Again that high resonant voice rang out;

"145 for any part of 25,000."

And a third time.

"150 for any part of 50,000."

The mob was surging about the room. Hats were smashed, coats were torn from their wearer's backs, and now and then some frantic buyer or seller would be knocked to the floor by the rush of those who sought to fill his bid or grab his offer. In five minutes that mass of struggling humanity had shifted back to the Steel Pool and the inevitable lull settled down over them while they "verified."

Suddenly the lull was broken. Bill's voice rang out again, "153 for any part of 10,000 Steel.

Again the mob closed in and for five minutes the opening scene was duplicated. After fifteen minutes of mad trading Steel stood at 160 bid,

and Bill worked his way out of the crowd and reached his office.

Bill was resting after his campaign and the voice of his man at the Stock Exchange bid him come over there at once. When he arrived on the floor, he saw a sight that was beyond description. Archbald, the representative of the "system" had jumped in and supplied all bids. He had it down to 81 and was pushing out in 5,000 blocks. Bill forged his way into the mass and thundered with terrific emphasis,

"78 for 5,000."

"77 for 5,000."

"75 for 5,000."

"73 for 5,000,"

seemingly expecting to crush his opponent into silence. But with trip hammer regularity, Archbald's right hand raised and a clear, calm, "Sold" met Bill's every retreating bid.

At last in desperation Bill bellowed out his last stand.

"70 for 1,000."

"Sold," rang out the voice of Archbald who saw that his victim was over board. Then with bewildering rapidity he dumped blocks of 5,000 and 10,000, market declining in price to sixty.

Poor Bill did the only logical thing, slaughtered the market, and underbid Archbald's every offer and drove steel down to 40.

His plans were right and suond but he failed to consider the loaded

dice of the ruthless scavengers. They turned the trick by holding the "steel meeting" the previous night instead of waiting for the next day and cut the dividends instead of increasing them.

The outside world does not know it till the morrow and only the initiated will read between the head lines of the newspapers,—a few suicides, a couple of new defaulter's, some more convicts, a few pure girls, whose fathers' fortunes have gone to swell the coffers of "the system," reduced to lives of shame; some wild scenes in the Broadway oyster palaces, where some painted hussies clawed the eyes out of each other while scrambling for a portion of some trinket put up by one of the "System" confederates who waxed fat on the "bear crash" at the expense of the stock holders of steel. In the papers, too, they will read, that steel has been put on the free list by act of Congress to help home industry. And the day after tomorrow they will read that steel was taken off the free list by a unanimous vote of Congress.

It was four weeks after this terrible crash had fallen, that Bill showed up at his office. He seemed a changed man. His boyishness was gone and in his eye there was a strange light, keen and cold; a light, that might come with the shattering of a dream, resolute and direct. The next morning he went over to "13

Wall Street" and when the gong had sounded had little trouble in making his way to the steel pool, because the operators were fighting shy of big business in steel, with the exception of the vulture, Archbald, who was ever ready to prey upon some victims. The great hands on the face of "Father Time" who rested on the east wall showed that trading had been thirty minutes under way and Archbald was pushing up the price.

"25 for any part of 5000."

Like an echo sounded through the hall, "Sold." It was Bill. He was there more dominant than ever before and with that strange look in his eye which caused Archbald to summon all his alertness for the battle which he now felt was inevitable. A battle between a King and a Knave.

"25 for 5000"

Cold, calm and steady, as the voice of St. Peter may be, sang out Bill's "Sold." Their eyes met. In Archbald's a defiant glare; in Bill's, cynical contempt and pity. The terrific power of mental combat between these two men seemed to turn all save themselves into silent images and the floor of the Stock Exchange was silent, an unheard of thing in like circumstances.

Again the voice of Archbald yelled.

"25 for 5000"

"Sold"

"25 for 5000"

"Sold"

Archbald had at last met his master. "26 Broadway" was to suffer its Nemesis. Once more, with a slight quiver pealed forth.

"25 for 5000"

and Bill's

"Sold" echoed rapidly.

"5000 at 24, 23, 22, 20." Archbald's nerve was back and his piercing "Take it" had coupled on it.

"20 for any part of 10.000"

The bid was not off his lips when Bill's

"Any" rang out.

"Any part of 25.000 at 19, 18, 16, 10"

Bedlam was loose. Back and forth, up against the rail, around the room the wild horde surged for fifteen of the wildest minutes that the history of the New York Stock Exchange ever recorded. Steel had fallen from 210 to 155.

At this time Archbald received reinforcements and he tackled the market again.

"67 for 10,000" bid Archibald.

"Sold" shouted Bill.

Again Archibald bid,

"67 for 5000"

"Sold"

"66 for 1000"

"Sold"

The drop from five thousand to one thousand at a dollar a share in Archbald's bid was his "sound of retreat." Bill recognized it.

"Any part of 10.000 for 65, 64, 63, 60"

The din was ear splitting. The crowd felt the panic coming on and knew it was going to be a bad one. Steel kept dropping two, three and five dollars between trades. The panic was spreading to other pools, for the losers had to throw over their other stocks to meet their losses. Steel crossed 110. The bang of the president's gavel announced the failure of Mallet and Perhins. It was one of the oldest houses. Bill still continued to hammer steel, Drove it to 80. The gavel fell on the desk and announcement after announcement of failure resounded through the hall. Bill's voice was heard above the tumult.

"80 for any part of 25.000"

Instantly steel was hurled at him in overwhelming quantities. He was the only buyer of the moment since steel broke 120 and his voice to that mob must have sounded like the trumpet of the delivering angel. Archbald and his gang were among the missing.

Again he called forth,

"25.000 at 80"

Then he boosted to 90. A cry ran through the room into the crowds at the other pools.

"Garland has turned."

The "bulls" rallied and began to bid for different stocks which it seemed no one would take as a gift but a moment before.

In a turn of the finger the whole

scene changed. There was almost as wild a panic on the up as there had been on the down. Bill continued buying until he had pushed it to over 150. He quit ten millions to the good.

Out on the streets the newsies were yelling.

"Extry, Extry. All about the panic in Wall Street. Garland broke the Street. Cleaned up twenty millions. Banks failed. Archbald of the system,' a suicide."

The wheel of fortune stops, quivers

and swings to rest. The world looks on in horror and condemns. Yet again this wheel will turn and yet again, until problems of state are done. Now tariff, now currency. Why? Because men are dishonest? In part this is true but the real cause lies with the people who are satisfied with a state of affairs where men in high positions loudly proclaim their loyalty to the people whom they *misrepresent* and never tire of telling Wall Street *they are not in politics for their health* P. G. T. '16

The Mystery of Mona Lisa

[Editor's Note -While the greatest detectives of Europe worked in darkness and floundered in baffling mysteries as to the disappearance of the Mona Lisa, the students of Westminster were busily engaged in solving the mystery. How well they have succeeded you may judge by reading the "Ambition of Nama Tanga" in the December issue, and the two following theories. Of the latter, the first deals with the disappearance alone while the second is brought greater credence with the recent discovery of the famous picture and the blemishing scar on the cheek.]

The Lost Mona Lisa. No. 1.

"Well, what success, David?"

The invalid turned quickly at the sound of the opening door, his eyes eagerly seeking the face of his friend, while the hectic flush on his cheek burned brighter as he waited for the answer.

With an effort, which did not escape the eager eyes watching him, David assumed a cheerful expression as he came toward his friend. "It's

no use, Phillip, I have schemed and planned in vain; no work of art can leave the gallery except by consent of the government." The invalid made an impatient gesture. "Did you tell them that it is a matter of life and death? Must I have the ambition of a life time crushed out because of one rash deed," he continued bitterly. "Oh, to have a man's strength again only for a day."

He attempted to rise to his feet, but sank back again deathly pale, as

a violent fit of coughing racked his emaciated frame. His friend sprang to his side and in an anguish of pity bent over him. After the paroxysm had passed, the two friends sat in silence gravely staring into the smouldering fire.

A servant entered, replenished the fire, lit the lights and withdrew. The light revealed the luxurious studio of an art student of means. Several paintings in various stages of completion were grouped about the room, all indicating a refined artistic taste and more than usual genius. David's keen eyes sought one, which showed signs of recent work, then came back to the discontented, suffering face opposite him.

"You were not able for any more work on your picture?" he asked gently.

The invalid raised his gloomy eyes, which lit up a face of remarkable beauty, already spiritual and unearthly, and answered dully. "No I think I shall never touch it again. You think it absolutely impossible to get the picture?"

"Yes, Phillip," his friend answered decidedly. "I made all the inquiries possible. You know I have to be careful. If they should even suspect that you are within three miles of Paris, no one could answer for the result. Paris has not yet forgotten her cowardly attack on her favorite artist, in which one man's baseness

implicates you, you who could never be anything but the soul of honor even toward your bitterest enemies," he said excitedly, then more solemnly.

"We will be patient awhile longer. Time alone can prove your innocence."

"And during that time I will die, my picture unfinished, my whole life blasted because of a friend's perfidy."

A flash of deep feeling swept over the fine mobile face of his friend as he said fervently, "At least, I thank God that it is only a mistake. That picture must and will be finished, it will—"

He sprang to his feet and began pacing up and down the room with long restless strides, his hands clenched.

Phillip watched him for a moment in silence. Then with deep feeling exclaimed, "David it is ridiculous for you to give up all your splendid prospects for me. Go back to America and forget that you ever knew me. Ah, if I could only get one more glimpse of the Mona Lisa, I would be a man again. The magic charm of that face has enchanted me. Walking or sleeping it is all the same. Always there is that restless longing that burning desire for a face whose beauty has been my chief source of strength and inspiration for almost five years. Those happy days in the Louvre with only Mona Lisa's pres-

ence were all that I needed to inspire my brush."

His friend's restless pacing came to a sudden stop.

"Phil," he said in a low, excited tone. "I am going to get Mona Lisa for you. No matter what it costs, that picture must be finished.

He made a quick gesture toward the large camera.

"Impossible! Don't do anything rash. You have risked more than enough for me as it is." But an eager hope had already lit up his pallid face.

Without answering him, David continued, "You remember Harry Burns, don't you, that big half back at Yale who was always so devoted to me? Well, he is in Paris now. I happened upon him today. My plan is this: You know those guards at the Louvre are about the most negligent fellows possible. Several pictures have disappeared lately and never been accounted for. Harry and I will pay a visit to the Louvre tomorrow. We will take old Pierre into our confidence. If he knows that he is making Monsier Phillip any happier, he will consent to anything, and tortures would not draw the secret from him. There will be nothing really criminal in the deed. As soon as you are through with this picture we will return it as perfect as ever, and the world will be the

richer by one more masterpiece." he added conclusively.

For a moment there was silence in the room. The eyes of the two men met in one long searching look, then with a half sob Phillip extended his emaciated hands, "Pity me David, that I have sunk so low I am not even man enough to object to a scheme which I know sickens your very soul. It sounds so easy. To think that tomorrow Mona Lisa may be here in this room—that would be life, life and happiness" he added in a whisper as he sunk back, exhausted by the effort.

That night, before retiring, David stood at his window, gazing out into the quiet night. The meeting with his old classmate had stirred old memories and ambitions. Why not go back to America and leave all this wretched business forever? He had already wasted much valuable time. His classmates were making good. He alone had idled his time for the sake of a lovable dreamer. "It would be great to be in America again," he mused dreamily, then aloud "I will go with Harry next week." But at that moment a muffled cough and a restless movement from the adjoining room arrested him.

"No, for Phil's sake, I must stay and carry this matter through. I am all that is life for him."

The next day a few minutes before sunset, two men entered the Louvre

together. For a while they strolled about admiring the art treasures. The gallery was then almost deserted. An old guard in uniform kept watch near the entrance. To him the taller of the two men finally made his way.

"Pierre," he said in a low distinct tone, "do you remember me?"

The guard looked at him fixedly for a moment, then quickly extended his hand while a look of pleasure lit up his wrinkled face. "David Edwards, is it not, and where is Phillip?"

"It is about Phillip that I have come to you. He is sick, very sick and unhappy and you alone can give him what he wants. He has only one desire which you could grant so easily." "And that?" exclaimed the old guard eagerly. "You remember the picture he loved so well, the one there by the window. If you will allow us to take that picture to Phillip, you will make him happy for the rest of his life. We would take good care of it and return it as perfect as ever. Will you do it for the sake of your old friend, Pierre?"

The old guard hesitated, a look of distress on his weazened old face.

"But, Monsieur, the government trusts me. Besides I love these old paintings." "More than your friend?" David asked quietly. "No but monsieur you do not understand. If I should be found out—" "You will not be found out," David interrupted

quickly. "You are the only guard here, all the visitors have gone. If you will leave the room for only a few minutes you will need to do no more. Remember your friend is dying and you alone can make his last days happy."

The old man's face suddenly became resolute. He turned and left the room.

Left alone in the gallery, it was the work of only a few minutes to remove the picture from its frame and wrap it carefully in heavy paper. The two men worked rapidly with bated breath. Then they quickly made their way to the street below. It was now quite dark and the streets were almost deserted. In a few moments they were lost to view, without arousing any suspicion.

A few miles from Paris, in a tiny chateau half concealed by the fir trees on the mountain side, Phillip paints day after day. Some days he can paint for only a few minutes. Often it seems to his friend that the flickering life must die out. Yet that resolute purpose to give the world his masterpiece, seems to hold even death itself at bay as little by little the dream of his soul springs into life on the canvas, and the face of his dream is that of the lost Mona Lisa.

I. L. '15

The Lost Mona Lisa. No. 2.

"What in the world can that be?" exclaimed the President of France,

as he sprang from his bed to answer a persistent ringing of the telephone, which jingled alarmingly on a small table in his room.

"Hello," he called rather nervously, for telephone calls at two in the morning were unusual, even for a President. "Why hello, Monsieur Francois—How is that? You want to see me right away?—And don't let anyone hear me as I come out? Well, I can't leave my apartments very easily without waking some one. I intended to go for a ride at seven,—you say you will see me then? Alright, I hope it is—" but the receiver at the other end had been thrown into its holder rather violently.

At precisely seven o'clock that same August morning, Monsieur Francois, looking at least five years older than he had the day before, greeted the President in a manner, which seemed almost ridiculous for such a distinguished gentleman as the Superintendent of the Louvre.

"Oh, come into my office, please," he said, as he cautiously opened the door, and as cautiously closed it behind them.

As the President entered the private apartment, a man whom he knew from the costume to be one of the custodians of Le Louvre, arose and greeted him, even more nervously than had the Superintendent.

"This is certainly—began the Pres-

ident, when Francois interrupted.

"I don't know how to tell you, Monsieur President. I—I guess I'm to blame,—but it's done. The Mona Lisa is ruined."

"My God!" shouted the President, springing to his feet and gesticulating wildly.

"Sh—somebody will hear," warned Francois. "Why what do you mean, Francois,—'twas only last week that the government was offered a million dollars for that painting," said the President.

"I loved that picture. It was worth more than that to me," and Francois hid his face in his hands. "You see,—that smile, that expression,—I got to thinking about it and I felt that I just had to see it. I couldn't even wait until morning."

"Yes, go on. Tell me about" it, the President said seating himself again.

"I just couldn't wait," the Superintendent continued, "so I got up, dressed myself and came down here. I unlocked the door quietly, so quietly that not even the custodian here heard me. I don't know why I wanted to see it, but I couldn't get that face out of my mind."

"Never mind the face, go on," interrupted the President.

"As I came in it was rather dark, only a dim light showing in the corridor where the Mona Lisa hangs. Just before I came to the panel, on which the picture was painted my

foot knocked over a bottle, which, fortunately or rather unfortunately, did not break. When I picked it up from the paint buckets and held it to the light, I noticed that the label said "Turpentine" and it had been left there by one of the men who were painting the railing there in the afternoon. I then switched the light on the picture, but that still left the corridor rather dark. My eyes had just rested on that face, when suddenly I heard a hurried foot step behind me. As I turned about, I threw my arm above me to save myself; for the custodian here was standing over me, striking at me with the bottle. He had just begun to strike with it when my arm struck his wrist and the bottle flew directly toward that face."

"Yes, I thought he was a robber," began the custodian, but the President silenced him with a motion of his hand.

"As it struck the panel" continued Francois, "it ripped the canvas, and glass and turpentine scattered over the picture. 'Twas then that the custodian recognized me. Quietly as possible we turned on the corridor lights and I saw that the paint-

ing was--ruined!" The Superintendent had fallen limply into the arms of the custodian. The President still sat on the edge of his chair and stared.

In a moment there was silence. Then the President spoke.

"I can't blame you Francois. It was an accident and a costly one. But," he paused, looking nervously at his watch, "it will never do for the public to know the truth. We have more than an hour to arrange matters and no stone can be left unturned. Pierre," he said, placing his hand on the shoulder of Francois, who was shaking like a nervous wreck, "we must reverse the evidence (For on hour we'll have to be robbers or, at least, make this look like robbery.")

Just one hour later, the President of France again went to the telephone. This time, however, he was not on the receiving end.

"Hello, give me the office of Le Journal de Paris! if you please," he said. Then the answer.

"Hello,--Le Journal? Send a reporter to Le Louvre at once. The Mona Lisa has been stolen." E.V.B. '16

J. M. translating Latin. "Tomorrow we shall soothe our souls with wine and a pork two months old." Prof. McElree, "Why not call it a pig and be done with it?"

"Senator" Munn, shaking hands with Miss Hunter down at Canonsburg, "Why hello! How do you do! Say do you know I like to hang onto your paw, Charissa!

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson.

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

The Holcad begins the new year with a new impetus. While the fact may not be generally known yet it is truly so, that to keep the Holcad on its feet financially is no little undertaking. Yet this is not the greatest difficulty. This difficulty is in finding productions of sufficient literary merit to be worthy of a place in our paper. During this year when the situation was most acute it was found necessary to return some manuscripts, not because they were not well written but because they did not contain that something which is so necessary to the magazine story, that which grasps and retains the interest of the reader.

Whether the students saw this themselves or whether their thoughts were directed to it by their instructors is a matter of little importance but that they have rallied to the support of their paper in a manner to encourage a very despondent Staff. Never in years have so many productions of real literary worth been in the hands of a Holcad editor. This alone has given rise to a new hope and a bright future for our school journal.

|| ||

At the beginning of a new year we look forward with heightened interest and as a staff we centre a part of our interest on the Holcad. In one of these visionary fancies the Holcad has appeared as a weekly and on closer consideration it appears more tangible than a fleeting mirage. Next month there will appear an article on the Holcad, Westminster's Weekly.

|| ||

In this issue of the Holcad we present the work of the English department as it appears in the class

room. The literary productions with one exception are the class themes from pens of two under-classes and of them we are truly proud. The work of Prof. Smith deserves worthy mention in the columns of this paper for his efforts to make the collection of material easier for the Staff. The editor takes this opportunity of thanking Prof. Smith and his classes for their aid.

|| ||

In place of our Exchange columns we have presented to the students some information as to the relationship of the college man to the liquor business. While this step may not meet with entire approval on the part of the student body, the information nevertheless will continue to appear from time to time. In order to further the interest in the subject the faculty has consented to offer a credit course in the study of the "Social Aspects of the Liquor Business" for the second semester. Let not Westminster lag behind in a movement fraught with so many and so great opportunities.

On the eighteenth of December Dr. and Mrs. Russell entertained the members of the football squad at dinner in the Hillside dining room. Dr. Russell acted as toast master and toasts were responded to by coaches Tinkham and Park, captain Mc-

Laughry, captain-elect Buckley, Prof. W. W. Campbell and E. R. Tallant. Much merriment was present throughout the whole dinner, and the college yells and the singing of the college songs by the girls added zest to the occasion.

The Call of the City.

I see the dazzling vista of the street
Ablaze with myriad lights, beneath whose flare
There ever sweeps a surging human tide.
I see the city's throbbing heart laid bare,—
The bustling mart, the crowded hall, the den
Of shame, I hear the whistle's shriek, the clang
Of bells, the awful clamor of the crowd.
About me breaks and swells a roaring sea
Of sound, through which—insistent, clear—I seem
To hear the pleading voice of deathless Fame.
And as I watch the struggle, fierce and keen,
And hear the Voice that calls me through the night,
I feel the will to dare, the power to do.
Talk not to me of winding country lanes,
Of hills and vales that lie in peace and quiet!
Here in the crowded street, the busy mart,
Where life is real, and death a thing apart,
I find my work, my pleasure, my reward.—W. G.

On Monday night, December 15th the Sophomore class held their first "diggings" of the year in the Hillside dining room. About twenty-six couples were present and Coach Tinkham acted as chaperon. The evening was spent in games and social pastime, and a delicious lunch was served. The hilarity of the evening was greatly

augmented by the appearance of some half dozen fowls from somewhere out of the darkness. To whom it may concern the Sophomore boys wish to express sincere thanks for the aforementioned birds.

Katheryn Troup in Greek. "Someone is said to have been shot in the left wing."

Department of Public Speaking

A triangular debating league has been formed by Juniata, Grove City, and Westminster. The question for this year is, Resolved, that the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy be abandoned. The debates will be held some time in March, and should arouse much enthusiasm and attract much attention, for the question is one of vital national importance. The preliminary to decide the personnel of the Westminster teams will be held early in January, and every fellow in school who is at all interested should come out. If our teams are to win from Juniata and Grove City this year they must have the support of the entire student body.

Men Wanted—to try for places on the varsity debating team. See Prof. Moses or Ralph Miller for particulars.

The second pupils' recital of the College of Public Speaking was held Thursday afternoon, December eleventh, in Adelphic Hall. The program, although rather pathetic in tone, was interesting throughout, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a fairly large audience. Miss McAnlis showed much ability in her interpretation of Scotch characters. The program follows:

Her Letter	Bret Hart
Marian Hover	
The Ballad of Baby Bell	P. B. Aldrich
Elvira Watkins	
By Telephone	Anon.
Virginia Hilty	
Paut Donley	Chas. Dickens
Mabel Russell	
Nannie Webster From "The Little Minister")	
J. M. Barrie - Mary McAnlis.	

The importance of constant attention to certain rudimentary exercises in Public Speaking is brought out again in this criticism, which is quoted from the "Gazette Times." "If only our promising young players would regard with constant attention the enunciation and pronunciation what an increase in the delight and joy of listening to them would accrue. Violet Hemming, the very beautiful young actress who charmed us a season or so ago in "The Deep's Purple," and whose maturer gifts were exhibited last week in "Disraeli," either through affectation or rapidity of speech is guilty of painful indistinctness. Why say "meestake" for "mistake" or "ineetiateeve" for initiative," with the accent on the double vowels. "Misa Hemming is too far along the highway toward success to fall into such blemishing errors of speech."

Department of Music

On Saturday evening Sir Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist of continental fame, gave an instructive recital in the college chapel before an intelligent and responsive audience.

Those who had already become familiar with the elegance and finish of the artist's

technique during his former recitals were especially pleased with his unique program of descriptive pieces. As Sir Edward is a staunch member of the modern school, he holds that music not merely aims at some vague, "pretty" effect, but carries and interprets a definite thought or story; hence

he chose a series of medieval legends to illustrate the theory. Before each number he traced in graceful English the plot of the legend, and then rendered the story in interpretative music.

The first number, the familiar Chopin Ballade in A flat, which, according to Sir Edward, is based on a Lithuanian legend of unknown date and origin, describes the story of the medieval Don Juan finally meeting his match in Labelle Dame sans Merci. In revenge and punishment for his former sins against the fair sex, she entices the knight to a timely death in the gulf of a stormy lake. Other legends rendered were the Fire music from "Die Walkure," which is Wagner's version of the Sleeping Beauty story; and a selection from the "Flying Dutchman," the Teutonic version of the ancient saga of the wandering Jew. With remarkable force and brilliance the artist then played Liszt's transcription of "Der Erlkonig," which bears the distinction of three of the greatest German names Goethe, Schubert and Liszt. Sir Edward then passed to the French, with the serio-comic legend of Trilby the Fire Sprite; and the popular study in grotesque, the Danse Macabree of Saint Saens.

Sir Edward awakened perhaps the keenest interest of the evening by playing one of his own dramatic compositions, entitled "The Portent." Based upon the fateful horse in George MacDonald's novel, "The Portent," the piece portrayed with vivid realism. The galloping steed, bringing with it the wild clang of his broken shoe, the dread prophecy of King Death.—H. E. S.

The College Glee Club gave a concert in the Chapel on Tuesday evening, December 2. This was their first public appearance this year and their fine program certainly promised well for the season's work. The ner-

vousness usual in such a performance was, to all appearances at least, entirely lacking. Mr. Carson who assisted the Glee Club deserves special credit for his selections, and his fine rendering of them. The program was:

College Days - - - Carrie B. Adams
Swing Along - - - Wm Marian Cook

GLEE CLUB

Violin Polonaise - - - E. Mlynarski
MR. CARSON

The Bells of Shandon - George B. Nevin
Lead Kindly Light - - - Dudley Buck
GLEE CLUB

Winter Song - - Frederic Field Bullard
Soldiers Chorus (Faust) - Charles Gounod
GLEE CLUB

Violin, Souvenir de Weinawski, Wm. Haesche
MR. CARSON

A large audience greeted the Glee Club in Butler, Pa., on Friday night, December 5th, when they made their first out of town appearance. This shows the excellent reputation which the Club has made for itself and which was in no way diminished by its excellent performance that night. The program was much the same as that of their performance here a few nights before with the addition of a few numbers by Miss Mary Douthett, pianist.

The Girl's Glee Club is fast becoming an established fact. The list of proposed numbers is published on the Music Hall bulletin. It will be organized on or about January 1st.

The Glee Club gave a very pleasing concert at Canonsburg, Monday evening before returning to school. The Club was ably assisted by Miss Mary Douthett at the piano and Miss Mabel King. Owing to sickness in his family, Prof. Campbell was unable to be with the Club.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND THE LIQUOR BUSINESS

Heading the page with "Eight Scientific Reasons for Abstinence from Alcohol" and underneath, "First Reason," the Tulane University Weekly of November 6, devotes 1 1-2 pages to a discussion of the character of alcohol and alcoholic beverages. This strikes us as a worth-while move for a college paper.

Salem, Ore., the state capital, has just voted "dry" after a very severe struggle, in which the Willamette University Prohibition Club figured largely.

Before 3,500 enthusiastic auditors, who interrupted again and again to applaud telling points, the orators in the Eastern Interstate Oratorical Contest of the I. P. A. at Columbus, Ohio, November 11, fought through a great contest, in which R. C. Jacobs of Hope College, Michigan, and John C. Carwardine of Garrett Biblical Institute, Ill., were awarded first and second honors respectively. Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, presiding officer, reports the contest to have been of nearly as high grade as any he has attended in his wide experience with oratorical contests. Jacobs spoke on "The Decree of the Century," and Carwardine on "The Men of the Melting Pot." The judges on Thought and Composition were Dr. S. G. Innis of Hamline University, Dr. Homer J. Hall of Indiana, and Rev. N. B. Henderson of Chicago, while the judges on Delivery were Hon. Richmond P. Hobson, Alabama, Gov., L. B. Hanna of North Dakota, and Hon. Joshua Levering of Baltimore. Of the nine orators eligible to compete, one Jones of Florida, was seriously ill, and two—Moore of New York and Bruner of Ohio—were stalled in a snow drift near Cleveland, so only six actually participated.

At Ohio State University and at the University of California, the men's and women's prohibition clubs are running a hot race to see which shall have the largest membership.

With 25 college men casting dry votes Holland, Michigan, the home of Hope College, voted dry last spring by just 25 votes. No wonder the college Prohibition Leagues claim the credit.

Do you know that Maine, often held up as an example of, "Prohibition don't Prohibit," has a per capita consumption of only \$1.42 as against \$47.39 in the whole U. S.?

Wisconsin University students spent over \$20,000 for booze last year, according to a reported statement of the authorities.

To encourage systematic investigation and study of the liquor problem has been, for 15 years, a chief—perhaps the chief—function of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. In student groups, classes meetings, literary societies, etc., the emphasis has been to "get the facts," to discuss freely all phases; and to leave each one free to decide his field of service as his own judgement, after study, may dictate. Fellows who have favored social drinking have gone into the college league and come out anxious to help rid the nation of the economic blight of the traffic; others have, written orations, as one in Texas, such that won his father and three uncles over from rabid "antis" to active "pros;" some have worked for prohibition whose fathers not only were drinkers, but who actively engaged in or with the traffic; and indifferent young men from temperance homes, who thought they knew all about the question, have learned that they know nothing worth

while and have acquired a keen feeling of personal responsibility for service.

"Young college men and women, the responsibility is upon you to join your united efforts in this struggle against the liquor traffic. Your generation must solve the problem. I envy you your opportunity." —Ex-Gov. Hanly of Indiana, before a state convention of college students.

An "Anti-Prohibition League" is the latest reported organization at the University of Washington, formed as a counter-balance to the aggressive work of the "Prohibition League" there. And the "Antis" couldn't do anything that would help the Prohibition club more than such a move.

An aggressive, systematic campaign to secure the signatures of college students to petitions urging Congress to pass the Hobson Prohibition amendment to the national constitution has just been launched by the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. It is expected that from 50,000 to 100,000 signatures will be secured and presented to the national legislature.

"The so-called personal liberty argument in behalf of alcoholic drink loses more and more of its force. Consideration of the public welfare continues to grow and overshadow the rights of the individual. The drink question must be fought out upon the ultimate foundation of morals, hygiene and social order—in other words, the public welfare. If the public welfare requires the suppression of the alcoholic drink traffic it should be suppressed."

—From an editorial in the American Brewers' Review.

"No booze for Iowa students," is a rule rigidly enforced at the University of Iowa. The rule, which was first passed by the university Senate, has been reinforced by a resolution of the state legislature. And now some of the students have organized a

club for training for future anti-liquor service.

Do you know that Lincoln said, "The Liquor Traffic is a cancer in society eating out its vitals; and—all attempts to regulate it will only aggravate the evil; it cannot be regulated; it must be eradicated."

"Any revenue which is derived by any government from sources which tend to degenerate and degrade any portion of the people is bad. Every source of information, medical, sociological and economical, tend to prove that the consumption of liquor is dangerous, and that it depreciates the physical vitality of the consumer his mental capacity and his economic efficiency. This being true, it follows that our governmental revenue from the liquor traffic should be cut off," was the emphatic conclusion of Mr Frank Hickborn of the University of California in a recent class lecture.

Cornell, California, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Ohio, Syracuse, Columbia, Ohio Wesleyan, DePauw, Kentucky, Florida, Georgia, Baylor, Nebraska, Nebraska, Wesleyan, Stanford, Washington, Wisconsin Iowa, Missouri and Oklahoma Universities, and Kansas State, Iowa State Swarthmore and Oregon Agricultural colleges all have active prohibition clubs to study the liquor problem.

"A boy at the woodpile is worth two in the street."

Any university freshman found in a Madison, Wis., saloon is likely to be "run out" and sent home under a recent ruling of the student conference of the University of Wisconsin. And a strong editorial in the Daily Cardinal urges upon upper classmen their duty to enforce the rule.

"A saloon is to the public as is the fly—a carrier of disease—and to solve the problem of alcoholism we must kill the saloon as we kill the fly," was one striking statement by

Dr. A. M. Meade, the university physician at the University of California, in his lecture. "Alcohol and Public Health," in the credit study course on the liquor problem given by the School of Education.

For the fourth year, a course in the study of the liquor problem with college credit is offered by the Economics department of Iowa Wesleyan University.

Liquor costs more than books at Harvard according to the 1913 estimate of the "Harvard University Register," published by the student council. The figures show that more than \$1,500,000 is spent annually by Harvard students for necessities and luxuries over and above board, room, and tuition. The bill for smokes is estimated at \$98,225, and drinks cost \$75,500, or over \$2,000 more than is paid for books. Theatre tickets, suppers after the show, and taxi fares amount to more than \$200,000. \$600,000 is spent for clothing. Judging from this report, not all Harvard students have realized the truth of Ex-President Eliot's statement, "If a man be leading an intellectual life, if he be engaged in work which interests him keenly, stirs him, and requires the active use of his powers of thought, then he will invariably feel the retarding and deteriorating effect of alcohol."

A father and three uncles won over from rabid "antis" to active "pros" was the result of a temperance oration written and delivered by a Texas college man.

75,000 students are reached directly every year by the field secretaries of the Inter-collegiate Prohibition Association, and are told of the prohibition cause and its claims upon them for service.

"For the capital invested, liquor employs fewer wage-earners, pays less for wages, a smaller share of the product goes to labor, and a smaller market is furnished to the farmer than in any other business in the U. S.," was the conclusion of a lecture in the School of Education of the University of California.

Belying the popular idea that the Germans are not in sympathy with the temperance movement, the students at Tabor College, Kansas, who are almost all Germans, have a strong prohibition league studying the question and looking for opportunity for anti-saloon work

"And John Barleycorn is with me because I was born in what future ages will call the dark ages, before the ages of rational civilization. John Barleycorn was accessible, calling to me and inviting me on every corner and on every street between the corners. The pseudo civilization into which I was born permitted everywhere licensed shops for the sale of soul-poison. The system of life was so organized that I (and millions like me) was lured and drawn and driven to the poison shops."

—Jack London.

Local Color

Agnes Little—"I don't dare say anything about any fellow any more. There is always sure to be some girl around who belongs to him."

Marian Hover—"I think I must have Scotch descendants."

Dr. Campbell (speaking of the investiture of Papal authority) "He couldn't do any more before that than he did afterwards."

Jane R.—"I have bella-donna in my eyes to-night and can't talk very well."

M. Vincent—"What did Dr. Campbell do when I didn't answer to my name in History class again." M. Brown—"He just looked relieved."

Dr. Russell, as he stepped on a small dog's foot the other day, exclaimed, "Good Lord!" (To fully appreciate this exclamation read Exodus 28, 7.)

Mercer (translating Latin) "His faint hearted knees were strengthened."

"Tub" got cold while "looking on the job" up at the athletic field the other day, and "Bobby" Burns taking pity on him tossed her Mackinaw to him, saying, "Here you are 'Tink' old boy!"

(Has it really got as bad as this?)

Nevin, on Dec. 1. "Three weeks from to-day, boys, and we'll be running our ma's washing machines."

It comes shuddering through the air,—a weird and baleful clamor/ At times the tone is dull and lifeless, like the distant beating of the surf upon a rock bound shore; again it is shrill and harsh, like the whistling of the wind on the summit of the Brocken. In vain do the professors seek refuge behind closed doors! In vain do the students anathematize it with a three-fold imprecation! It is irresistible, all pervading, and all powerful! Perry Kuhn himself shrinks abashed before its trembling vibrations and thundering reverberations. What can it be? It is the clang of the fire-bell? No! Is it the roar of an approaching tempest? No! Is it the dread rumbling of

an earthquake? Oh my, no! It is merely practice hour at the Music Hall. W. I. G.

You can bluff all the profs some of the time, some of the profs all of the time but you can't bluff all the profs all of the time.

Doc Russell (speaking of the Church of Humanity) "I would like to see that Congregation together. I would hold the service in a livcry barn, for pews I would use box stalls, and would have the pastor open the service by saying "Let us bray."

Maud Muller on a summer morn
Heard the toot of an auto horn,
She saw the Judge go whizzing past,
"Geel" said Maud, "ain't he going fast?"
And then she thought of the sighs and tears
The judge had caused her all these years;
So she set her teeth, and never flinched,
But took his number and had him pinched.

—Ex.

Owen Moore went away one day,
Owen Moore than he could pay,
Owen Moore came home one day,
Owen Moore.—Ex.

Mary has a little dog,
It is a noble pup,
It stands upon its front legs
If you hold the hind legs up.—Ex.

Pa heard him shout the Ki' yi' Blue;
For joy he could not speak;
"Oh, listen mother," then he said,
"Our John is talking Greek."
Editor's note: That is not the only "John" that talks Greek.

Students' Directory

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Agnes McKay	Vice President
Elinor Elcessor	Secretary
W. J. Martin	Treasurer
E. R. Tallant	Basketball Captain

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Margaret Chick	Vice President
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ANDREW T. PARK, Assistant Coach.

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Edward V. Buckley, Secretary-Treas.
CRESCENT—F. E. Milligan, President; David Schnable, Secretary-Treasurer

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A. S. Coulter, Manager; D. H. McQuiston, 1st Ass't Manager
J. C. Fulton, Secr'y-Treas.; Walter Lindsay, 2d Ass't Manager

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THE HOLCAD

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TWO QUESTIONS.

The six day schedule has suddenly become a reality! The majority of the students appear to have accepted it without much thought, venturing no remonstrance beyond a few grumbling comments—they seem to have become accustomed to follow blindly any path laid out for them by a guiding faculty. After all, that may be the best—and safest—plan! But there are a few of us who, although we do not doubt in any way the wisdom of the faculty nor its ability to guide us, nevertheless feel inclined to stop for a moment to consider the proposition from every viewpoint. We feel this way, not because we do not want to give it a fair trial, not because we want to be different, but because we are accustomed to think for ourselves. We have a habit—good or bad—of considering any proposition pro and con before enthusiastically favoring its adoption. This habit leads us to examine the new plan carefully. In so doing two questions arise in our mind.

I. DOES THE SIX DAY SCHEDULE, AS IT WAS ADOPTED, IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF THE STUDENTS, AS FAR AS STUDIES ARE CONCERNED?

To this question we must answer, "No!" It was claimed that it would reduce the number of conflicts to a minimum. But when the new schedule was issued last week there seemed to be more conflicts, than ever before, in spite of the fact that we were not given even a half-holiday Saturday as had been announced. To be fair, however, this was not so much the fault of the proposed plan, as it was the fault of the committee that arranged the schedule. Are we not justified in drawing the conclusion that either the six day schedule cannot remedy conflicts, or the committee has *not* done its work? It was also claimed for the new schedule that it would give the students more time for outside reading. This is doubtful. At present most of the students have crowded their recitations into the morning periods; they spend the afternoon playing or work-

ing in labratory. Very few would make an extra trip to the library in the afternoon or evening to do outside reading, unless it was absolutely required. Most of the work in the library is done between periods. Besides, we have not heard anyone say that he was less pressed for time than he was last semester; indeed, a few complain of overwork. Some hardened criminals actually propose to study on Sabbath afternoons and evenings,—perhaps that is when they intend to do their outside reading. We admit that the six day schedule will permit a student to carry more studies than he could otherwise do, but that is a questionable advantage. We question the advisability of allowing any student to carry an "overloaded" schedule—such a practice fosters slovenly scholarships. Of course, there are glaring exceptions, but should a schedule be adopted the sake of a very—a pitifully small minority? And will not the practice of permitting "overloaded" schedules eventually lead to the requirement of more than 126 hours for graduation?

II. WILL THE SIX DAY SCHEDULE LEAD TO THE ABRIDGMENT OF STUDENT PRIVILEGES?

"Yes!" is the only answer that we can give to this question. In the first place, Monday is no longer a holiday. Some of us who like to "sleep in" Monday mornings will lose our week-

ly "beauty sleep"—and, goodness knows, we need it badly enough. True, there is no chapel that morning, but that is a matter of only fifteen minutes or so, and we venture to predict that there WILL be chapel on Monday morning before very long! (Don't mention the proverb that "the early bird catches the worm"—please remember that the worm was probably being punished for getting up early!) In the second place, some of us who are accustomed to go home to spend the Sabbath will be compelled to return Monday instead of Tuesday morning. This will undoubtedly cause great inconvenience to some,—but OF COURSE the convenience of students is worth very little consideration. In the third place, strolling privileges are changed from Monday to Saturday afternoon, in spite of the fact that, according to the latest schedule, there are several classes on the latter day that would interfere with such privileges. In addition to strolling we are permitted to call at the Hillside Saturday evening, BUT Dr. Russell, in chapel, advised us not to do so. Why? (Isn't it awful the way we ask questions?) Simply because, in all probability, the advice not to call at the Hall is merely the forerunner of a decree prohibiting such visiting. It will not be very long, you know, before the faculty will say (with the idea that it is a

very good reason) that both Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening are "too much of a good thing." PERHAPS the faculty has no idea of doing such a thing, but if not, the only reason is because they have not thought of it. According to present appearances, the abolition of Saturday evening privileges seems to be inevitable.

But this article is already too long. (The writer has become rather long winded from sprinting from the college building to the Hillside after entertainments in order to get in within the twenty minute limit.) Our only motive in writing this was to induce the student body to really THINK about the six day schedule. Give it a "fair trial" if you like,—but

take care that the *experiment* does not become *an established fact*. Give some weeds a fair chance in a field of young corn, and see what happens. Ask yourself the question, "Am I deriving any benefit from the six day schedule?" Look around, and see if it is of any advantage to your friends. The chances are that it is an unnecessary incumbrance, perhaps an evil.

Above all, think about it, and don't hesitate to express your opinions pro and con. And, for goodness sake, don't follow blindly after every new idea just because it happens to strike some one else's fancy! Think for yourself. Thinking has overthrown every evil, and has accomplished every reform.

THE BURGLAR

"Well Shelly Louise Austin where in the canopy did you drop from?" asked Bess Wilson as she greeted her friend alighting from a westward bound train. I didn't expect you till Monday at least from your description of the good time you were having up there in the mountains. I sure am glad to see you, though. You've been gone an age.

"Thanks" said Shelly and set her suitcase down much to the disgust of the porter who hovered near

hoping to relieve the lady of her baggage till she got her car. "I feel as if I had been gone a long time too. I didn't expect to be back till Monday. The family isn't coming until then, but everybody was leaving up there and the place was getting dull,—its near the end of the season you know. Besides I got to thinking that it would be a great lark to come home here without letting anybody know it and stay by myself over to-night at least." "You mean that big broth-

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er of yours dared you to, I know."

"He may have had something to do with it," admitted Shelly "but I really wanted to myself. Don't tell anybody I'm here will you? I want to see if I can do it."

"Bright chance of me telling," said Bess, "I'm leaving in ten minutes for Hulton. There's a house-party out there over the week-end. I'll stop in Monday to see how many burglars you land. Why don't you get your aunt or uncle or somebody from there to come over and stay with you? They are right next door. It wouldn't hurt them, and I know I would hate to stay alone."

"Well, Aunt Jane and Uncle Tom don't know I'm coming and they aren't going to know till to-morrow morning, when I go over there for breakfast,—that is if I get up for breakfast. I'm dead tired now, so perhaps I'll sleep. I might as well take a vacation from church while I can. When father is here I am a very regular attendant, being the dutiful daughter of a minister."

"I would advise you to go to-morrow," said Bess. "It breaks my heart to think I'll not be here. Your father's substitute for to-morrow is a young theological student. They say he is grand-looking and is a mighty nice chap. It's enough to make me wear mourning. The only young one we have had all summer, and to think I have to miss him!"

"It certainly is tough luck" said Shelly, "but I can imagine you would never give up a house-party for any church service, even with two or three young Sem. students thrown in as bait."

"You're right there," answered Bess laughing. "One would be quite enough at a time. But there's my train called. Good bye,—be sure to look for a man under the bed!" and she hurried away up the steps.

Shelly made her way out of the station and hailed a car for home. "I'm sorry I had to meet somebody I knew," she thought, "but I might have expected as much. It is just my luck. She won't tell, though, so it's not so bad. If only I can escape the rest of my friends as easily! I'm bound to spend this one night at home by myself. I'll just show—Bob I can. He is entirely too smart. I'm not afraid at all,—at least not much. I wish Bess hadn't said that about the man under the bed though. I'm afraid to look now, but I'm more afraid not to. Pshaw! what's the use of being so silly? Uncle Tom right next door and all. I'll not let them know though. I'll be as quiet as can be going in."

When Shelly left the car she went slowly up the street to her home. She passed the large church where her father was pastor, and vaguely wondered if the young minister would prove as interesting as Bess

had thought. "I suppose he is at Uncle Tom's" she said to herself as she opened her own front door. "They have been keeping the supplies this summer. There seems to be an unusual number of people in there," she added, glancing across to the parlor of the house next door. "I suppose he is there too. My, goodness, but I'm dead tired." she went on as she stepped inside. "I believe I'll go right to bed if it is only eight o'clock. Where's that light anyhow?" she muttered as she fumbled along over the wall hunting the switch. "Oh here! that's better, I like to see what I'm doing."

She softly closed the door and took off her hat and coat. It certainly seemed mighty good to be back. Summer resorts are fine but "there's no place like home." "I don't know why I'm so tired," she thought "I'll just take a look around down here to make sure that everything is all right and then I'll go to my own room."

She went quietly through the parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, and then back through the library to the hall again. Nothing seemed out of place. On the library table from which everything had been taken before they left there lay a handkerchief, but she supposed it was only one of Bob's. He left his around very indiscriminately anyhow.

"I guess I'll run back down for my wraps and I'll leave the light and

door till then to tend to," she said to herself "I'll only be a minute."

It was, however, quite a long minute, as hers generally were. When she got to her own room she found plenty to do. She unpacked her suit-case and laid away the things where they belonged. She went through her ward-robe carefully to see if by chance there might be a dress suitable for church in the morning provided the weather was too warm for a suit. She wrote a note to a friend in the mountains. She picked up a book on the table and read a little in it. By and by she yawned, stretched, and said, "Well, I guess I'll go to bed. It is a quarter past nine by my watch and I think it's a bit slow. I'll go down and lock the door immediately. I'm not afraid. It's not nearly as bad as I thought it would be. I am not a speck nervous."

She crossed the room and went out into the dim light of the hall. Just as she got to the stairs, she saw in the shadow of her brother's room a man standing. His hair was very untidy and he wore neither coat nor collar. For an instant all her ideas seemed to fly to the back of her head and creep down her spine in little cold chills. Her courage took wings and fled. Her limbs began to weaken and she put her hand to the banister for support. As she touched it she seemed to gain power of speech

again and managed to stammer, "Who—who—who are y-y-you?"

"I beg pardon, madam, but I consider I have the same question to ask you, and also another. What are you doing here?"

"I-I-only, that is, I belong here. I don't know who you are but you t-t-talk queer for a b-b-burglar," she chattered.

"Perhaps a little light on the subject would not be bad," he suggested and turned the switch. "Now young lady, perhaps you can explain why you are in this house. Your presence certainly requires explanation."

Shelly was no longer frightened. This man was a queer looking specimen for a burglar, but he evidently wasn't going to shoot her at once whatever his purpose in her home. She was only angry now. "I have no explanation to make, sir. This is my home and I have vastly more right in it than you to my mind. I will have to ask you to leave or I shall call someone."

A grim smile gradually came over the young man's face. "Would you mind telling me your name" he asked.

"Yes, I would mind. I can't see what that has to do with it. How dare you come here to frighten me so? Go at once."

"I am very sorry Miss Austin, for I suppose that is who you are, that I have frightened you. I am sure you have no need to fear me." Shelly

was on the verge of tears; as he hastened to go on with his explanation. "I am only a harmless Sem. student. I'm to preach for your father in the morning. Your aunt had unexpected company so she—"

"Oh-oh-oh-!" said Shelly, "I see' She sank down on the top stair and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. "She had company and just put you in Bob's room of course. But where have you been all this time?"

"I came over here to get a nap after dinner, and I presume I've been napping ever since. At least I didn't hear you come in. I just now saw the light and wondered where it came from. I'm honestly as sorry as can be, Miss Austin. But I thought you were in the mountains."

Shelly rose slowly and faced him. "I ought to be, but I'm not."

"So I see" said he, "but I still do not understand."

"Well you see Bob said I couldn't and I said I could, and I would have to if you hadn't scared me. Now I can't."

"I see" he assented gravely, "but would you mind telling me just what plan I spoiled?"

"Oh, I was trying to stay here alone all night. No one here knows I'm at home at all."

"Yes. Too bad I spoiled your fun, you've certainly proved you are no coward, I can't see yet why you didn't scream when you saw me."

"I tried to but I couldn't," confessed Shelly.

"I see," he laughed. "Well I suppose now we had better go across to your aunt's. She ought to know you're here, especially now since the jigs up on your plan. If you will wait in the lower hall until I get my coat and collar I'll be very glad to go over with you."

In a minute or two he joined her in the hall and she noticed for the first time how very good-looking he was. "I suppose" she said, "this is yours. I found it on the library ta-

ble," and handed him the handkerchief she had noticed earlier in the morning.

"It is thank you," he said.

"And now before we go, would you mind telling me your name?" she asked.

"Did I neglect to mention it?" he said. "It's a minor detail of course but important on occasions like this.

I am Rev. Raymond Hunter,—D. D. someday perhaps but, for the present, I shall be very glad if will just call me Ray."

—M. V. '16

SCHOOL NOTES

On Thursday evening, Jan. 8, the fourth number of the lecture course was given by Sylvester A. Long. The subject of his lecture was "Lightning and Toothpicks." This is one of his most popular lectures and is full of thought and mirth. As is the case with many books and plays, the subject is based on an incident and has very little to do with the theme. It is a practical discussion of the universal reign of law which is made endurable by love and appropriated through habit. It is a real contribution to advanced thinking on life problems. Mr. Long is a man of rare ability and of a wonderful attractive delivery.

On Friday morning Mr. Long addressed the students in Chapel. According to the members of the faculty his talk was one of the strongest ever delivered to a Westminster student body. His talk may be briefly summed up in the two main thoughts which he left with us,

"Be careful who you pity!"

"When you think, think something."

The debate preliminaries were held in Philomath Hall on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, January twenty first. The number of candidates far exceeded that of the previous years. The following men were chosen—Milligan, Grundish, Orr, Al-

derman, H. Patton, McQuiston, Jewell, Vincent, C. Bell and R. Bell. Miller and Braham having had two years experience on the varsity teams were not required to participate in the preliminary. The judges were Prof. Moses, Prof. Smith and Prof. Shaffer. Miller, as president of the Debating Association, acted as chairman.

Three debates have been arranged for this year. The first with Penn State, will be held early in March; some phase of Woman's Suffrage will probably be discussed. The Grove City and Juniata debates will take place on March 26th, one of our teams will carry the war into Grove City's camp, while the other will debate Juniata in Chapel. Both teams will discuss the question, "Resolved that the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy should be abandoned." Our debaters have been hard at work for some time, and expect to win all these contests.

On Friday evening, Jan. 9, the annual Sophomore-Freshman debate was held in the college chapel. The question was, Resolved, "That the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy should be abandoned." As usual the debate was of a high order and extremely humorous. The Freshmen nosed out a victory by the narrow margin of three points.

The Junior class went for a sled-ride on Saturday night, Jan. 10. They say they went to Mercer and rumor has it that they all got "converted" at the revival meetings there. Inasmuch as their "actions speak louder than words" (or rumors,) we are inclined to question the report.

The Sophomore class took a bob-ride to New Castle on the same night, and had a fine time, though they did not "get religion." They had "eats" at the Y. M. C. A. and afterwards "took in" the "movies," and returning later "by the light of the silvery moon." What? Did somebody say "limits?" Huh! Ish ga bible.

On Wednesday, Jan. 14, the Y. M. and Y. W. cabinets went for a sled ride to New Castle, stopping at the home of Miss Dorothy Keast on Wallace avenue for "eats" and a jolly good time. By some pre-arranged "ill-fortune" the sleds were unavoidably delayed, thus enabling the party to return home early—the next morning.

The first "tier" of Junior orations was "run off" on Monday evening, Jan. 12, in the college chapel, with a large and appreciative audience in attendance. The orations were given in groups of six each evening, and continued for four evenings. The productions were all of a high order

and were well delivered. The programs for each evening were as follows:

Jan. 12

Orr, Frank W. A Half Century in Dixie.

Troup, Helen. The Wearing of the Green.

McNaugher, Joseph. America's Foreign Ultimatum.

Jameison, Mary. The Stranger in our Midst.

Simpson, C. Ward. The Modern City.

Ligo, Ida. The Cry of the Children.

Jan. 17

Scott, Clifton R. The Futility of War.

Long, Mary. Popular Superstition.

Stewart, Lawrence. The extinction of a Race.

Wight, Ethel. The Value of a Playground.

Patterson, Ralph. The Cry of the Children.

Keast, Dorothea. The Power of Suggestion.

Jan. 19

Fulton, J. Campbell. Unity the Hope of Temperance.

Kerr, Nora. The Beautiful Tree of Life.

Igo, Harold. The Hearthstone.

Rarr, Kathryn. Individual Initiative.

Hormel, Peter. The Call of the Country.

McKay, Agnes. The Passion Play.

Jan. 23

Braham, Walter. The Dragon Awake.

Allison, Verna. The Problem of the Rural Schools.

Markle, C. O. The New Penology.

McCalmont, Janet. The Power of Music.

McAnlis, Mary. The Lost Art.

In accordance with past custom the four boys and four girls excelling in composition and delivery were chosen to compete in the Commencement week contest. The judges of the orations were, Dr. C. F. Freeman, Dr. R. G. Ferguson, Dr. J. O. Campbell.

The chosen eight were, Misses Mary McAnlis, Nora Kerr, Dorothea Keast and Helen Troup, and Messrs. Walter Braham, Lawrence Stewart, Clifton R. Scott and Frank W. Orr.

—

Dr. James Kyle, president of Xenia Seminary was an interesting visitor at Westminster. Dr. Kyle occupied the pulpit of the Second U. P. on Sabbath morning and conducted chapel services in the evening. Dr. Kyle gave his hearers two of the best sermons heard here for some time. Straightforward and practical the sermons created an interest in the speaker seldom reached on short acquaintance.

—

Dr. Russel is spending the week of Feb. 1, at Enterprise, Fla., where he is attending Bible conference. Dr. Russell was scheduled to address the

conference on Sabbath and appear as speaker during the week.

Dr. J. O. Campbell passed through a severe seige at the Shenango Valley Hospital. Dr. Campbell has not been well for some time but it is hoped that from now on his hearty laugh shall not be missed from the college hall for any length of time.

Mr. McClelland, the Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement was a visitor the first of the month and gave us the value of his experience, and stirred the students to an added interest in mission study.

The Freshman class having at last given up hopes of snow or fearing the "limited" results of recent sled loads, held their first social gathering of their youthful career at the "Hillside," Monday evening, Feb. 2. From reports every one present had a fine time and all the school sufficient to satisfy hunger.

Dr. C. F. Wishart spent the week end as a visitor at Westminster. Dr. Wishart's visit marks the second stage in a series of treats for the student body, the first of which was marked by the visit of Dr. Kyle. The appeal of such men as Dr. Kyle and Dr. Wishart cannot but meet with

some success. The young men of the school were able to meet with Dr. Wishart and know him and receive for the asking the benefit of his wide experience.

The third pupil's recital of the college of public speaking was held Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 28th, in Adelphic Hall. The program follows. Mary Scudder and Aaron Burr, *Harriet Beecher Stowe*, Mary McAnlis Afterwhiles, *James Whitcomb Riley*, Mabel Russell. Mary's Night Ride, *George W. Cable*, Marian Hover. Gavroche and the Elaphant, *Victor Hugo*, Elvira Watkins. The Swan Song, *Katherine Ritter Brooks*, Virginia Hilty.

X On Feb. 6 the Shakesperean tragedy, "Macbeth" was given by the class in dramatic expression, under the direction of Prof. Moses. The scenic detail of the play was carried out with great care and the effects were well adapted to the play setting. The costumes were better than ever seen in a previous production. The cast, while working under difficulties from outside, acquitted themselves well and showed marked ability to adapt themselves to the author's characters. For next semester the class will produce a modern comedy "The Ulster."

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Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

"Be careful whom you pity." There may be, "Some mute, inglorious Milton," sitting beside you in chapel, or passing you the butter at the club table.

|| ||

The new gymnasium ought to become a reality in the near future

Some bright lads have looked up the history of the Gym., and according to their art work above the west porch, the building first saw light in 400 B. C. We doubt the historicity of their inscription, and also wonder if Noah would be proud that the building was constructed in his memory.

Thoreau said that while the millions are wide awake enough to do physical labor, only one man in a million is wide awake enough to do mental work. When tempted to drift, let us remember that by arousing ourselves we may join the few who make history.

|| ||

It pays to laugh easily but a fool may overdo the job. To laugh at the hundreds of little absurdities of daily life is well and good; to laugh at another's confusion is discourteous; to make sport of another's pain, is brutal. Cultivate a laugh that never bears a sting.

|| ||

TO THINK, OR NOT TO THINK

"When you think, think something." These were the words with which a recent lecturer warned us against that hazy, incoherent method of thought, which when made habitual, destroys our power to act. The brain is a machine: It is in its box for the purpose of guiding the individual in his activity. It is not there to buzz around like a disconnected motor, but to guide us in deeds which count.

Allowance must be made for all kinds of temperaments. No school of thinkers, philosophers, or moralists has any right to make a mold and say that all men must be shaped in that form. But to "think something," is the duty of men, and no

man can rise in the world without this power to think. Some men may be scientists, or inventors, and others scholars and professional men and as different from their fellows as day from night. But they concentrate, if they make any advancement in their chosen line.

Start now. Today is a type of the only future you will ever know. A golden age for us does not lie just over the hills. Unless we use our capital of brain and soul now, the future will find us ever dreaming, but never accomplishing. Seize today, and let tomorrow take care of itself.

|| ||

THE THRILL OF WORK

The college student likes to be thrilled. He likes the combat of the gridiron, and the inspiration that comes from the shouting rooters and their waving pennants. The bonfire after an athletic victory, or a feed with the boys, or perhaps a little trip away from town with a ball team, or the glee club, are often among his pleasantest memories. The more excitement there is in a college year the better the student likes it.

No fellow with red blood in his veins can fail to wax enthusiastic over a good football game, whether he plays or not. Any man who is worth his salt will enjoy a mass meeting, a bonfire, a feed with the boys, or an out-of-town trip. Thrills,

small and larger, have a definite place in the making of a man. It is feeling and emotion that have stirred men to great things. But, on the other hand, there is a danger that we live only in times of special stimulation, and merely exist in ordinary times when life seems dull. We may get such an appetite for strawberries that we don't care for prunes. The best thrill, and the most lasting, comes from hard tasks well performed. Fortunate is the person who finds this comfort in the monotony of a daily routine.

That many people have not found any pleasure in hard work is evidenced by the way they hunt for something to thrill them. Magazine publishers grow wealthy from people who seek thrills in "Snappy Stories," or in stories of divorce and the social evil. In newspapers, nick-elodeons, theatres,—something to excite and thrill is the thing that is sought.

A college education, if it teaches anything, ought to give the student a knowledge of the thrill that comes from hard work. The man of brains values sports and entertainments for their stimulating qualities, but he must realize that there is a limit to these things. Their place is secondary. For college students, as for other people, there are better ways of using the brain than to become

wise in the lore of red books, blue books, and Eva Tanguay.

|| ||

A WEEKLY PAPER.

Last month we spoke of a weekly newspaper for Westminster and promised a further discussion. In the mean time discussion with those who seem to take an interest in the college publication seems to indicate that a heightened interest would be aroused in a weekly paper that a monthly magazine has failed to develop.

It goes without saying that the Holcad has failed to interest the student and alumni bodies. As a literary magazine it could be made of interest but if the paper is to be used to keep the students in touch with one another and with the alumni body it must circulate school news. If this news is held over for a month and then published in brief to make room for all other productions, the news will be of little interest because of time. If however the news of the week from Wednesday to Wednesday can appear in print on Friday giving a full account of all activities, serious and frivolous the interest would surely increase and with reason because stale news would be a thing of the past.

|| ||

"BUILT 400 B. C. IN MEMORY OF NOAH"

S

letters on the gym one morning last

week. It is but an emphasis upon the fact that a new gym is an urgent need. While the "stunt was pulled" as a joke yet it is the expression of the undercurrent running in the minds of the student body. If the energy of the students can paint this need as clearly upon the minds of our alumni as the sign appears on the gym, there is but little doubt that not only a new gym but a new stadium will grace our campus in the next two years.

|| ||

Junior Orations are over. The productions delivered this year mark an advanced step in the line of oratory at Westminster. Never before have as many productions of real merit been delivered so forcefully and effectively as were those given by the class of '15. During the last fall their discontinuance was agitated but the enthusiasm and interest displayed in this last season's orations seems to put to rest any thought of abandoning them.

|| ||

School six days a week! Yes that seems to be the latest decree. However the student body has been informed that as a decree it is not as those of the Medes and Persians. The change from the five to six day schedule was made with an idea of more easily arranging "conflicts." In view of present experiences the plan does not seem to have met its pur-

pose, we will not say failed until further trial. Yet from the opposition with which the plan is meeting and the failure in its primal purpose of reducing conflicts, the six day schedule must pass unless a more satisfactory arrangement of classes can be provided.

|| ||

The Holcad has been grilled severely by its exchanges for lack of a cover design and we must take the grilling. For some years our paper has lacked a distinctive cover design. The Holcad needs a cover design. What would you suggest?

|| ||

Do you remember the sailors motto, "It is not the long pull, nor the strong pull, but the pull all together that counts." That is the spirit we must have to make things go. No one person or set of persons can do it all. No one can do your work. No one department can make up for the lack in the others. What we shall do is this: Each class and each department will work for the good of the whole school and thus each will help the other.

The foregoing we clipped from the columns of the K. H. S. Kaland and the forceful, direct appeal points us to a clearer view of our responsibility. "No man liveth to himself alone" was said of you and me. We must consider our brother, be he black or white or yellow; be he a

neighbor far or near. Do you consider your brother—what he is; what he needs? Do you realize your relation to him and your,—yes your individual responsibility for his life and soul?

To realize you must know and the way is open. Soon you will be asked to join a class for Mission study. Before you say No remember "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself but"—and think how are you living and how are you going to die.

|| ||

"*What did the Dead Sea die of?*" Such a question was asked by a boy. To answer it, requires a Man. "Because everything came in and nothing went out." Such was the answer given by Doc. Wishart. How true that is of ourselves, of our own lives—our school—our country. We are willing to receive—yes we will grasp for blessings and yet we are unwilling to pay the price. Your spiritual life is dead. What did it die of. Your faith is not progressing, it seems devoid of life. What did it die of? *What did the Dead Sea die of?* "Everything coming in, nothing going out."

|| ||

The Junior Orations are over for this year—to the great relief of most of the performers, it must be confessed. The question now arises in our mind—what do the orations

amount to, after all? To most students the Junior Oration is only one more unwelcome and seemingly useless task; some go about it carelessly, others fearfully. True, the student gets practice in reading up some phase of a subject and presenting it to an audience. But in most cases the subject is so hackneyed and the presentation so mechanical that it is doubtful whether any lasting benefit results. What is needed is more originality of theme and greater freedom of expression. Get a NEW subject, or present an old subject in a NEW way! And, above all, take a subject in which you are vitally interested; give your audience your own ideas on that subject—don't cull all your arguments from books and magazines. "If you've got an idea don't be afraid of it. Don't believe something because someone else believes it, Prove it for yourself. You have brains to think with, don't be afraid to think, Men who have used their brains have advanced the world." Let it be understood that do NOT favor the abolition of the Junior Orations; we simply believe that some reform along that line is needed. There is one reform that we would urge most strongly; namely, the appointment of judges who are not connected with the school in any way. We do not advocate this in a spirit of criticism toward the faculty judges of previous years—their work

in most cases has been excellent. The judging of orations by outsiders would, however, prevent to a great extent all accusations of prejudice or favoritism. Moreover, the orators could not curry favor by writing speeches which they know to be pleasing to one or more of the judges.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. A. A. Graham, Class of '91, pastor of the Second Church, and Mrs. Graham, Class of '93, were given the surprise of their lives last Thursday evening, when they returned from Greensburg, where they had attended the Golden Wedding anniversary of Rev. Graham's parents, Mr. and Mrs M. A. Graham.

Returning in the afternoon, they were taken at once to the Hillside, where they were guests of honor at a fine dinner, at which the officers and heads of departments of the church were present.

When they returned to their home in the evening they were taken completely by surprise to find upward of a hundred members of their congregation awaiting their arrival. As soon as the effects of this surprise had worn off a little they received another, when they were given a handsome china closet and a set of Haviland china, the former a gift from the men and the latter from the ladies of the congregation. Dr. Ferguson made the presentation speech in a happy manner, and Rev. Graham recovered his composure sufficiently to express their appreciation. Altogether the occasion was a most happy one, between the pastor's family and the congregation.

Prof. C. B. Robertson of the University of Pittsburgh, and son of Mrs. L. B. Robertson of New Wilmington, will give the principal address at the opening meeting

of the Parent-Teacher Association of New Kensington next Monday, February ninth,

Mrs. Martha Veazey underwent a successful operation for stomach trouble at the Youngstown hospital, last Thursday. Dr. Beuchner, of the hospital, assisted by Dr. W. A. Clark and Dr. Robert Mehard, were the attending physicians.

Filmore, son of Prof and Mrs. Campbell is home from Pittsburgh, where he recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is convalescing very nicely,

The engagement has been announced of R. K. Aiken Esq., of New Castle to Mias Dravo of Pittsburgh, marriage to take place in the early spring.

Raymond Kirkbride, '13 has recovered splendidly from an operation for appendicitis, and he is now at home taking the rest cure before undertaking his work again.

John W. Dunn, Esq, Class of 1888 has been selected as first assistant of R. H. Jackson, Esq., as District Attorney of Allegheny County. Mr. Dunn is a son-in-law of Mrs. Barnes of New Wilmington.

Harold W. Irons, '97 is coming into the lime light in the city of Pittsburgh. He was the personal representative of Mayor Magee in welcoming the State Education Association and has since been appointed one of the assistants of the city solicitors of Pittsburgh, with a salary of \$3,500.00

THE COLLEGE WORLD AND EXCHANGE

Lives of humorists remind us
 Gags that are the most sublime
 Are the ones that limp behind us
 Covered with the moss of time.

Jokelets that perhaps another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and half-wit brother,
 Seeing shall revamp again.

Let us then begin perusing
 Almanacs of ancient date,
 Still a-seizing, still a-choosing
 Chestnuts that have learned to wait.

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh,
 New jokes are hard to find,
 A whole new editorial staff
 Can't tickle every mind.

So, if you find an ancient joke,
 Made up to localize
 Don't "knock" and give the thing a poke,
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.

We know not to whom we are indebted
 for the foregoing, but his meaning is un-
 mistakable, so here's to him!—Ex.

"Them's our sentiments"—Editor

"I have resolved not ter fight my big
 brothers. (What have I got a little one
 for?); I have resolved not ter put pins on
 my teacher's seat (tacks will do as well);
 I have resolved not to take any more of
 my mother's strawberry jam (apple butter
 is good enough; I have resolved to study
 (the baseball rules).

"Many are called but few recite."

"Absence makes the marks grow round-
 er."—Ex.

The Trinitarian is a well written maga-
 zine and is fearless in its criticism of ex-

changes. More of that spirit would be wel-
 come in our own exchanges.

We are glad to welcome The Echo from
 the New York State Normal college among
 our exchanges.

How to kill a college paper:

1 Do not subscribe—borrow your neigh-
 bors.

2 Look up the advertisements—then
 trade with the other fellow.

3 Never hand in any news items—criti-
 cise everything in the paper.—Ex.

Prof. What would you call a man that
 pretends to know everything.

Freshman: A Professor.—Ex.

These six things doth a college student
 hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto
 him:

A professing jokester, a continual quiz-
 zer, and hands that mark down zeros.

A teacher who prizeth no course but his
 own, and theorists who appoint a single
 volume for forty collateral readers.

Hearts forgetful of the "smoker" the night
 before, and assignments made as if every
 man were a "grind."—Ex.

Laziness sometimes borrows the cloak of
 patience and poses as a virtue.—Ex.

He—"May I see you up the stairs?"

She—"I'd rather you walk up with me."
 —Stanford Chaparral.

Through our exchanges we notice that a
 war has been started at Ohio State against
 an objectionable verse in one of the college
 songs. The verse is as follows:

"And when we win the game
We'll buy a keg of booze
And we'll drink to old Ohio
Till we wobble in our shoes."

While Westminster is guilty of using the same song, a substitute is offered by the Hiram Advance, which, with proper alterations will read:

"And when we win the game
We'll buy a keg of water
And drink to old Westminster
"Till we drown our Alma Mater."

Abolishing all laboratory fees in the various courses in the University catalogue, the Ohio State University has placed a general fee of \$15 for registration, for both men and women, beginning with the second semester. This general fee thus equalizes all the colleges, with the exception of the College of Law where the \$30 fee still continues. It has long been felt by professors and university officials that the fee list entails a vast lot of checking up at registration. As very few students do not take laboratory work, it was felt that a striking of an average would be fairer to all than the old practice of separate fees for individual courses.

The University of Michigan has 22,000 living alumni which is more than any other institution of learning in the United States. Harvard and Yale follow with 21,000 and 18,000 living alumni respectively.

The girls at the Ohio Wesleyan University were compelled to leave their classes and sew up their slit skirts. They were warned never again to attend classes with their skirts notched even the tiniest little bit.

A particularly outrageous drinking celebration resulting in an official pronuncia-

mento striking a sharp blow at student drinking customs was the reported situation at Hobart College, N. Y., during December. Student precedent and favor seem to have sanctioned general drinking customs which led to disgraceful bouts and riotous celebrations on the part of some, but when Dr. Lyman Powell was inaugurated as president in November, he at once made clear his disapproval of this tendency and set out to eradicate it. He is generally credited with the December announcement that hereafter no drinking student will be allowed any financial aid from the college, but the faculty are supporting him steadily. The press reports state that the students are very indignant since many of them are now holding scholarships, and will be affected by the new ruling.

Here's hoping that Dr. Powell will succeed. At least he will have the satisfaction of knowing he is in line with the general verdict of the educational world that booze and brains do not go together.

A prize of \$15 has been offered to the best extemporaneous speaker of Drake University.

Beloit College has the Honor System. They recently made a revision of its constitution.

The astronomy class at Parsons College have a new telescope which they will use in their study of the stars.

The Cornellian of Cornell College, Iowa, is publishing a series of articles presenting the ideas of their students on "How to run a College?"

The Sophomore class of Colorado College has been tried for insubordination to the Student Commission. They disregarded the rules in regard to the annual pole rush.

The Seniors and Juniors have been hav-

ing a class squabble at Iowa Wesleyan College. The seniors recently stole the material for the Junior annual. The faculty took a hand and all has been cleared up.

Twenty-five students of Ohio State University are reviewing the defects of the currency and banking system, studying the Aldrich plan, and making a critical examination of the federal reserve act under the direction of Prof O. C. Lockhart, of the department of economics and sociology. The course is entitled "Money and Currency," and some 50 class periods are devoted to the work. Furthermore, the students compare the federal reserve banks with the central banks of England, France and Germany, and include commendation and criticism of present day proposals to remedy the currency situation.

It should be the supreme joy of the college man to accelerate progress so that in the generations to come there shall be less misery, less of inequality, and more of happiness. This is the divine opportunity of the college man. —Chas. R. Van Hies.

The merging of the Starling-Ohio Medical College with Ohio State University will become effective next September according to an announcement of the trustees. Buildings and equipment valued at approximately \$250,000 will be added to the University. It is expected the enrollment of Ohio State with the addition of the medical school, will be brought to 5,000 next fall as a result.

No State aid will be asked at present, it was announced, although it had been previously planned to ask the Legislature for an appropriation of \$25,000.

Beginning with the session of 1914-15, the medical college will require for entrance one year's work of college standard, which must include instruction in chemistry, physics and biology. This year must be in addition to a high school course.

Formal announcement of a gift of more than \$4,000,000 to the Cornell Medical College of New York City was made by Pres. Jacob Gould Sherman at the opening of the new hospital of the veterinary college a few weeks ago.—Ex.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
Ma's turkey-trotting, she cannot stop;
Sister is tangoing; Pa grizzly-bears;
Rock-a-bye, baby, nobody cares.—Ex.

A tramp knocked at the door of a lonely spinster's home.

"Kind lady, arst yer 'usband if 'e ain't got an old pair o' trousers to give away."

The spinster, not wishing to expose her solitude, replied—"Sorry, my good man he-er-er-never wears such things!"—Ex.

A Case—The condition in which one has a stomach-ache around the heart.—Ex.

"Have you any nice beefsteak this morning?"

"Sure. Here's some as tender as a woman's heart."

"Give me a pound of sausage."—Ex.

'16: Do you believe in infant damnation, Professor?

Married Prof.: Only at night. —Penn. Punch Bowl.

She could swing a six-pound dumbbell,

She could fence and she could box;

She could row upon the river,

She could climb 'mong the rocks;

She could do some heavy bowling,

And play tennis all day long;

But she couldn't help her mother,

'Cause she wasn't very strong.—Puck.

Junior—"Who is your favorite author?"

Senior—"My dad"

Junior—"What does he write?"

Senior "Checks."—Ex.

The average man's arm is thirty inches long; the average woman's waist is thirty inches around. How wonderful are thy works, O Nature!—Tiger.

"I like your cheek!" the maiden said,
For he had kissed her rather crudely.
The man both saw and tasted red.

"I don't like yours," he answered rudely.
—William Purple Cow.

Prof. (in geology): The geologist thinks
nothing of a thousand years.

Soph.: Great Guns! And I loaned a
geologist ten dollars yesterday,—Pennsyl-
vania Punch Bowl.

"How do you feel this morning?" asked
"Rotten, sah. How would yo' expect a
gentleman to feel in the marnin,' sah?"
was the reply.—Everybody's

At the dance—He who doesn't "hesitate"
is lost.

She waited at the church in vain.
Where could the bridegroom be?

"I fear this wedding will go off
Without a hitch," said she.—Columbia
Jester.

"You are the light of my heart," said
Fauny as softly she kissed him good night.

Then came a voice from the top of the
stairs—"Fanny put out the light."—Ex.

The Right Ones—"I want to feed on liter-
ature. What authors would you recom-
mend to give me a literary appetite?"

"I think, if I were you, I would begin
with Hogg, Lamb and Bacon."—Baltimore
American.

Peroxide makes the blonde grow blonder.
—Ex.

Horse sense is just the ability to say
"neigh."—Ex

"This medicine," the druggist said,

"Is really very fine—

One of the sick's best sellers—

Though we've others in our line."—
Columbia Jester.

"Johnny," inquired the Sunday-school
teacher, "and what did Simon say?"

Quick as a flash came the answer—"Sim-
on says, 'Thumbs up!'"—Ex.

A Dead Cinch—Conductor—This trans-
fer expired a long time ago.

Co-ed (snappily)—No wonder, with not a
single ventilator open in the whole car!
—Ohio State Sun Dial.

"Shall I dissolve another pearl in the
chalice for your breakfast?" asked Char-
mion.

"No" replied Cleopatra, "Pearls are too
inexpensive and commonplace. Boil me
an egg."—Washington Star.

A.—"I hear he died of consumption."

B.—"Yes, the cannibals got him."—Ex.

We laugh at the professor's jokes,

No matter what they be;

Not because they are funny jokes

But because it's policy."—Ex.

From a small boy's letter to his chum:
"You know Bob Jone's neck. Well he fell
in the river up to it."—Everybody's Maga-
zine.

Little chicken,

On the lea,

Honk!Honk!

Fricasse!—Ex.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy,

Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of head what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use, when shingling the roof of his
mouth,

The nails on the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,

And if so, what did it do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I certainly don't know—Do you?—Ex.

The exchange department was swelled
by the arrival of the Kaeands from Kittan-
ning H.S. and the Searchlight from West
Newton.

According to the recent ruling of the fac-
ulty of Ohio State University, Freshmen
are prohibited from taking part in any or-

ganization representing the University.—
Ex.

The Y. M. C. A. of Allegheny College is planning to take a religious census of the rural districts lying outside of Meadville and of Meadville itself. This is the first move that is being made in an effort to make the College a factor in the life of the people of that locality.

"I understand that you have a fine track team here," said the visitor to the guide who was showing him through the college. What individual holds most of the medals?"

The guide pondered. "Well, sir," he said, "I guess it is the pawnbroker down town."—Ex.

"You are getting stout aren't you?" asked the Nuisance.

"Yes," replied the Busy Man. "I ate some green peaches yesterday, and they doubled me and increased my sighs."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Argus from Findlay College shows an improvement for January. The editorial columns contains thought, seldom found in a college paper.

"I thought I knew, I knew it all,
But now I must confess,

The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less."—Ex.

The Collegian from Waynesburg contains a live editorial on college spirit in its fullest meaning.

The school Bulletin of Allegheny Prep, contains some very interesting storiettes of mingled mirth and sadness. Just the kind of stories to make an interesting paper.

The firefly is a crazy cuss,
He hasn't any mind,
For he plunges through the universe
With his headlight on behind,—Ex.

"Generally speaking girls are—"

"Yes they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."—The Magnet.

The Sorosis of P. C. W. has appealed to our sense of humor. We have endeavored to create and recreate our joke department. Attached to the criticism of our own paper we find a magazine containing some very interesting stories; We refer to the January Sorosis.

When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never," was ths comment,

"Here's a mule that's been in jail"—Ex.

Senior—"Did you ever take chloroformz"

Freshie—"No, who teaches it?"—Ex.

The Washington-Jeffersonian has a very fine policy in regard to their alumni. Under the heading "Who's Who among our Alumni" there appears each month a short sketch of a noted alumnus. The idea is a good one and of interest. Under the heading "Quo Vadis?" there appears a production of more than ordinary merit.

Carnegie Institute of Technology has added a Department of Dramatic Art to the curriculum. The study of acting, play writing, stage setting scene pointing, stage directing, lighting effects, decorating, unusual scenic effects, and costuming will be included in the course. Thomas W. Stevens and Donald Robertson will have charge of the students. We feel that "Tech" is to be congratulated on the addition of such a course! If the writer were to compose another theme upon "The Needs of Westminster" he would surely include a course in Modern Drama. The vast majority of our students are woefully ignorant of the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, Brieux, Pinero, and others.

THE HOLCAD

ATHLETICS

The Interclass Basketball League started inauspiciously this year, winter sports seeming to take precedence in the desires of the students. However with the melting of the snow basketball has come into its own, and a lively race for the pennant is on. The Freshmen have a fast team, and are at present leading the league with three clean victories to their credit. The Seniors team though composed of experienced players, is not keeping up to expectations and its record of past years. The "Preps," though few in numbers, have a scrappy team which is a credit to the class.

So far the games have been well attended and a great deal of excitement has been manifested, but as yet no organized class cheering has been in evidence. Why not each class have a cheerleader and stir up a littl "pep" and class loyalty?

The scores of the games played will be given in chronological order.

Juniors—15		Seniors—28	
Markle	F	Milligan	
Igo	F	Andrews	
Stewart	C	Wilson	
Acheson	G	Phythyon	
McNaugher	G	Miller	

Field goals, Wilson 7, Milligan 3, Miller 2, Markle 2, Stewart 3, Igo. Foul goals, Wilson 4, Markle 4. Referee Tinkham, Scorer White.

Freshmen—32		Preps—16	
Igo	F	Wherry	
Gummings	F	Igo	
McCracken	C	Neal	
Black	G	GMcLaughry	
Strathern	G	McCrumb	
Field goals, McCracken 5, Igo 4, Cummings 4, Wherry 5, Igo 1 Foul goals, McCracken 3, Igo 3, Wherry 5.			

Seniors—15		Preps—28	
Milligan	F	Wherry	
Tiltoa	F	Igo, Coleman	
Wilson	C	Neal	
Tallant	G	McLaughry	
Phythyon	G	McCrumb	
Field goals, Atcheson 6, Stewart, Braham, Markle 2, Davis 4, Buckley, Cannon 2, McQuiston. Foul goals, Markle 3, Davis, Buckley.			

Seniors—33		Sophs—16	
Milligan	F	Buckley	
Andrews	F	Davis	
Wilson	C	Cannon	
Tallant	G	McQuiston	
Miller	G	Love	
Mercer			
Field goals, Milligan 8, Andrews 3, Wilson 3, Tallant 2, Davis 4, Buckley 2. Foul goals, Wilson, Buckley 4.			

Juniors—11		Freshmen—16	
Markle	F	Igo	
Braham	F	Cummings	
Stewart	C	McCracken	
Atcheson	G	Strathern	
McQuiston	G	Black	
Field goals, McCracken 5, Markle 4, Igo 2, Braham. Foul goals, Igo 2, Markle.			

Freshmen—19		Seniors—13	
Igo	F	Milligan	
Cummings	F	Andrews	
McCracken	C	Wilson	
Strathern	G	Tallant	
Black	&	Miller	
Field goals, Cummings 4, McCracken 3, Tallant 4, Andrews 2, Igo, Milligan. Foul goals, McCracken 3, Tallant.			

Sophs—35		Preps—30	
Buckley	F	Wherry	
Davis	F	Coleman	
Cannon	C	Neal	
Mercer	G	Igo	
McQuiston	G	McCrumb	
Field goals, Cannon 9, Wherry 7, Davis 4, Buckley 3, Neal 3, Igo. Foul goals, Wherry, 3, Buckley 2, Davis.			

Local Color

Braham, McQuiston & Braham

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—
The man who wants to get up with the sun must not stay up late with the daughter.

—
M. G. (at basketball game)—“That Charlie McQuiston will kill poor Fred!”

—
Overheard in the Hall. “——— has suffered a great deal for her belief.”

“What is her belief?”

“That she can wear a number three shoe on a number six foot.”

—
Prof. Smith (one morning when darkness covered the face of the earth, and interrupted recitations)—“The Lord must think it is bed time again; the class is dismissed.”

—
1. A hair on the head is worth two on the brush.

2. Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

3. Peroxide makes the hair grow blonder.

—
Jimmy Kerr (rooting at basketball game)
—“We should Wherry!”

Is Margaret Wiley when Mildred Burns?
If Tinkham is tall, is Florence Dabe-low?
If she flunked in Algebra, would Mary Parish?

If William could Mar-tin, would he marry Kate?

Is Mary Mayd-en Germany?

Advice to Grundish—If thy Foote offend thee, cut it off.

Should May Hyde, would Charlissa Hunter?

Does Agnes Burton have a Patton?

When Ethel is Wright, is John Black?

When Ruth Beatty is large, is Agnes Little?
Would Jeannette rather be a Miller than a Smith?

If Marion Hover wanted to talk, could Kate Barr her?

Can Minna Grun-dish a salad? No, but Vira Wat-kin

Was Chauncey's Canon deadly to Flora?

Does Jane prefer Frank Orr Tinkham?

If McEachron gets a case, perhap Tor-may

Would Ruth Steele Lucy's Covert

If Vin-cent a note, would Fred Reed it?

Is Mary Wright when she meets no Moore?

Since Bob is Rice, does Margaret Miller?

If Margaret Littell went a Steppe, when would Igo?

Does Betty Long for Coleman?

If Margaret is a Chick, is Katharin a Bird?

If Flora would ask him to go to a basketball game, would Joe McNaugher?

Would that Miss Haz-lett Miss Martin lead prayer!

Does Mary Stooddy to be a Clark?

—
Moore (as Banquo in Macbeth) Flee! good Flyance—flee!

Grundish—"I didn't know Queen Victoria was deformed."

Hubbard—"Was she?"

Grundish—"Yes Dr. Wishart said she raised her five feet."

M. Murdock (after Zed has told her there was salt in the ice) There is not. Just you wait until I get you Mr. Zed."

R. Houston—A horse just splashed me across the road.

QUID FACIEMUS

Loafin' through th' halls,
 Or a recitation;
 Wastin' all our time,
 Waitin' for vacation;
 Bluffin' all the profs;
 Spoilin' all th' books;
 Swipin' all the paper,
 Like a bunch of crooks;
 Usin' up the pencils
 Wastin' our spare minutes,
 Playin' lots o' jokes;
 Gettin' on our limits;
 Takin' in the games;
 Chasin' after "chickens;"
 Runnin' papa's car,
 Goin' like the th' dickens;
 Pickin' on the "freshies;"
 Fightin' upper-classmen;
 Makin' all th'e trouble;
 Doin' all the laughin'
 Goin' to the dances;
 Spendin' "daddy's" money,
 Buyin' out the drug-store;
 —Education's funny—
 Wearin' out the school;
 Always doin' something;
 But tell me what we're learnin'
 ABSOLUTELY NOTHIN."—Ex.

There is more truth than poetry in this. The title might well be "Quo Vadimus."—Editor.

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THE HOLCAD

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No. 7

THE PICTURES



What a wet night it was. I hurried along over sloppy pavements and puddles of water that reflected the dismal light of the street lamps. The train had been delayed and I was late getting back to the city from my hunting trip. Most of the stores were closed, but when I reached my studio—for such we photographers love to call our places of business—it was still brilliantly lighted. I shook the water off my umbrella and hurried inside. My assistant who had been left in charge came forward:

"Wet night, isn't it?"

"Yes, awfully. How's business?"

"Pretty dull, I was just going to lock up and go home."

"Well, go on home, "I said," I'll close up"

"All right. There's an oil painting on the easel there that was left this afternoon to be photographed. It's for J. P. Morse's private collection."

"Well, we'll take care of it tomorrow Good night."

"Good night."

The water was running off my clothes and making little puddles on the floor. I pulled off my dripping rain-coat and hung it in the closet; and then locking the street door and pulling down the window shades I tried to shut out the sound of the rain, and the dismal reflections of the street lights. Then I switched off all but a single green shaded lamp that illuminated the picture on the easel and left the rest of the room in the shadow. But the street light shone in through the transom, reminding me of the miserable world outside, and the life lived in it that I couldn't forget.

But I would forget. Throwing myself on a leather couch I fell to studying the new picture. It was a ghastly thing—A well dressed man lay in a heap on the floor, and in his

side a dagger sunk to the hilt. The white bone handle was almost exactly like the handle of an Italian dirk that lay on my work table upstairs. From his wounded side had trickled a stream of blood and formed a little puddle on the floor.

All was quiet but the dripping of the rain. As I sat there in the silence I began to think of my past life: the early days in the streets, the gang of counterfeiterers, and dear old Jack my double and partner in crime. So few could tell us apart that when one got into trouble with the police it was a very simple matter to manufacture an alibi. But I had found the photographer's business more profitable than the counterfeiter's and so had drifted away from the old life. Now I was recognized as the best photographer in the city, but I understood that he was still in the old business.

Just then the night bell rang vigorously. I switched on the vestibule lights and opened the door. It was a local messenger boy in his rubber cape and hat, uncreased trousers and unpolished shoes.

"Here dis is for youse," he said, and putting into my hands a closely covered basket he hurried away. A late trolley-car droned its way down the street, stopped with grating brakes at the corner, and then went on, the sound dying away in the distance.

"Those new trays that should have been here a week ago." I thought as I tossed the basket into a corner.

"M-e-e-o-o-w-w" wailed the basket.

"What is that?" I thought. "It must be something alive. A distinct movement of the cover showed that there was something alive in it. I picked up the basket and ripped off the cover. It was a cat, a large black angora, that leaped out and ran across the room; and with it a note:

"Old Pal.

We had to run for it tonight when the police came. I made for Mattie's Place and 'll get out of town before morning. I am sending you the cat you remember I used to have. I can't keep it any longer. JACK."

The cat soon recovered itself and seemed not to know me from Jack. Of course I would have to keep it for him, but I knew it would bring bad luck. Yet I had always liked it in spite of myself. But then there was the night I was shot at Alf's place, just because of a black cat; and two years later when a black cat had——

T ling-a-ling-ting! The night bell startled me again. There it was. I knew that the black cat would start something. Nervously I threw open the door, there stood a swarthy heavy set man:

"Here you are, first thing. I thot I might have to get the janitor before I could raise you this time of night."

"No, I happened to be up," I said as composedly as my unstrung nerves would permit. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"I've got some plates I want you to develop right away."

"But I don't do night work," I objected.

"I'm a detective," he said, pulling back his coat and displaying his star. Tonight we raided a counterfeiter's den. They got away, but just as we took a flashlight of the inside of the room one of them came back in to get his pet cat. We shot at him and missed, but we think we have his picture. Now we didn't want to risk the plates with the new station photographer, so I came here."

"Can't you leave it till morning?"

"Well, we'd like to get this fellow before he gets out of town if we can," he said.

"Well,—I suppose I can do it for you. Come this way" and I started for the stairs.

And then it came upon me who the counterfeiter was.

"Bad night, isn't it?" he remarked as we climbed up the rather steep stairs.

"Yes, its awful," I replied. "I was out by myself hunting today and got the full force of it."

We started up the second flight of steps. My companion began to puff vigorously.

"Seems an awful ways up here. How much further we got to go?"

"Only one more flight," I said.

"Phew!" he panted, "those steps are so steep I don't see how I'll ever be able to walk down."

"Maybe I'll have to help you," I suggested.

We paused at the landing and waited a moment. The rows of offices were deserted. We were alone in the building. The single ascetyline light did not serve to drive away the gloom of midnight. The rain was now coming down in torrents and was beating furiously on the window at the end of the hall.

"I guess I'm good for the next flight, now" he finally said, and we started on up the third flight. The cat ducked between my feet, nearly tripping me, and scurried on up stairs and out of sight.

"What you got your developing room away up here for?" the detective asked.

"Well, there's no one up here to bother me," I exclaimed, and then I can use daylight for printing. We reached the developing room and I switched on the orange colored lights. We found the cat seated on the developing table.

"Have a chair, I put them right there." I said, and busied myself with the plates. I kept wondering whether it was Jack's picture or not, and what I would do if it was.

The picture came out slowly. It was Jack in the act of reaching for the cat—a full view of his face. As I held it up to the light the detective came and looked at it over my shoulder. Then he took the plate to examine it more closely.

I picked up an Italian dirk that I used for a paper knife and started to open some sensitized paper. How snugly a dirk handle fits the hand.

What dormant instincts its touch arouses.

Suddenly he turned on me: "You're my man," he said with startling abruptness.

"What do you mean?" I asked, not yet fully aroused to action. But when he drew out a pair of handcuffs it all rushed through my head in a moment. He had mistaken me for Jack. I had been hunting in the country all day alone and could furnish no alibi. Here was my picture taken in a counterfeiter's den. The evidence would be complete. My former career merely confirmed it. He got the handcuff on one wrist, but before he could snap the other I dealt him a blow, and breaking loose

fled out of the door and down the stairs. He fired at me and I felt a pain in my cheek, but kept on. He followed down two flights, and emptied his gun at me. About half way down the bottom flight I stepped on something soft—the cat, I heard it squall—and slipping, rolled to the foot of the stairs while the bullets flew over my head. Just as I recovered myself he was upon me. He must have thought he had hit me for he was off his guard. I sprung upon him and we grappled. Back and forth we swayed in the dim light, edging closer and closer to the couch. His back was toward it and I pushed him back onto it. Little by little I got my hand loosened. I thrust with the dirk—once, he shuddered, again, —his grasp weakened—once more and he lay limp. As I let go he slid to the floor in a heap and the blood trickled out and made a little puddle by his side. How ghastly his face seemed. As he lay there, as still as the painted corpse above him, the cat crept up and sniffed at the blood on the floor, and then bristling its tail fled with a yowl.

THE CLOSED DOOR

The story of Nellie Smith was not an unusual one. For eighteen years she had lived with her widowed mother in the trim little village of

Greenville, sheltered from turmoil and excitement of the outside world. During this time her life had been one careless, satisfied round of work

and pleasure. But one day a man stopped at the hotel—a man far different from any Nellie had ever known—and, girl-like, she promptly fell in love with him. He brought to her the atmosphere of the city with its fascination and glamour; he pictured for her the racing street, the crowded theatre, the lighted cafe; he contrasted the dull monotony of the country town with the swift thrill of the city. The girl grew more and more dissatisfied with her lot; her former associates became distasteful to her and whenever it was possible she sought the company of her new found friend. Their courtship had developed rapidly, in spite of the opposition of Nellie's mother, who distrusted this suave, well-dressed stranger. At last, the mother proving obdurate, Nellie yielded to the man's impassioned entreaties, and eloped with him. He took her to a house in the neighboring city, where, during a night of horror, Nellie learned the truth—that the man did not wish to marry her, but had brought her to the city to lead a life of shame. For over a week she was left a prisoner in the house, while captors, with cajolery and promises, attempted to reconcile her to her fate. The habitues, of the place, with whom she was brought in contact, sought to influence her by telling exciting tales of their care-free life. From them, Nellie received inklings

of the systematized vice of a great city, but they told her only of its action and glamour, and nothing of its sordidness and misery. Sometimes when she was overwhelmed by the helplessness of her position, she was tempted to cease struggling to free herself from the net which enveloped her, but early training strengthened her to hold out for a while longer.

One morning, while the inmates were sleeping off the effects of a riotous night, Nellie crept into the "Madame's" room, took some street clothes and a little money, and managed to escape. Her first impulse was to tell someone about her predicament, but she remembered the remark of one of the girls, that everybody—even the police—was in league with the resort keepers. So she dared not speak for fear of being sent back to the house. She could not bear the thought of returning home to face the scorn of the villagers. All day she walked the streets not knowing where she was going looking for work. Several times men approached her, but she repulsed their familiarities, for her experiences at the house had taught her what their advances meant. She noticed, however, that other girls not only accepted these advances but even, with smiles and glances, invited them. As the day drew slowly to its close, she gave up all hope of

finding employment. In the dreary spring twilight the canyon-like streets lost their glamour and fascination, and appeared stern and forbidding. Nellie thought of the little village with its staid manners and quiet pleasures—it did not seem so dull and monotonous now. She thought of home, of her mother. "Mother was right after all," she whispered. A feeling of homesickness came over her, and she could not choke back the quick rush of tears. "I must go back," she determined. She found her way to the union depot—how she never knew. Her one idea now was to go back to her mother to ask forgiveness for her sin.

The vast waiting room presented a scene of utter confusion—a kaleidoscopic mingling of action, light and sound. Along the broad aisles, between the crowded benches, swept surging tides of humanity, dotted with faces white and meaningless beneath the flare of myriad electric lights. The dull tramp of feet, the hoarse calls of the announcers, the heavy rumble of trains in the yard rose to swell the roaring sea of sound that beat ceaselessly against the vaulted ceiling and impending walls. To Nellie, as she stood in line waiting to buy her ticket, it seemed as if all these sounds joined into one condemnatory voice that thundered forth the story of her shame. She felt the gaze of countless pairs of

eyes upon her, and she dared not look around. It seemed as if a century elapsed before her turn at the window came.

"A ticket to Greenville," she said, her voice scarcely audible.

"Two dollars, Miss," said the agent, stamping the pasteboard methodically, and handing it to her.

"What time does the train leave?" she asked, as she handed him the money.

The man glanced at his watch.

"A train has just left," he announced, "there will be another in fifty minutes."

"Must I wait here nearly an hour?" the girl gasped.

The agent nodded.

"I'm sorry Miss," he said, "but you just missed the six o'clock train."

Nellie turned away. An hour to wait in that great room where everyone seemed to be looking at her!—the thought was unbearable! She slowly made her way through the crowd, and found a seat on one of the benches. For a long time she sat still, her hands folded in her lap, her head bent low, afraid to look up for fear she would detect some accusing glance. But, as the time passed and nothing happened, she finally summoned courage to look about her,—at the seething mass of people that swept by constantly; at the frescoed walls with the fringe of stands and ticket windows along the

lower edge; at the high ceiling interlaced with slender strings of electric lights. Nellie had never seen so many lights before, the glare hurt her eyes, so she turned them away. Again her gaze rested on the crowd which streamed through the entrance, down the aisle, and out again into the train shed. To the girl's troubled mind the crowd seemed like a great river of bobbing heads and tossing arms, that came from nowhere, and flowed away into nothingness. And the throb and jar and crash of the traffic outside mingled with the rumbling undertone of the crowd within formed a mighty paean of struggle and action. As the girl, both appalled and fascinated, watched the scene the thought of her own littleness came to her. Her own trouble seemed to sink into insignificance before this wonderful vision of humanity. Was it after all a very terrible thing this man had done to her? He had wronged her, it was true, but he had also taken her from the monotonous country village to the throbbing heart of the city. Why should she go back to be shunned by pious people of the little hamlet? Here in the surging crowd she could bury every trace of her past. Here at least was life, —life such as she had never known in the staid little village. Life! The thought thrilled her; the blood pounded through her veins. A wave

of excitement seemed to sweep from the crowd, and overwhelm her soul. She glanced at her neighbors to see if the sight affected them the same way. At her left sat a young man, his face half buried in the pages of an evening newspaper; on the other side a woman held a little boy on her knees; all seemed oblivious to their surroundings. Nellie rather pitied them; she thought them incapable of feeling the passion that had caught her in its grasp. The crowd was no longer a nightmare of horror; it was rather a vivid phantasy of fierce delight.

A low cry startled her; she looked up. The little boy had slipped from his mother's knee and, disregarding her warnings, had toddled out into the aisle, where he had been knocked down by a careless passer by. Nellie watched the child as he stumbled back to his mother, who picked him up and hugged him, and murmured low words of comfort in his ear. And, as the girl watched, a great floodtide of longing and homesickness swept over her. She too had left her mother's side and had been buffeted by the rough current of the world, but now she would return, and her mother would embrace and comfort her, just as the boy's mother had embraced and comforted him. Nellie forgot the glamour of the city, the appeal of the crowd, the monotony of the village. She saw only

her mother standing at the open door of the little cottage, gazing anxiously down the road. "I'm coming mother," she murmured softly, "I'm coming home."

The man at the left rose hastily and went away, leaving his paper on the bench. Nellie idly picked it up and glanced over the front page. A headline attracted her attention:

WOMAN TAKES POISON

Crazed by Prolonged Disappearance of Daughter

AGED WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

Mrs. Mary Smith of Greenville

The paper dropped from the girl's nerveless hands; she sank back into her seat, her face ghastly white, her hands clutching at her throat. One thought pulsed through her mind—her mother was dead, dead, dead! It could not be true! Nellie seized the paper and looked again. Yes, the awful story was there; there could be no mistake. God! her mother—dead! The girl leaned back, closed her eyes, and tried to think

calmly. What was she to do? She could not go home—the little cottage door was closed now. She had driven her mother to death—death! God, if she could only forget! And she couldn't find employment in the city—her experience of the day had taught her that. There seemed to be only one way left. Nellie remembered the tales she had heard at the house, the smiles and glances of the girls she had seen that afternoon, the ready advances of the men. Would she dare to attempt to forget the past in the excitement of such a life? For a long time she sat thinking, while the crowd surged heedlessly about her, and the tumult of sound swept ceaselessly through the room.

Somewhere a great clock clanged seven heavy, metallic strokes. The girl rose, walked unsteadily toward the entrance, and stepped out into the night. For a few minutes she stood still, staring down the dazzling street. A young man stopped near her; there was a questioning look in his eyes. Nellie glanced at him, then lowered her eyes slowly and smiled. It was the smile of invitation that is the surest start on the road to hell.

W. G. '16.

SCHOOL NOTES



Saturday and Sabbath, Feb. 21-22, were days of special religious services in the chapel, led by three visiting missionaries—Rev. W. B. Anderson and Miss Martin of India, and Dr. J. Kelly Giffen of the Egyptian Sudan. Rev. Paul H. McClenahan told in an impressive manner about the work in the Sudan. Miss Martin spoke on Sabbath morning, and told of the especial need among the women of India.

The service on Sabbath evening was the most impressive of the conference. Rev. Anderson preached a powerful sermon on "Why missions are worth while." He said we should support missions, first, because of God's command; second, because of their material benefit to the world, and third, on account of the spiritual harvest to ourselves and others.

At the close of the meeting a number of persons gave testimony as to God's power in their lives,

Dr. Russell, who attended the International Prophetic Conference at Chicago, was chairman of a committee of five who prepared a "Confession of Faith." The article was read before an audience of more than 2,000

people. The Chicago Tribune of Saturday Feb. 28, gave an extended account of the work done at the conference, with a half tone group picture of Dr. Russell, Rev. Jacob Julius Steffens and Rev. John E. White.

Rev. Dr. J. D. Rankin of Wilkesburg will begin a series of evangelistic meetings in the chapel, beginning on March 10. The meetings will continue for about a week.

McInness Nielson, with his quaint Scotch dialect, entertained patrons of the lecture course at the Second U.P. church on Monday evening. The severe weather kept many persons away, but those who braved the storm felt well repaid. Mr. Nielson spoke in an impressive manner of Burns' power to write to the common people. He sang a number of Scotch songs and interspersed his lecture with many touches of dry humor. Miss Mildred Burns acted as accompanist.

Mr. Frank Tinkham preached the sermon at the chapel exercises on a Sabbath evening, recently, in the absence of Dr. Russell.

A special meeting of the Christian Associations was held on Tuesday evening, the aim being to raise funds for the support of Howard Martin, missionary to India.

At a meeting of the Sophomore class on Wednesday March 4, the following persons were elected as the Argo staff for 1915: Editor-in-chief, William I. Grundish; assistant editor, E. V. Buckley; art editor, Jean Kerr; literary editor, Marian Kitch; assistant literary editor, Katharine Stewart; business manager, Oliver Love; assistant business manager, Hanavan Alderman; advertising manager, Henry Shields.

This staff will publish the Argo of next year, and plans are already being laid to make it "the greatest ever."

The Girl's Glee Club held a business meeting Monday afternoon, March second, at which the following officers were elected: President, Martha Vincent; Secretary-Manager, Janet McCalmont; Assistant Secretary-Manager, Mary Beth Sebring; Treasurer, Mary Kincaid. The club is working in earnest now, and expect to give a concert sometime in May.

The Men's Glee Club is planning a trip to Youngstown in a few weeks. During the Easter Vacation they expect to make a short tour west.

On Monday evening, Feb. 16, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's. held a valentine party in the Hillside. The evening was spent in games and social pastimes. An interesting feature was a contest in making valentines in which each one adjudged himself or herself the winner. A delicious lunch was served.

The "Pilgrim Girls" presented the fifth number on the lecture course on Thursday evening, Feb. 17. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and readings. The number was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

Monday, Feb. 23, was a holiday at Westminster in memory of George Washington. Dr. Scott F. Hershey, who has so ably spoken here on former occasions, delivered an inspiring lecture to the student body on the subject, "Large Jobs for College Trained Men and Women."

On February 20, 1914 wild excitement held sway in the Hillside. Rumors of a moving-picture show in town startled all the fair damsels who immediately donned their street apparel. The anxious crowd was dispersed even though some took refuge in the "broom and dust-pan" cupboard. Ruth Beatty half an hour later, still in the anxious pursuit of instruction via the "movie,"

appeared on second floor seeking the other enthusiasts. She was not the only one who was disappointed because she did not get to spend the nickel which she grasped with a death grip in her lily palm.

The contest between the girls in Dr. Ferguson's S. S. class and the young men in Dr. Russell's has made us all wake up early and attend S. S. Points are being given for attendance, promptness, Bible reading, and new scholars. It looks now as if there will be a hard fight, but which ever way it turns out, it will be well—for there's a feed coming, when the losers banquet the victors. Those having the fewest points are to be appointed as dish-washers, and no doubt there will be plenty of them.

The clubs have been taking advantage of the snow for sledding parties. On Saturday evening, Feb.

28, the Kelly club enjoyed a sled ride to Mercer. Supper was served at the Hotel Reznor. On the following Saturday the Van and Crescent clubs drove to Mercer and Hubbard, O.

One of the finest artists' recitals of the year was given by Miss Inez Barbour, soprano, on Friday evening, January 16th. Miss Barbour's talent which is exceptional, together with her pleasing manner, won her many friends.

Several new students have been added to the Conservatory list for the Second Semester. This increase certainly proves the excellent quality of our Faculty of Music in both piano and voice. Some of the new names are:—Misses Milligan, Hyde, Bird, Chick, Heasley, Weigle, Bigham, McKnight, Weiser, McCalmont and Sebring. Messrs. Stewart, Minter and Steele.

TO THE FACULTY

Editors Note—In accord with the Holcad policy of a square deal we publish the following answer to "Two Questions," an unprejudiced expression of views by one of our most progressive instructors.

While staid and sedate members of the faculty may be unrighteously amused and unconcerned at the futile efforts of certain school boys to ex-

press personal resentment in terms of paint, acid, and cheese, might we not well become seriously alarmed should the able exhortations of the

Holcad result in awakening the lethargic student body as a whole to conscious brain activity? Of course, our classes are abundant evidence that we are in no immediate danger. We may still exhibit that "wisdom and ability to guide" with which the Holcad generously credits us, or in emergency may even cynically retort Boss Tweed's epigram: "What are they going to about it?" But we must also note well the confession that a *few* have really formed "habits of thinking for themselves!" In fact did not the magnanimous resolution drawn up by the Senior class a short time ago give evidence of the fact? Would we not best bestir ourselves, and recall certain expressions like "the consent of the governed," lest the deluge precipitate itself upon us unawares?

To the first criticism that the six day schedule does not reduce the conflicts, must we not plead guilty? Surely, we worked diligently enough, but we overlooked the main cause of the ensuing conflicts—that the majority of four hour studies come on the same days of the week; and that several required studies are thrust into the first period. A little more study and experiment will not only become us well, but will solve all the difficulties for the coming year. Altho we can easily put a quietus on "overloaded schedules," let us take encouragement at the suggestion of more than 126 hours for graduation! Moreover, we can heartily commend that ineffable student sentiment that "few students

would make extra trips to the library unless outside reading was absolutely required"—it voices such an avidity for learning, and such a passion for 'independent thinking'—but really—do you scientists allow *playing* in your laboratories?

What strange misgivings, bretheren, sometimes trouble the student mind! It predicts that "there will be chapel on Monday before very long." We who ardently cultivate early rising for the purpose of diligently taking attendance might be presumed to have another point of view—behold are we not human? True, we cannot hope to penetrate the mazes of those cerebrums that come to college for the purpose of spending Sabbath at home; but we should give gentle heed to the warning not to curtail strolling privileges. Though we are unable to admit that there are *several* Saturday afternoon classes encroaching upon this sacred institution, we must not be contaminated by the Holcad's suggestion to abolish Saturday evening calling.

Let us, then, encourage the wholesome tendency that is manifesting itself among the students to formulate and express opinions of their own; and let us be ready listeners to their suggestions and criticisms. Only in this way can ever evolve that long sought and much desired end—a unified student body, which is an absolute essential not only to such vital matters as college spirit and student government, but also to the very life and growth of Westminster.

ROBERT M. SMITH.

THE HOLCAD

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W. Lawrence Fife, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. W. R. Thompson.

Notary Public.

EDITORIAL

The influence of the Bible classes is steadily growing. The scheme of having a contest in which the losing side banquets the winners, goes to prove that Bible classes, as well as the fair sex, may profit by the old adage that the "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"Ah! Take the Cash and let the Credit go
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."

That is a poor philosophy of life, but for an editor it is disastrous. He must hold onto the credit, for louder grows "the rumble of the distant drum!"

Scholars are often sneered at as being impractical. Let the diligent student take hope. There is a schoolmaster down at Washington who knows how to act. President Wilson was unheard of until he wrote a book on government. Scholarship has been no barrier in his path. Deep study and broad thinking have helped to make him an efficient executive.

|| ||

"Burn your own smoke," is not an admonition to load up a pipe with "P. A." It simply advises us to keep our troubles and annoyances to ourselves, as much as possible. Smother that headache in a smile! If it kills you, there is always a vacant lot in the cemetery.

|| ||

Youth is the time for adventure,—sometimes for adventures in folly. The adventure part is all right, but a little sober weighing of the consequences is expedient. The price is not always worth the adventure. Life is in some respects a business proposition, the individual must have a sense of values and an eye for the future.

|| ||

With this issue the present editorial staff closes its active service in the field of school journalism. It is with pleasure we look back over our regime. We have been ably supported and encouraged in a fight to

keep the Holcad "on its feet" financially and to fill its columns with productions of such literary merit and worth as the precedents of our predecessors demanded. As a staff we take this opportunity to thank those who have so ably supported us and to grant a truce to those who, if there be any, have unjustly criticised us.

|| ||

DO IT YOURSELF.

"Choosing a life work," has become to many of us a hated phrase. Of course the choice has to be made. The effort is ours however, and we cannot be greatly helped by others who are prejudiced in favor of certain fields. While there are persons who are willing to lay their lives open to professional secretaries, who travel hither and thither seeking whom they may devour, many students must needs make their own decisions, quietly and without bluster.

We are not cynical, nor would we minimize the divine element in the making of great decisions. Nevertheless we are endowed with the power to make or mar our own destinies. Unless we make the choice with our own reason, it will not be made. We cannot stand idly by and expect a subtle power to waft us in the right direction.

All professions have their seamy side. Many a physican will tell you he leads a dog's life, despite the sat-

isfaction he gains from helping his fellowmen. The lawyer may say that law is a long and weary path, and that another time he would choose something else. A skilled mechanic may tell you he has humdrum existence, and many a farmer envies the business man of the city. The clerk in a white collar is jealous of the farm hand in his rough and ready clothes, and the farm boy longs for the imaginary case of the white-collared clerk. Even the ministry is open to the attack of the cynic. Some ministers find themselves practical non-entities, capable of addressing pink teas and ladies clubs, but good for little else.

The answer of common sense to the criticisms mentioned, is that drudgery is to be expected in any career. Such drudgery is merely incidental, and is outbalanced by the pleasure of service, or the material return. The idler may be free from care, but he is not happy. We must cast our lot with some definite business or profession, and accept the bitter with the sweet.

Let us not lessen our own responsibility in the choosing. If we do not use our brains, divinity will not shape our rough-hewn ends. We ourselves must provide the raw material for the Almighty to mold. Courage must be ours, and faith must lead us on in times of seeming darkness.

THE SOCIAL ART.

That book-learning is not all of an education is an oft repeated remark. The statement is none the less true because it is often the excuse of a loafer. The typical student of former generations was of the bookworm kind; it is different now. We recognize that the process of stuffing the mind full of facts does not educate in the true sense. We learn quite as much from our fellow students as we learn in books. Without sharpened wits, a student is poorly prepared for life.

Social affairs in college are often regarded as a necessary evil. This is a concession to the bookworm ideal of the college student. The social pleasures of college classes and clubs are not merely pleasurable, but they are educative as well. The ability to help entertain a crowd of people on a sledload or lark of some kind is not to be sneered at. A sharp interchange of wit and jests puts an edge on the mind. Expression is half of learning, and we must respect this truth.

Stagnation is the result of the stuffing process, as surely as the Dead Sea is the result of "everything going in and nothing coming out." Our chance for expression is limited to a small circle of friends. For most of us it will always have that limit. We owe to ourselves and others to cultivate the social art.

The fine sleighing of the latter part of the winter made possible quite a number of sleighing parties. Every organization worthy of the name seemed to feel in duty bound to go on a sledload. Some of the students suggested the formation of a few new societies and clubs, so that they might have more chances to hear the merry jingle of the bells. While most of the parties were confined to Mercer, New Castle, and intermediate points, one club boldly made an invasion into Ohio. Judging from the way in which young people devour the rations on a winter evening, all the parties might well be likened to invasions.

It is truly delightful to find that warm and genuine hospitality is not limited to novels. We often feel that the traditional hospitality of the Southerner, or the sincerity of the western people, is a thing we do not meet. Some of the sleighing parties have been entertained at private homes. There we have seen the error of forgetting the true courtesy and kindness of our Pennsylvania homes.

We may praise New York state cooks, or Southern hospitality, or western frankness. At the same time, those who live in the old state of William Penn, may feel proud of their "Native Heath." Corrupt politics, or whiskey sentiments, cannot change the fact, that, as a dispenser of hospitality, Pennsyl-

vania is among the foremost of the states.

|| ||

As predicted in preceding issues a revolution in the policy of the Holcad is imminent. Conditions seem to demand a more prompt and efficient news service. From 1884-87 the Holcad was published semi-monthly, at which time it was decided to continue the publication as a monthly. In view of present conditions it was a backward rather than a forward step.

While the editorial boards which have guided the Holcad through these years, have proven capable and have published a magazine equal in point of literary merit to the college monthlies among our exchanges, the interest in the Holcad has declined because its columns did not contain that something which is so necessary to a successful publication, that something which grasps and retains the interest of the readers.

To gain the support and grasp and hold the interest of the student body, a college paper must be a student organ, peculiarly the property of the students, prompt, fearless, impartial and unrelenting in its presentation of student problems; to interest the alumni the magazine must publish promptly the school news, the news of the college world, the student activities and point the trend

of sentiment. Here our policy of a monthly has failed. To voice the sentiment of the student a monthly is useless; as a news sheet, because of the delay in publishing the school news, the monthly is extremely dissatisfactory.

With the recognition of these facts the Holcad will appear during the first of April as a weekly news sheet, having for its field the undergraduate body, the alumni and the circle of

college friends; for its purpose, the bringing to each of the elements, promptly, a clear and unprejudiced account of the sentiments and activities of the others. To insure its claim, as its equitable right and privilege, the Holcad will justly demand the liberty of the press, liberty to report and discuss, liberty to criticize and reprove, to argue existing conditions and to suggest reform.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. Washington Wallace, brother of Revs. J. M. and J. H. Wallace, died at his home near Mercer, Feb. 11, after a few days illness. He was graduated from Westminster in 1873, and from Allegheny Theological Seminary three years later. Mr. Wallace has been actively engaged in the ministry for some years, and was a valuable member of the Church.

Harriet Donaldson Alton, a member of the Class of 1912, has a new daughter. We extend congratulations and hope to find her among the members of the Class of 1924.

Rev. I. T. Wright, 69 years of age and well known to the New Wilmington people, died on Sabbath, Feb. 29th, after a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Wright was graduated from Westminster in the Class of '69, and has been long engaged with the Home Mission Board, and also with the publication of the United Presbyterian.

many years a resident of New Wilmington, one of the oldest and best known ministers of the United Presbyterian Church, died Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock, at his home on North Market street, after a few weeks illness. Death was due to the infirmities of old age, superinduced by a fall sustained about two months ago, at which time a bone in his hip was fractured.

Rev. Campbell was born at Quarryville, Lancaster county in 1829, and ever since attaining manhood, his life has been one of energetic, patriotic service. Graduated from Delaware College, he went to Clerrfield Academy, where he spent two years in teaching. A few years later he prepared for and entered the ministry, his first charge being at Clifton, Green county, Ohio.

His energy and success as an organizer was recognized when the Board of Trustees of Westminster College tendered him the position of Financial Agent. For twelve years he labored in the interests of the institution, raising funds to carry on the work. His duties took him to nearly every church in the denomination, and the same

Rev. William Alexander Campbell, for

energy which characterized his work in other lines, brought success in this field.

Rev. Campbell was deeply interested in the cause of temperance, and after resigning his post at Westminster, he took charge of the Iowa Prohibitionist, at the time when that state was fighting for state-wide prohibition.

Surviving the deceased are his wife, two sons and three daughters: Rev. R. T. Campbell, president of Cooper College, Kansas; Prof. W. W. Campbell, director of the department of Music in Westminster College; Mrs. Ella C. Graham, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. Belle G. Donaldson, Beaver, Pa; Mrs. S. W. Douthett, New Wilmington.

Rev. L. R. Peacock, Mr. Sunday's assistant, will terminate his connection with the organization of which he is an important factor at the close of the year's work. He has been with the noted preacher for three years, and expects to organize an evangelistic party of which he will be the leader. He will assume the responsibilities of this organization next fall. It is his intention to conduct union services wherever he goes and to use a tabernacle as does Mr. Sunday. Mr. Peacock did effective evangelistic work in many communities while as yet he was pastor of our Sharon, Pa., congregation. His experience with Mr. Sunday should be valuable in his contemplated course.

Raymond Kistler, '12, now a student at the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary preached at the Ellwood City U. P. Church last Sabbath morning and evening.

Rev. S. C. Gamble '01, pastor of the Second U. P. Church of New Castle, has announced his decision to decline a call to the Church at Canonsburg, and will remain in New Castle.

Frank M. Caughey of the class of '11 has obtained second place in his graduating Class of 1915 in the Pittsburg Theological Seminary, and will receive the Gardener Prize amounting to two hundred dollars. W. J. Dickey, also of the Class of '11, is an honor man.

The following sad note relative to the death of Lieutenant J. McCleese Murray is taken from the Canonsburg Notes.

Lieutenant Murray was instantly killed about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon when his machine plunged 800 feet into Pensacola Bay, Florida. The machine was demolished, and Lieutenant Murray's body was discovered shortly afterward about 100 yards from the spot where he fell.

The father of Lieutenant Murray is spending the winter in Florida, being located at Candler, about 300 miles east of Pensacola. He was advised of his son's death. The body will be brought to Canonsburg, and funeral services will be held in the Chartiers United Presbyterian church on Thursday, the hour not having been fixed.

Lieutenant James McCleese Murray was a student in the Westminster Preparatory Department during the years 1897-8 and 1898-9, with his brother A. T. Murray who is now a physician at Ninevah Greene County.

Local Color

What's in a Name?

Inscription found on a gravestone in 3005.—"Mildred Burns."

We hear that one of our dear Professors was Shott by a Canon.

Query—Which is the Long way home, New Castle Street, Orr Galloway?

Did Lind-say what Vin-cent?

We have three suns to add to the Solar System, Johnson, Wilson and Dickson.

Which is the ham what am, Gillingham, Graham, Orr Tinkham?

When a young man falls in Love, is he Weiser the next time?

Christie is the best policy.

To the tune of "The Ninety and Nine," "I go to the Maiden to Neal at her Foote."

We hear that Lindsey's latest Toy is a Bell.

A Long time ago we saw the Cole-man Patton the Little Kerr on the head.

If May would Hyde, would he Hunter Wherry heard a Russell?

I wonder if And-rews what the Se-brings.

Great Scott, we are about to Parrish for lack of Munn to buy Rice!

If Miss--would grow whiskers would "Brooks" Schaffer?

Since Margaret Little hurt her knee how can she take a Manly Steppe?

It is a light statement to say that the chimney Shields the Wick.

Is it Moore Eair to Steele a Maiden's Hart than A. Jewell.

Although a certain Young lady has great Tallant she cannot Reed.

If Vin-cent the ball with a Kickhoeffer the line, who would Kitch it? Well, Tormay

In drinking soup is it Wright to use your Forker your knife?—Send answer to A. B. C. —Hillside.

These regions are noted for their Seitz.

Heard before a basket-ball game:—

Clare M.—"Let's economize and take one chaperone between us."

Margaret L.—"Oh what do we care for expenses? Give us another nickels' worth of chaperones.

Asked by a Freshmen—"Is Frank Andrews on the Volunteer Band?

A New Song—Tune, "Be my Little Teddy Bear."

"Won't you be my chaperon, chaperon, Won't you come and take us home, take us home?

Take us to the game to-night, For the House Committees fixed it up just right.

Don't be priggish chaperon, chaperone.

There'll be a man to take you home.

Can't you be persuaded to steppe a bit ahead?

Darling little chaperone.

"Yes, her name is Garrett,"(explained the Senior, looking at the picture of a girl's basket ball team.)

We'll want then another Garrett on that team?

Oh, that's another story!

Malicious Freshman—How can we muss up that concert to-night.

Sophomore—Aw, cheese it!

Girl (at basket ball game as ball sticks between supporter rods of the basket) "Oh isn't that a wonderful shot. How much does that count!"

Illiterate stranger at Neilson's lecture.
Who is that young lady on the platform?"

Familiar student. That's "Bobby" Burns.

Stranger. "Well, If I were in her place
I wouldn't sit there and let that man say
those things about me.

"Doc" Campbell—Why do we call this
college Westminster?

J. Mercer—Because somebody named it
that.

"Doc" Campbell: Why a police magis-
trate don't know any more about law than
a hen does about astronomy.

Ruth Houston—No mission study class
for me. I got enough co-educational privi-
leges anyhow.

Minna G.—I don't see how that woman
sang with her sprained ankle, last night.

Freshman—How does it come Mary Kin-
caid has to spend two hours in the college
library getting her harmony?

Senior—Why you poor child, you're too
innocent to live.

Martha V.—I never knew there was a
moon till I came up here.

M. Click—Isn't it provoking to have to
get dressed for dinner every night?

C. Weigle—Yes, isn't it, when there isn't
anyone to dress for?

Jean Kerr—(in Logic class) Well, I'm
sure I couldn't tell an ace from a spade.

Miss Martin—(when fire is affecting girls'
eyes.) Does the smoke make tears in your
eyes? My, mine are as dry as "Benes."

K. Stewart—Are you dressed for Gym?

M. Miller—No I won't be dressing for
Jim for some time yet.

Verna A.—(after Macbeth) Wasn't Char-
lotte Orr killing as a murderer?

Ruth H.—(speaking of "daffodils") Who
wrote all those piccadillies for the Holcad?

"Have you read your chapter in Luke
tonight? Helen Troup—O. no, where is it?

Flora S.—My, I's got a pain in my heart.

Martha V.—Why the same thing's the mat-
ter with yours that's ailing mine.

Prof. Smith—When I made that state-
ment about dogs, I didn't intend to be dog-
matic at all.

Minna G.—(The night Love is discussed
at Y.P.) Say is that the best you could do,
just ask for a song?

Maggie—Well, I practice and let others
preach.

Ruth H.—(leading Y. W.) I did intend to
have Miss Hazelett talk to us, but since
she can't be here, we'll have a praise ser-
vice.

Prof. Bridgman—Phythyan, would you
lend me a match, please?

Phythyan—(intending no joke) Why I
just have one! But if you'll wait till I
light this burner you may have it.

Girls (at table) Don't you think Mr.
McClenahan looks like Harry Coulter ex-
cept his mustache?

One girl (speaking) I'd think that would
tickle you, Flora.

Flora I.—Well, I'm sure it never had a
chance to.

K. Stewart (making candy) Wouldn't you like a date?

Love—No, I'm off limits today, and I don't want a date with any other girl.

K. S. (after lecture was postponed)

Maybe Harold will be back in time for it, Lucy.

Lucy G.—(tragically) O. kids, and I've made all aerangements to go with Ted.

Miss Kickhoeffer—The Germans are more strict with their cases than the English.

M. Brown (turning to Kitchie) Well we're uot bothered much about them in English are we Kitchie?

Vera Toy—Well, if man looks on the outward appearance, that's what I'm interested in.

Cummings (talking to himself) "Gee my girl wants me to come up and see her."

"Ted" Ewing (finding a letter from Cleveland in the box) Oh! so soon.

Prof. Moses—"Now Mr. Grundish, you have enough mouth there, get it open!"

Prof. Freeman—(discussing sulphur) In what aggregate states does this substance exist?

Mary N.—"In California and Louis.ana,"

D. McQ. (teaching History): "In doing this Catharine lost one of her supporters."

"Jamie" — "Hello, central, give me "41-D!" and while waiting for an answer he softly sings a few strains of that touching melody "Couldn't you learn to love me?"

We notice that "Charlotte Orr is now wearing his hair a la divorce. (For the sake of the uninitiated we will explain that a la divorce" means "parted.")

Brakeman—(as he passes down the aisle) —"Change for Rochester, Allegheny, Pittsburgh."

Nevin (reaching for his pocketbook.)—"How much change do you want?"

Don't be discouraged when you meet with defeat. Consider the ways of the little green cucumber. It never does its best fighting until it is down!

Nevin, soliloquizing in the library—"To Vee, or not to Vee, that is the question."

Hash is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Athletics

The Interclass Basketball league has continued to increase in interest from the very first. From the standpoint of excellence in play and interest and class spirit aroused they have been a decided success. At present it looks as though the Freshmen

will win the pennant, while the fight for second place lies between the Seniors and Sophomores.

The games played during February are given in chronological order.

February 7

Seniors-13	Freshies-19
Milligan F Igo	
Andrews F Cummings	
Wilson C McCracken	
Tallant G Strathearn	
Miller G Black	
Field goals: Tallant 3, Andrews 2, Milligan, Cummings 4, McCracken 3, Igo.	
Foul goals: Tallant, Igo, McCracken 2.	

Sophomores-35	Preps-30
Davis F Wherry	
Buckley F Coleman	
Cannon C Neal	
Mercer G Igo	
McQuiston G McCrumb	
Field goals: Cannon 9, Davis 4, Buckley 3, Wherry 7, Neal 3, Igo.	
Foul goals: Buckley 2, Davis, Wherry 8,	

February 14

Seniors-18	Juniors-14
Tallant F Braham	
Andrews F Shaffer	
Wilson C Stewart	
Miller G McQuiston	
Martin G Acheson	
Substitution McNaugher for Acheson.	
Field goals: Wilson 5, Tallant 2, Stewart 4, Braham 2.	
Foul goals: Tallant 4, McQuiston 2.	

Freshmen-18	Preps-6
Igo F Wherry	
Cummings F Steele	
McCracken C Neal	
Strathrean G Igo	
Black G McCrumb	
Field goals: McCracken 5, Igo 2, Cummings, Strathearn, Steele 3, No foul goals.	

February 23

Seniors-20	Preps-
Milligan F Wherry	
Tallant F Steele	
Wilson C Neal	
Martin G Igo	
Christy & Miller G McCrumb	
Field goals: Wilson 4, Milligan 2, Neal 2, Wherry, Steele, Christy, Miller. Foul goals: Tallant 4, Wherry 5.	

Sophomores-37	Juniors-27
Buckley F Braham	
Davis F Shaffer	
Cannon C Stewart	
Love G Markle	
McQuiston G D. McQuiston	
Field goals: Cannon 7, Davis 6, Buckley 3, Braham 5, Shaffer 2, Markle 2. Foul goals: Buckley 5 out of 7. Markle 6 out of 8.	

February 27

Seniors-24	Sophomores-17
Milligan F Davis	
Andrews F Buckley	
Wilson C Cannon	
Miller G McQuiston	
Tallant G Love	
Field goals: Wilson 5, Andrews 4, Cannon 3, Davis 2, Milligan 2, Buckley 2. Foul goals: Buckley 3 Tallant 2.	

Freshmen-34	Juniors-15
Igo F Braham	
Cummings F Markle	
McCracken C Stewart	
Black G McNaugher	
Strathern G McQuiston	
Substitutions—Acheson for Markle, Gillingham for Black,	
Field goals—McCracken 8, Acheson 3, Igo 3 Braham 5, Cummings 3, McNaugher, Strathern. Foul goals—Igo, McCracken, Markle.	

THE COLLEGE WORLD AND EXCHANGE

When is a joke not a joke? Usually.

A college paper is a publication to which ten per cent of the students subscribe and which ninety per cent criticize.—Yale Record.

A school paper is an institution where the editor gets all the blame, the managers the experience, and the printers the money—if there is any.

Lives of editors reminds us

That their lives are not sublime,
But they have to work like thunder

To get their copy up on time. —
The editor may wield his pen

Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
Yet someone is always sure to remark,
"How stale, we've heard that before!"

Tarkio students have petitioned the faculty to close the afternoon session of school at three o'clock next year in order to give their athletic teams more practice time.

Sway They Have at College.

"Slobob."

"Slojim."

"Smatterbobsick!"

"Notherblow."

"Sardluckwhattin?"

"Sindutch."

"Cantchagetit!"

"Profsnogood."

"Whyentchachange?"

"Causmedvisorwontletme."

"Saso?"

"Yess."

"Stuffuck."

"Sdarnshame."

"Slongbob."

"Slongjim."—Ex.

"A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same."

The Allegheny Monthly we rate as one of our most interesting exchanges. The poem on "What the Public Wants" is an interesting humorous article on the trend of popular sentiment.

We're looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if we
Are looking back to see if they
Are looking back at us.

Psychological tests of mentality are to be applied to all members of the freshmen class at Dartmouth.

The summer girl at the seashore enjoyed herself during the day the tau came, and then delighted just as much at night in seeing the tango.

The "Searchlight" for February has a very interesting editorial on February the birth month of noted men."

Cornell College, Iowa, is casting a straw ballot on the Honor System. A strictly student investigation is being made with regard to feasibility.

She—"What is meant by a close shave in football?"

He—"When Colgate meets Williams.

Young man (at amateur musical)—"Did you ever hear such horribly discordant, ear-splitting —

Old Gentleman—"Sir, that's my eldest daughter, and —"

Young man—"I was about to say, sir, such ear-splitting clatter as the idiots behind us are making. Why I can't hear a word of that song!"

The Freshman's definition of metonymy: "It is putting the right word in the wrong place."

"What makes you so tight?" queried the carbon filament of Miss Mazda.

"Current expenses, I suppose" answered Mazda as the volts ran to meter.—Jester.

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone
But the best of all meters,
Is to meet her a₂one."

Well maybe, but usually—
There are letters of accent
And letters of tone
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone,—Ex.

Thirty-five men have responded to the call of Prof. John Wilce, director of football at Ohio State University, for the first class in the study of football. This marks the beginning of the preparation for the 1914 season. By means of blackboard representation of plays and principles, the aspirants for gridiron fame will be taught the science of the game just as students in engineering are taught the science and mysteries of such a study as chemistry. As some of the football men are at present represented in other sports, this number will be augmented as the season approaches.

The Grove City "Collegian" has a commendable policy in regard to its editorial columns not confining the discussions to the college world.

The seniors of the University of Indiana have adopted corduroy skirts for the girls and corduroy trousers for the men, as their distinctive dress. Ex.

If a man was as cheap as a woman sometimes wishes to make him feel, she couldn't resist him for a bargain.

Pupil (translating) "Wozu maehen Sie sich Sorgen um das"—"You should worry!",

University of Toledo, Ohio, suffers the partial loss by fire of its auditorium and

basket ball floor. Although not wholly destroyed, the building will be unfit for use for several weeks.

A Freshman definition of a dictionary reads as follows: "A dictionary is an instrument used for defining words, an article used for ornamenting desks, and a means of elevating seats.

Heads of great men, all remind us,
If we go the proper gait,
We may get up in the morning
With a head that's just as great,—Ex.

The Washington-Jefferson published an instructive article under the title "The Heights Reached and Kept" and based on the verse:

"The heights by great men reached and
kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The Scientific number of the Black and Magenta contains some interesting articles on the field of science. "Interesting Plants of Winter and Spring" and "Science the Magic Servant" are worthy of special mention.

The Monmouth Oracle has a fine custom of printing under the heading "Thought for the Week" some pertinent quotation from well known men.

We are indebted to the "Iris" from Philadelphia for some inspirations for our mirth columns.

A teacher at Cooper College holds the record for asking the same question repeatedly: 5 times in 30 seconds, 13 times in 2 minutes, 80 times in an hour. Can you beat that?

The Holcad welcomes the "Rail Splitter" from Lincoln, Ill., among its exchanges. The Railsplitter is a newsy up-to-date magazine full of meat and mirth.

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